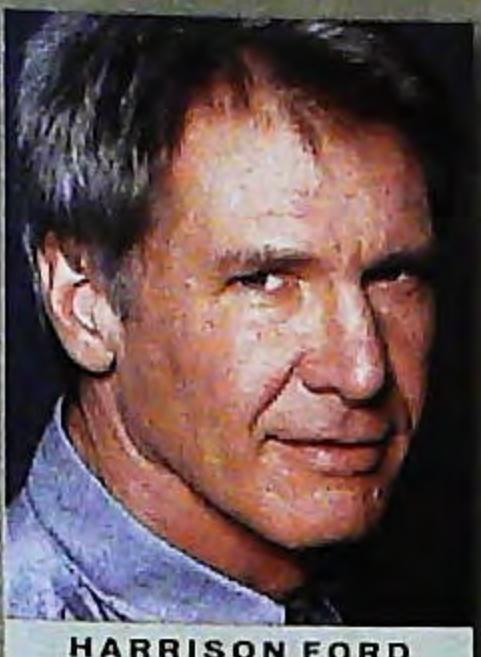


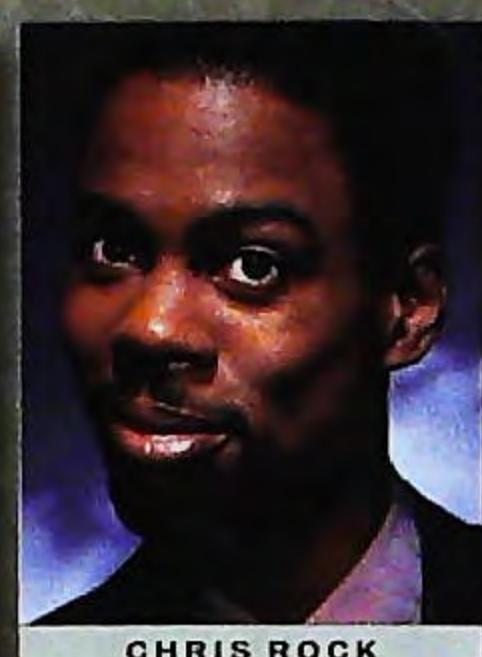
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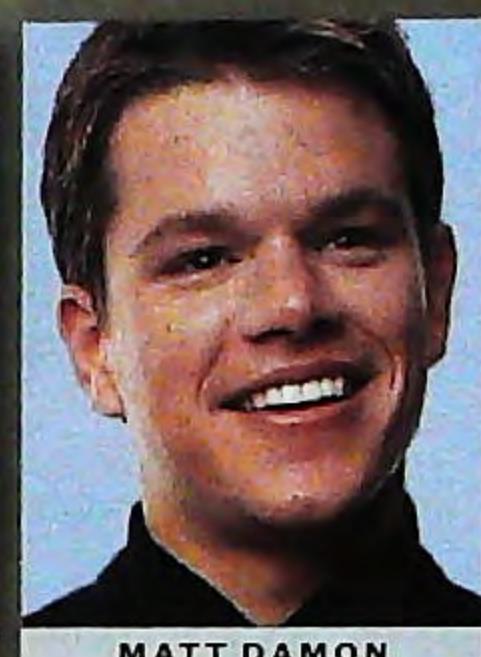
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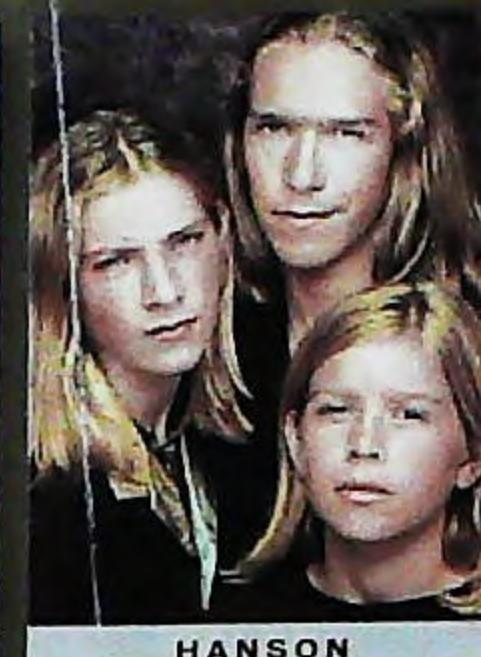
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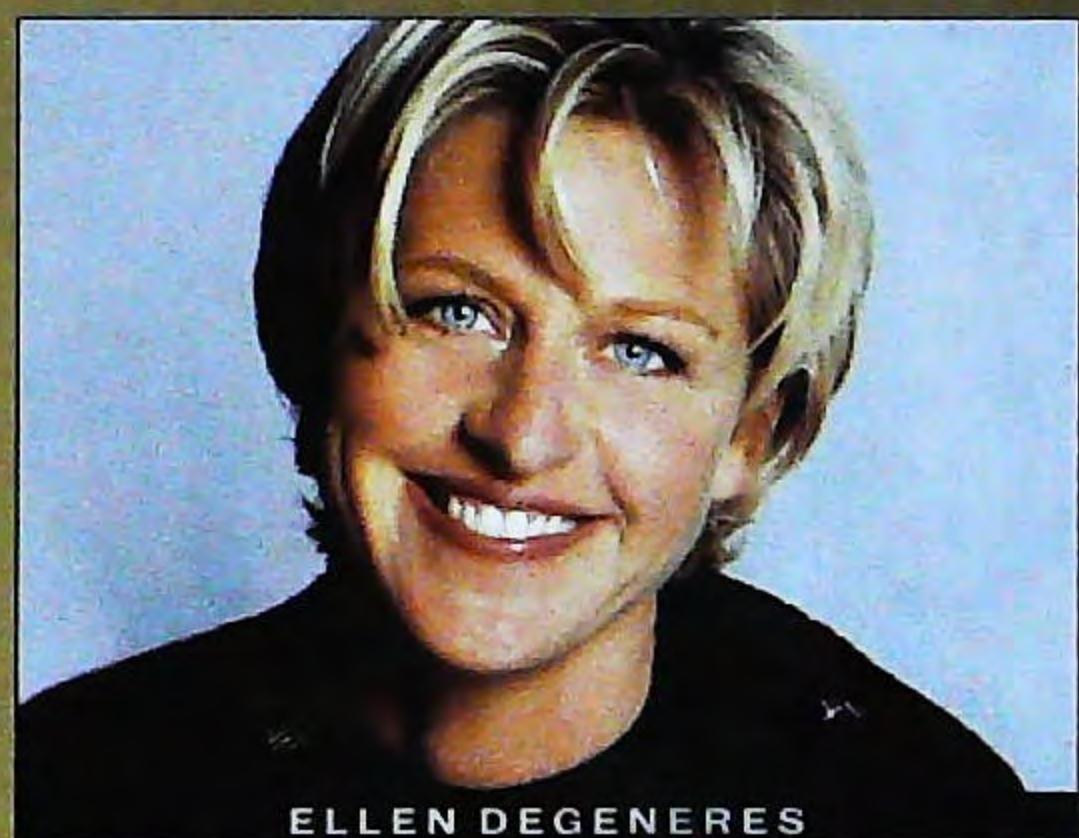
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# BEST OF 1997

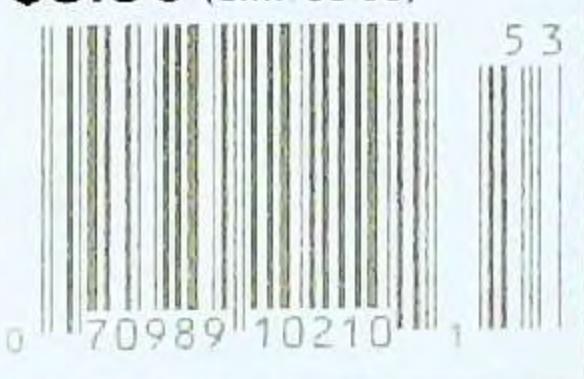
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Of the Year



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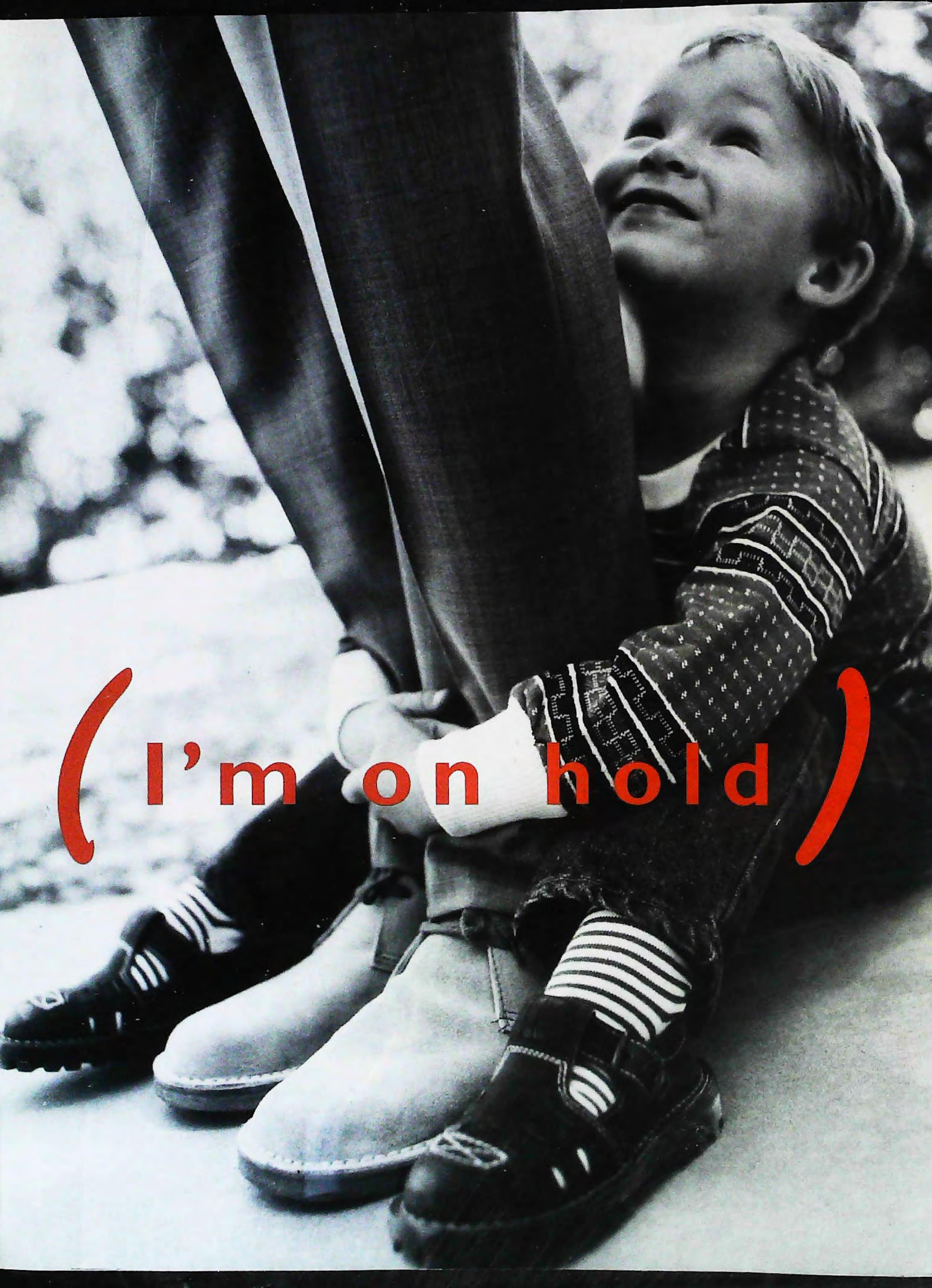
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## 14 THE ENTERTAINERS

Ellen's big coming-out party was the talk of 1997. We tip our hat to Ms. DeGeneres and the other folks who kept us enthralled: Chris Rock, the Spice Girls, Bob and Jakob Dylan, the cast of *Party of Five*, Sean "Puffy" Combs, Sigourney Weaver, James Cameron, Elton John, Kevin Williamson, LeAnn Rimes, and Harrison Ford. ♦

44/ROOKIES OF THE YEAR The class of 1997: Hanson, Erykah Badu, Jay Kay, Jenna Elfman, Kevin Anderson, the cast of *Ally McBeal*, Aaron Eckhart and Stacy Edwards, Kasi Lemmons, Simon Beaufoy, Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, and Arundhati Roy.

## 54 THE YEAR THAT WAS

Our comprehensive look back at the year in entertainment. ♦ 94/STYLE What was trendy, tasteful, and tacky among the showbiz flock. ♦ 102/GREAT PERFORMANCES Yeah, baby, yeah! We salute Mike Myers' *Austin Powers* and the swingingest star turns from the year. ♦ 116/BOWING OUT A final farewell to old friends.

## 128 THE BEST & WORST

Superlatives and slams from our crack team of critics. ♦ 130/MOVIES *Boogie Nights* is No. 1 on Owen Gleiberman's list; *L.A. Confidential* leads Lisa Schwarzbaum's 10 best. ♦ 142/TELEVISION Ken Tucker touts Texan 'toon *King of the Hill*; Bruce Fretts thinks *Homicide: Life on the Street* and *Oz* are killer. ♦ 150/BOOKS *Cold Mountain* gets Alexandra Jacobs' nod. ♦ 154/MUSIC David Browne argues for Radiohead; Chris Willman picks U2. ♦ 164/VIDEO Ty Burr hoists *Céline and Julie Go Boating* to the top. ♦ 170/MULTIMEDIA *Riven* gets raves from maven Ty Burr.

## 4 MAIL

Kudos for the *Alien Resurrection* cover; EW's new Stage section.

## 6 HITS & PITS

Everyone from Tom Hanks to Jennifer Love Hewitt rings in with their highs and lows from the year in entertainment.

## 178 HOT SHEET

Jim Mullen's take on what we talked about in 1997.

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## The Year Ahead

1998 FEARLESSLY PREDICTED

By B. Blitt





I'm proud of what Twentieth Century Fox and Weaver did with this movie. Although I'm sure Sigourney will once again fail to win an Oscar, I feel she delivered the finest performance of her career. It's refreshing to see a good Hollywood movie again.

**BEN REINGOLD**  
Virginia Beach, Va.

**'ALIEN' NATION**  
CONGRATULATIONS ON an excellent cover and story for *Alien Resurrection* (#408, Dec. 5). Director Jean-Pierre Jeunet never ceases to amaze me and Sigourney Weaver is more stunning than ever (in the film and on your cover). Very rarely do sequels improve upon the original; however, with *Aliens*, *Alien*<sup>3</sup> (excellent despite what most critics said), and now *Resurrection*, it can easily be said that sequels can be unique, creative, and of the same film quality as the original.

**JOE SOWERS**  
Delray Beach, Fla.

I AM AN OBSESSED FAN of the *Alien* series, and

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enough great theater to fill your pages.

**ADRIENNE SMITH**  
*The Free Associates*  
*Ivanhoe Theater*  
*free\_assoc@earthlink.net*  
Chicago

IT SEEMS I'VE WAITED for years for EW to acknowledge what is usually the most fascinating and intelligent part of the entertainment world: the theater. Great addition. It's about time!

**PATRICIA WARD**  
*pjward@indiana.edu*  
Bloomington, Ind.

I WAS ABSOLUTELY delighted to discover the new Stage section in your magazine this week. I read EW religiously, always starting with the reviews, so the new section was a wonderful surprise. The only bad news...the section is only going to be included quarterly.

**BARBARA ANDERSON**  
*School of Drama*  
*Carnegie Mellon University*  
*bandson@andrew.cmu.edu*  
Pittsburgh

**CORRECTION:** In the movie *Anastasia*, the Royal family was assassinated by Communist revolutionaries (*Movies Parents' Guide*).

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY welcomes reader mail. Address letters to ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY, 1675 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. E-mail can be sent to *letters@ew.com*. All correspondence must include your name, address, and daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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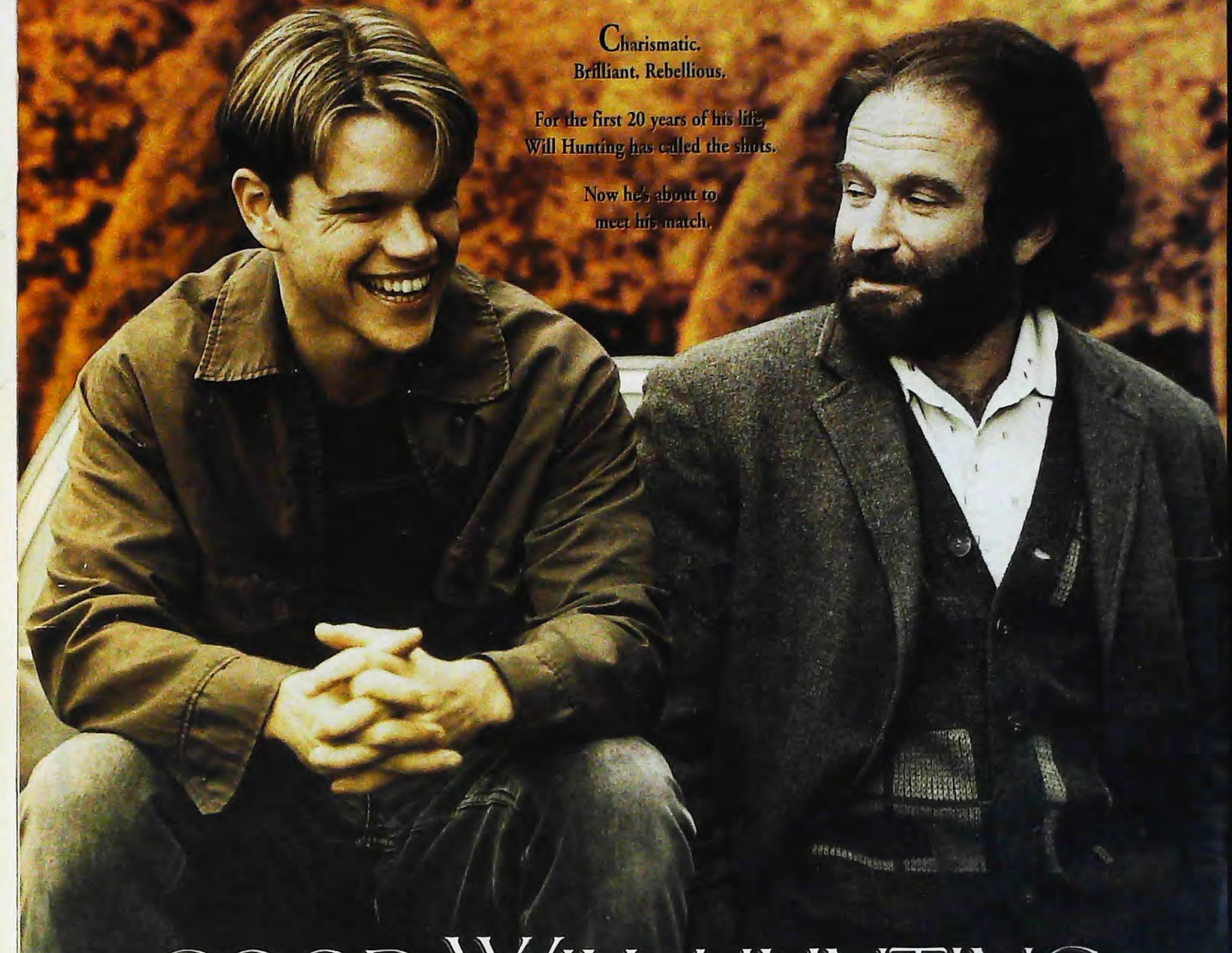
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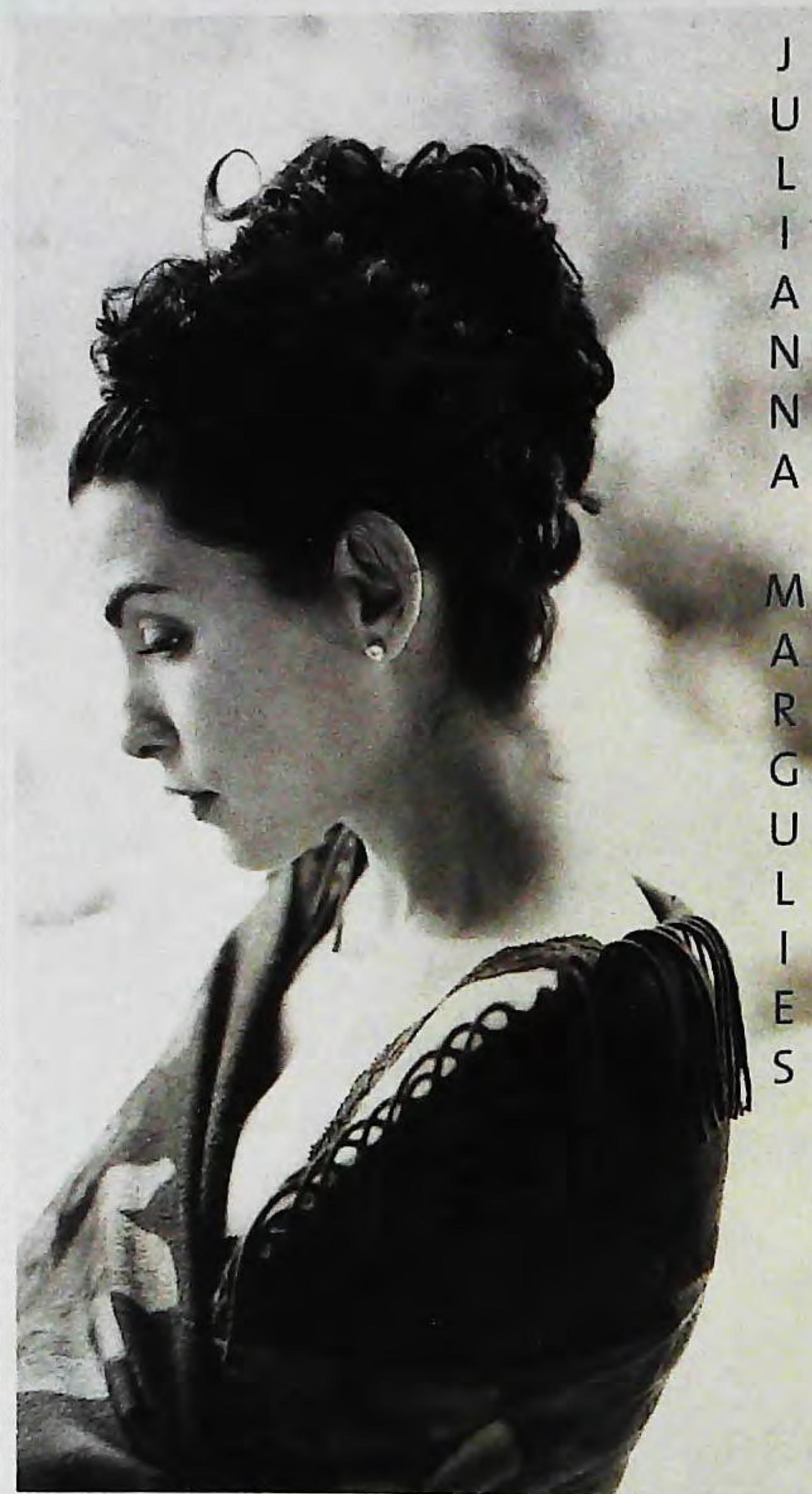
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# HITS

*the stars  
rap up  
1997*

# PITS



JULIANA MARGULIES

**HIT** *The Sweet Hereafter*. It's a beautiful film that really makes you think about your life. **Ian Holm** is phenomenal.

**THE PITS** They went back to pink scrubs on *ER*. I'd rather the red.

**CHRIS ROCK**

**HIT** I've seen *Chasing Amy* four times. It made me rethink every relationship I've ever been in with a woman. **THE PITS** All the Princess Diana stuff. People say, "We care about her kids." You know what? Maybe the kids would get over it if their mother wasn't in the f---ing paper every day!

**SARAH MCLACHLAN**

**HIT** The Fleetwood Mac reunion. I saw it on TV. They just sound so damn good together. **THE PITS** The sensationalistic element that the media took with *Lilith Fair*. They missed the point—they were always trying to pit men against women.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GREGORY DILLON

**Cindy Crawford**

**HIT** My favorite thing this year was the book *Stones From the River*, by Ursula Hegi. **THE PITS** Pamela and Tommy Lee's sex tape.

**ROBIN WILLIAMS**

**HIT** Broadway's *The Lion King*. I haven't seen it, but I really want to—I know it will be extraordinary.

**THE PITS** I don't like to go high or low. I'm trying to live through the middle, babe.

**JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT**

**HITS** I went to the reopening of Harrah's in Vegas, and I got to see a private concert performed by Harry Connick Jr. He's so amazing. **THE PITS** Marilyn Manson, because he's scary. He needs some help in the makeup department. It's a little smeared and I don't agree with the amount of eyeliner.

**TOM HANKS**

**HIT** Burt Reynolds in *Boogie Nights*. Nice to see Burt back.

**THE PITS** None of the entertainment [shows] went out of business. After a while, how much more can you have? Do we really need E! and *Entertainment Tonight* and *Access Hollywood* and *Hard Copy*?

**MELISSA JOAN HART**

**HIT** *Turning 21*.

**THE PITS** *Turning 21*.

**MATT DAMON**

**HIT** *The Ice Storm*. Ang Lee

was the hit of the year. **THE PITS** There were a number of pretty famous deaths, obviously. I don't have to say who.

**SARAH MICHELLE GELLAR**

**HIT** *Grosse Pointe Blank*. I think John Cusack is a genius. **THE PITS** Having people ask me who the killer is at the end of *Scream 2*.

**RICHARD GERE**

**HIT** *Kundun*. It made me cry. It was so beautifully done.

**THE PITS** Inhumanity.

**MEG RYAN**

**HIT** Doing the voice of Anastasia. All the little girls in my neighborhood are like, "Is that really you?"

**THE PITS** My son wasn't that excited by my *Anastasia* doll.

**CRAIG KILBORN**

(*The Daily Show*)

**HIT** Prince. His Little Purple Bootiness is still the most talented man in music.

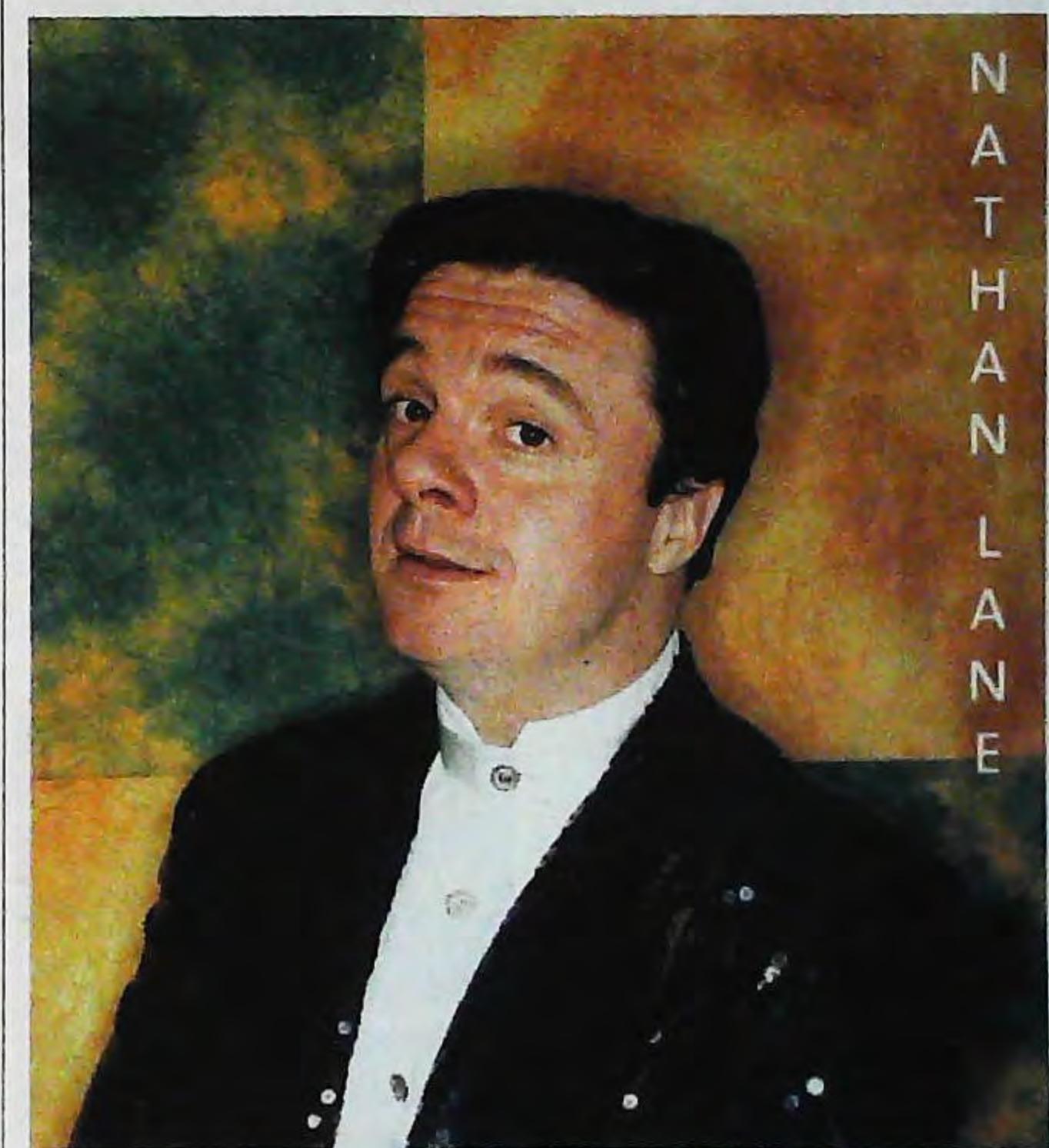
**THE PITS** The cutaways in the Tommy and Pamela Lee video.

**SIGOURNEY WEAVER**

**HIT** An inspiring book called *The 500-Year Delta: What Happens After What Comes Next*, by Jim Taylor, Watts Wacker, and Howard Means.

It's about how everything will change for the better. **THE PITS** Daytime talk shows.

All that stuff about sleeping with your mother's boyfriend, all that screaming from the audience. How do people watch it without feeling insulted?

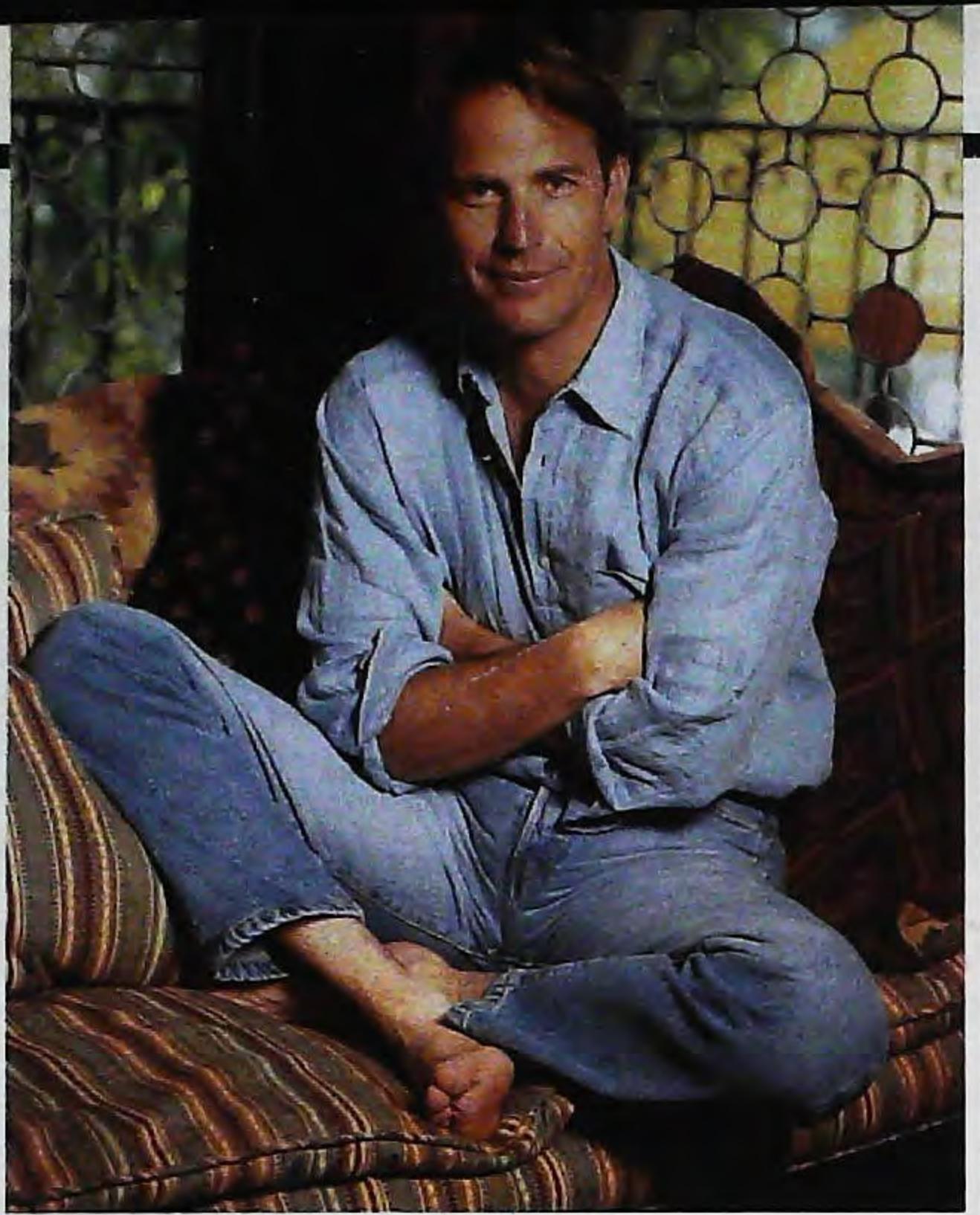


NATHAN LANE

**HIT** Winning one of *GQ*'s Men of the Year Awards. Of course, my award was in theater, so you can imagine the ugly battle it was.

**It was between me and Carol Channing.**

**THE PITS** *Baywatch*. There's *Baywatch Nights*, *Baywatch Days*, *Baywatch Afternoons*.... I'm waiting for *Baywatch at Dusk*.



## Kevin Costner

**HITS** I liked *Austin Powers* and *Boogie Nights*. And I get into all the Disney cartoons with my kids.

**THE PITS** People who believe in sour grapes.

**NATALIE PORTMAN**  
HIT *She's So Lovely*, because I love Robin Wright Penn and Sean Penn.

**THE PITS** That question is mean, because if anyone ever said I was the pits, I'd cry.

**LAWRENCE BENDER**  
(Producer, *Jackie Brown*)  
HIT Danny Elfman's score for *Good Will Hunting*.

**THE PITS** Getting stuck for two hours in the parking lot of the Fleetwood Mac concert in L.A. and missing half the show.

**SHANNON TWEED**  
HIT *The Game*. I didn't expect any of it, and it was more interesting than your usual action picture.

**THE PITS** *The Full Monty*. You're waiting the whole movie for the full Monty, and it didn't come until the end.

**And it wasn't that good of a story to keep you waiting.**

**PAUL THOMAS ANDERSON**  
(Writer-director, *Boogie Nights*)  
HITS Michael Penn's record *Resigned* and a French film

## Damon Wayans

**HIT** The coverage of Princess Diana's death. I think the majority of cynical Americans didn't really know the person she was until they did all of these different profiles.

**THE PITS** The O.J. stuff keeps coming back. It's not over yet.

called *When the Cat's Away*, partly because I had this massive crush on the girl in it.

**THE PITS** I paid \$7.50 to see a certain movie with Nicolas Cage on an airplane.

**JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUS**  
HIT Christine Lahti on *Chicago Hope*.  
THE PITS The '70s are back.

**CASPER VAN DIEN**  
(*Starship Troopers*)  
HIT Reading Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises* was a lot of fun. I highly recommend it.

**THE PITS** The New York Yankees' season this year.

**JADA PINKETT**  
HIT Getting engaged to Will Smith. He's the best.

**THE PITS** Most roles for women. They still aren't there.

**LIEV SCHREIBER**  
(*Scream 2*)  
HIT *Good Will Hunting*. Everybody in the movie theater thought it was about them, and that's a sign of a good film.

**THE PITS** I was in Poland doing *Jakob the Liar* [with Robin

Williams]. Have you ever watched television in Poland?

**JENNIFER TILLY**  
HIT *The Full Monty*. It's a really unlikely candidate for a moneymaking movie.

**THE PITS** I think there's been an unhealthy preoccupation with porn stars and strippers.

**ALEX D. LINZ**  
(*Home Alone 3*)  
HITS *Austin Powers*. And going to Disneyland for my seventh time.

**THE PITS** I probably had a bad Monday somewhere along the way. I hate Mondays.

**CARMEN ELECTRA**  
(MTV's *Singled Out*)  
HIT Gucci stilettos.

**THE PITS** The coffee craze. I hate coffee.

**STEVE BUSCEMI**  
HIT Eddie Bunker adapted one of his books into a screenplay called *The Animal Factory*. He's an ex-con, and he's got insights into that world.

**THE PITS** I'm real sorry that William Burroughs passed on. I loved *Junky* and *Queer*.

By coming out on television—and in life—this **{COMIC RELIEVER}** freed her sitcom alter ego to find her true voice and give her show a real kick.

{entertainer  
of the year}

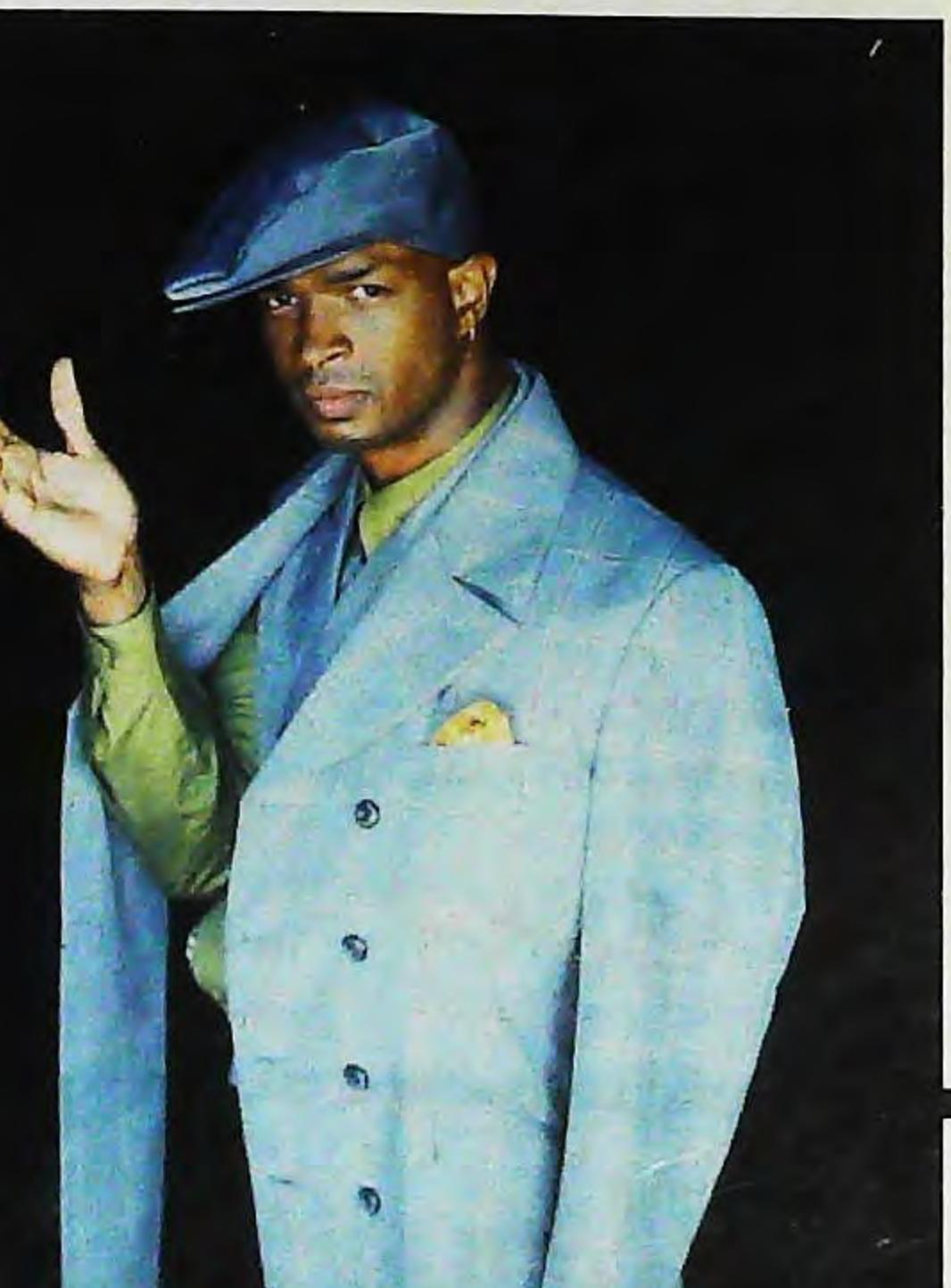
# Ellen DeGeneres

CELEBRITIES THINKING ABOUT DECLARING THEIR SEXUAL PREFERENCE AS A means of snagging EW's Entertainer of the Year award, take note: Ellen DeGeneres does not win this year's prize just because her particular announcement—"Yep, I'm Gay," to quote TIME's jaunty headline—was the most highly advertised acknowledgment of homosexuality since Walt Whitman burbled "I celebrate myself, and sing myself."

Nor does DeGeneres get the trophy just because, in allowing her alter ego, Ellen Morgan, to discover her sexuality on *Ellen* in the show's fourth season, she made cultural history by staging the first coming out of a starring character on a network sitcom. True, the April 30 episode—an inspired hour that rose to the occasion with the kind of pointed, funny writing that fans of the genial stand-up comedian were hoping for all along—was the No. 1-rated show on TV that week. But why wouldn't it be, with guest spots by Laura Dern, Demi Moore, Oprah Winfrey, Billy Bob Thornton, Melissa Etheridge, and k.d. lang?

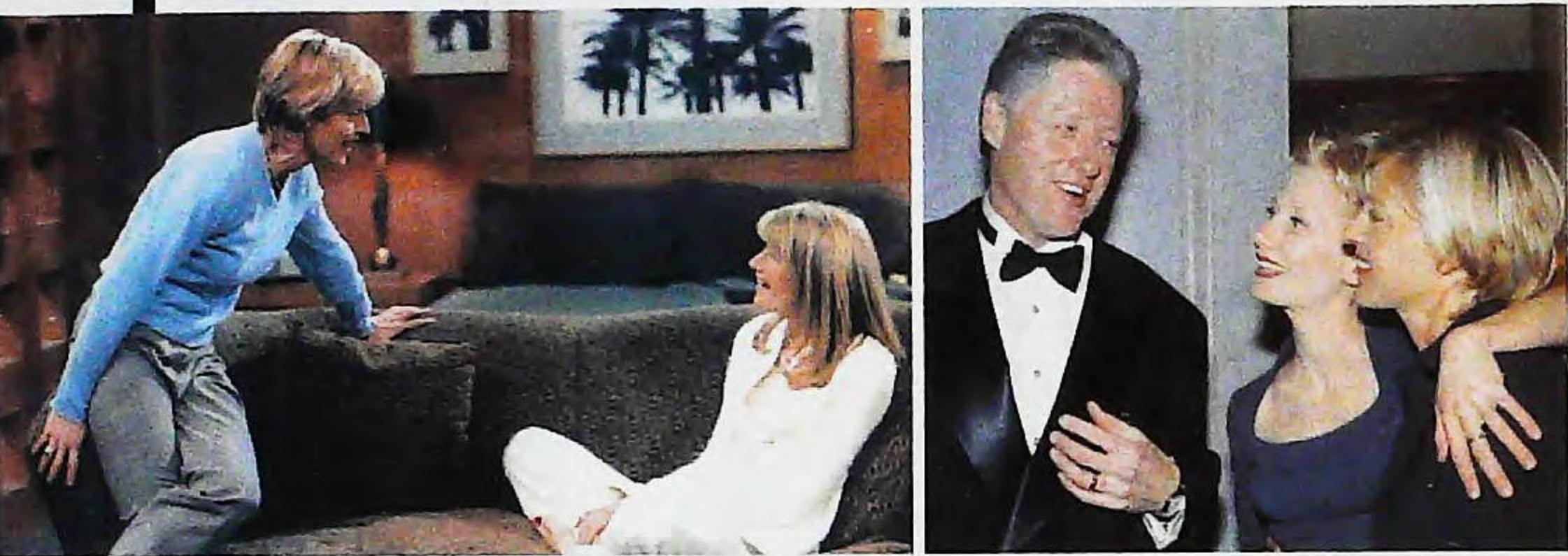
DeGeneres is not Entertainer of the Year simply because, in letting Ellen Morgan live her sitcom life as a lesbian, *Ellen* has become a better, more focused TV show, one that finally showcases the comedian who inspired it to best advantage. Many stand-up-personality-based comedies take a while to find a strong voice. If you need a reminder, look at the earliest episodes of *Seinfeld*.

And for Pete's sake, Ellen DeGeneres is not getting the award simply to applaud her romance with actress Anne Heche, a relationship that has been monitored breathlessly since it began last March. That photos of the inexhaustibly social twosome are published so regularly these days is, perhaps, what would happen to any celebrity couple who entice photographers with public displays of affection. Plus, with these two, there's the added girl-girl frisson. (The pair were even snapped in front of Bill Clinton last April at the White House Correspondents' Dinner; so much for the love that dare not speak its name. Still, rumors to



the contrary, they absolutely *did not* kiss in front of the President. Honestly, who would be so inappropriate?

In the end, Ellen DeGeneres is Entertainer of the Year because, at a time when an acknowledgment of homosexuality has entered all aspects of popular culture, when diversity and acceptance are the words of the day but by no means entirely the deeds, and when more and more of the sizable population of homosexual men and women working in the entertainment industry today are weighing the risks of coming out themselves, DeGeneres allowed herself to become a poster girl—not for lesbianism, but for honesty. She volunteered to serve as a test case for whether a likable woman with a gentle, clean comedy act can flaunt a sexy girlfriend and still win friends, influence people, and maintain healthy Nielsen ratings. De-



OUT AND ABOUT: DeGeneres came out to Dern on TV, left; with Clinton and girlfriend Heche

Generes risked her professional reputation for personal freedom. And she pulled it off. She did good, important work, work that continues to shape the public discourse. And she found love.

Not bad for a year's accomplishments.

"I never thought I would end up being on television, much less some person people were looking at like I was some kind of—you know, that I've changed things in the world," DeGeneres swears, with the kind of plain-spokenness that characterizes her comedy style. In the past year, she has been honored by all sorts of folks, from individual gay and lesbian viewers, who tell her how her show cheered them, to the ACLU. She's been hated, too (the Reverend Jerry Falwell has called her "Ellen DeGenerate") and courteous all the same: "I believe in God. I trust that I'm doing the right thing. I'm not driving through neighborhoods in a truck with a loudspeaker," she explains. (Now's the moment to credit *Ellen's* network, ABC, which continues to take heat from skittish advertisers, anxious affiliates, and angry political and religious conservatives; now's also the time to note that *Ellen* is running an upper-middle-of-the-pack 33rd for the season and consistently wins its 9:30 p.m. Wednesday time slot.)

But through it all, the 39-year-old who, 15 years ago, was named Showtime's genderless "Funniest Person in America" and who lives in a nice house in Los Angeles with the 28-year-old Heche and two dogs named Trevor and Murphy, is still surprised by what she's stirred up. "All I wanted to do was a very good show, and at the same time free myself," she says. Now the artist's challenge is

to keep her character's sexual life an organic part of *Ellen* without overwhelming the story lines, turning off viewers, or spooking the affiliates and advertisers too badly. "It's foolish to think, Oh, I'm just doing a little show," DeGeneres acknowledges, "and I don't care if 2 million people watch it or 40 million people watch it. Obviously, I want 40 million people watching."

Meanwhile, she doesn't want to pigeonhole herself as That Lesbian Girl. (In an upcoming dark comedy called *Goodbye Lover*, DeGeneres plays it straight as a homicide cop; next she'll costar with Matthew McConaughey and Woody Harrelson as a straight cable exec in *Ed TV*, directed by Ron Howard.) Last month, Ellen Morgan fretted that she didn't want to become known as The Lesbian Formerly Known as Ellen. And the star concurs. "I can understand some people saying 'Okay, enough already,' because it can seem as if that's all [*Ellen*] is about. But in my show, my character's gay. And I have to continue to play that out for as long as that show is on the air. And then my life will go on, and I'll play other things." While we're talking about future plans, this update: One addition you won't be seeing in the DeGeneres/Heche household soon is a child.

Although the two have discussed the possibility—and reporters have run with the non-story, including the detail that Heche would carry the bundle—there is, DeGeneres stresses, *no baby on the agenda*.

Rather, while *Ellen* is on the agenda, keeping Ellen Morgan's life honest matters to DeGeneres most. "ABC probably thought, Well, she'll just be gay, but she'll still get her foot caught in the blind and spill water, and we'll never mention this ever again," she wagers. "But if somebody discovers at 35 they're gay, there's a transition period. I wanted to get into a relationship [with Lisa Darr as Ellen Morgan's girlfriend] because I wanted to show that this is a wonderful thing. It's not gay issues. It's relationship issues."

It's too soon to tell what the long-term cultural effect of the lesbian awakening of Ellen Morgan will be—or, indeed, how long a life *Ellen* has in store. (Where once DeGeneres complained/threatened that she might not want to stick around for another year of the sitcom—which will be syndicated on Lifetime next fall—she now says she's interested; ABC will decide whether to keep *Ellen* going next May.) But it's not too soon to know that nothing in American popular culture will be exactly as it was before Ellen Morgan, as well as Ellen DeGeneres, stepped forward and celebrated herself. In showing us the Ellen behind *Ellen*, this plucky entertainer showed what Shakespeare meant by "To thine own self be true/And it must follow, as the night the day/Thou canst not then be false to any man." Better yet, she proved the value of that fine old piece of advice offered by high school English teachers everywhere: Write what you know. —Lisa Schwarzbaum

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KIRSTIE ALLEY  
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RICHARD BENJAMIN  
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**Harry Block wrote a bestseller about his best friends. Now, his best friends are about to become his worst enemies.**

# Deconstructing Harry

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FEATURES

With a fistful of TV awards and a plateful of movie projects, the future for this {JOKER OF ALL TRADES} looks solid as a...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW BRUSSO

THIS ISN'T THE FIRST TIME CHRIS ROCK'S BEEN ONE OF EW's Entertainers of the Year. Five years ago, he was chosen as part of the cast of the resurgent *Saturday Night Live*. He's experienced some lean times since then, most notably playing second banana to fellow *SNL* vet Chris Farley in *Beverly Hills Ninja*. "I worked on that movie for four days, and they put out ads like it was *The Defiant Ones*," carps Rock, slipping off his Nikes (he's the voice of company puppet Li'l Penny) and kicking back in his Manhattan office.

"Don't call it a comeback/Cause I been here for years," Rock raps à la LL Cool J. Still, he hasn't had many years like '97: He took home two Emmys for his HBO stand-up special *Bring the Pain* and two CableACEs for his self-titled HBO talk show. He also wrote the well-reviewed humor book *Rock This!* and released *Roll With the New*, an album that spawned the heavily played video "Champagne."

"It was a verrrry good year/When I was 31," croons Rock, 32, impersonating yet another musical idol, Frank Sinatra. "I hosted the MTV Video Awards/And it was funnnn." ("The Spice Girls sold 10 million records?" he queried the crowd—which included the pop quintet—in one blistering monologue. "How come I don't know anyone who bought one?")

"Chris has always been smarter than the average comedian, but his material wasn't always smarter," says *The Chris Rock Show* consulting producer Nelson George, who wrote the rap mockumentary *CB4* with Rock in 1993. "He used to do [female genitalia] jokes. Now he does relationship jokes."

He's also unafraid to turn his withering wit on political topics. (Rock assesses Jesse Jackson's career thusly: "He started rhyming just a little too much. Just got silly.") "I'm a Democrat with a Republican wallet," Rock says. "I'm going to give almost 50 percent of my money to the government this year, and I'm not a doctor or a lawyer. I have an occupation where I'm hot, then I'm cold. I may never make this money again."

Bearing that in mind, Rock isn't slowing down: While he waits for Fox to develop a comedy script that would team him with Rupert Everett, he'll provide the voice of a guinea pig in the Eddie Murphy remake of *Dr. Dolittle*, play the apostle Rufus in Kevin Smith's *Dogma*, and costar as a cop in *Lethal Weapon 4*. One month before *LW4* is set to start shooting, Rock hasn't seen a script yet, which makes him "a little nervous. But this movie isn't falling on me. The only thing I can do wrong is not be funny."

Not much danger of that. But one does wonder if Rock risks exhaustion with his multimedia assault. "Chris is tired," says George. "This has been a hell of a year, and he's a skinny guy." But Rock says he just wants to express himself: "Parts of me need to get out. I've got ideas in my head, things I want to do. I've got jokes to tell." Rock on. —Bruce Fretts



ing them was "one of the greatest moments of my life." Or being photographed with Prince Harry.

But then the cruel cycle of celebrityhood turned inexorably against them. There was that messy business with their manager, Simon Fuller (Svengali Spice, as the British press dubbed him), fired last November as rumors spread of an affair with Baby Spice. There was the disaster in Barcelona, where they were booed and hissed during an awards-show performance. Their second album, *Spiceworld*, is showing signs of tankage (selling only 100,000 copies in the U.S. its first two weeks); their movie of the same name got panned by European critics (it opens Stateside Jan. 23—by which time it may seem as fresh as *Milli Vanilli: The Motion Picture*); even their chocolate bar got in trouble for violating strict European cocoa-content standards. That's right,

even as *candy* the Spice Girls aren't cutting it anymore.

The meltdown has been as rapid and spectacular as the rise—and in some ways just as synthetic. A totally artificial creation (none of the Spices were actually musicians), constructed of equal parts hype, marketing, and more hype, they were designed *not* to last—disposable entertainment at its finest. By the end of the year, as rumors of a Spice split began to circulate, their fall seemed as inevitable and contrived as the last act of the cheesy TV movie that will someday undoubtedly be made about them.

Of course, we may be a bit premature here: The last act of that TV movie has yet to be written. It's possible the Spice Girls still have one or two seconds ticking in their 15 minutes. In which case, expect to witness one last glorious gasp from the Prefab Five: The Spice Comeback. —Benjamin Svetkey

Sibling revelry, alcoholic interventions, loving and losing—it's all in a week's work for TV's favorite {CALAMITY CLAN}.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY THURNHER

# Party of Five

SOMETIMES, THE CRUMMIEST LUCK MAKES THE YUMMIEST television. Take, for example, the Fox drama *Party of Five*. With the number of Kleenex crises these cursed orphans have faced over the last three and a half years, they could write the *A-to-Z Dictionary of Life's Bummers* (Abortion, Betrayal, Cancer, Death, Estrangement...you get the drift). In fact, their piteous misfortunes could make even the sunniest soul put a bazooka to the temple. (Suicide? Been there, done that in Season 3.)

That said, every Wednesday night after *Beverly Hills, 90210*'s high-calorie high jinks run their course, we watch—in ever greater numbers. Or rather, we hover on the edge of our sofas, throwing hands up in frustration one moment, wiping misty eyes the next. We join this *Party* because no matter which Salinger is in peril this week—Charlie (Matthew Fox), moody-as-all-hell father figure? Bailey (Scott Wolf), clue-starved alcoholic living with sweet and sensible ex-girlfriend Sarah (Jennifer Love Hewitt)? Julia (Neve Campbell), quasi-mature teen struggling with jelly-brained husband Griffin (Jeremy London)? Claudia (Lacey Chabert), over-attuned ninth grader stuck watching little Owen?—it's not really about some tragedy du jour. It's about downright gooey things like *family and love*, but not spoon-fed in a *Touched by Dr. Quinn* kind of way. It's about characters with more depth than Tori Spelling's cleavage: flawed folks who

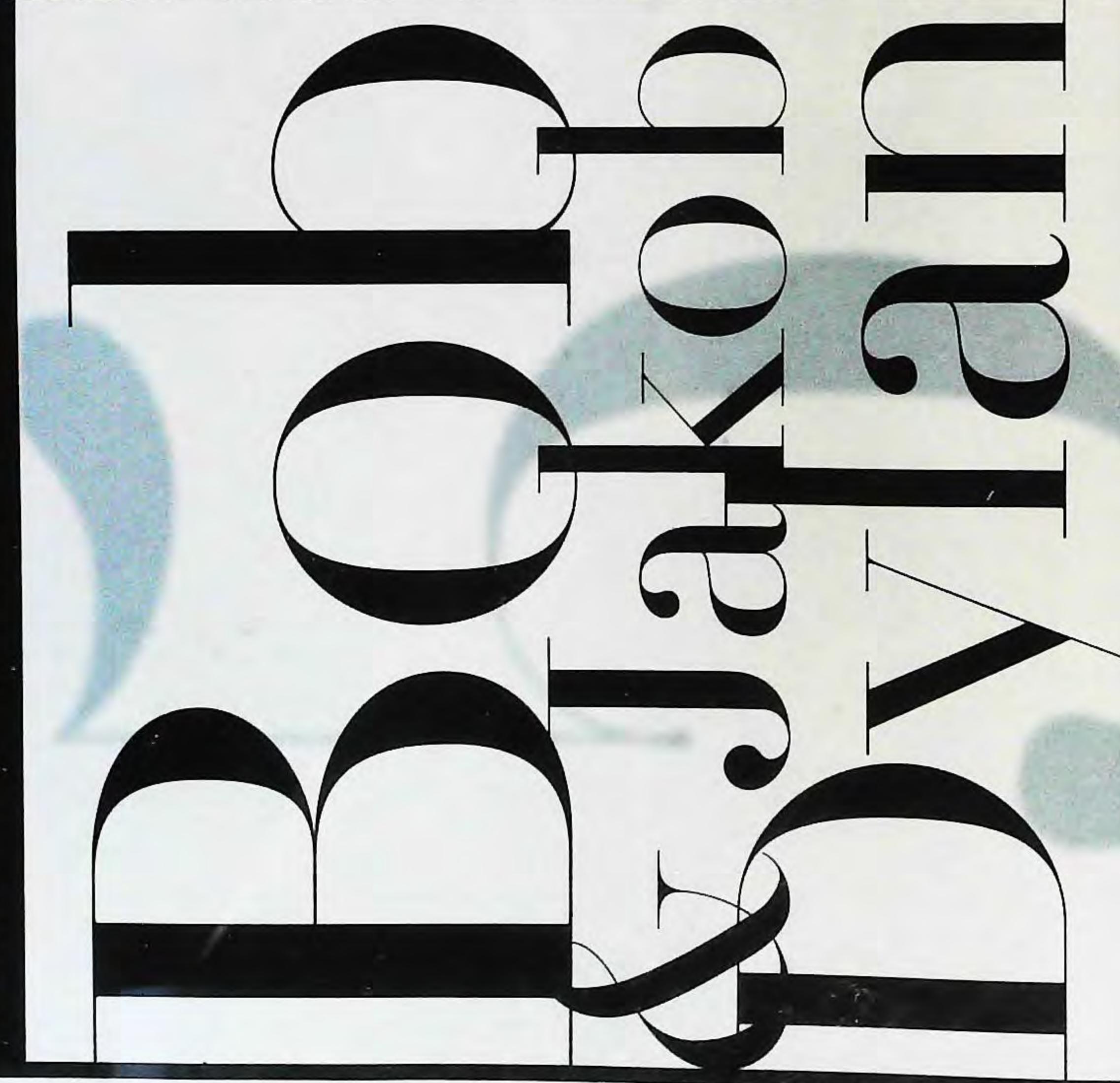
confront mundane problems (rent! loans! money!) and deconstruct them in note-perfect, "That's so not the point" twenty-something-speak. And absolutely, it's about the handsomest and most underrated cast on TV.

This was the year that *Party*—the thinking person's soap, if not prime time's classiest drama—crashed into pop consciousness, attracting scads of press and millions of new devotees (the show's ratings, always demographically desirable, have jumped 29 percent this season). That's no tiny feat for a series once rated lower than *The George Wendt Show*. The Little Drama That Could sent its toothsome stars into Hollywood's upper stratosphere with its most gripping arcs yet: Bailey's battle against alcoholism last spring showcased Wolf as a taut emotional spring box wound up over 19 episodes before he exploded in a brutal intervention. The

tension shifted this fall to Charlie, whom Fox is taking through an artfully nuanced, painfully detailed struggle with Hodgkin's disease. Meanwhile, the understated Campbell has, of course, broken out on the big *Scream*; Love Hewitt scored in *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (look for her in the teen comedy *The Party* and a *Summer* sequel in '98); and Chabert is costarring in this April's *Lost in Space*. So what's the magic appeal of these young 'uns? They aren't slacking their way to success. In fact, they care a lot. "I don't think you can care too much," Wolf says earnestly. "I remember calling [Party exec producer] Amy Lippman once and leaving a message that said, 'Hey, it's me, Bailey. Gimme a call.' And her husband said, 'Does he actually *like* people to call him Bailey?' I guess I take what I'm doing very seriously." And for that, we angst you very much. —Dan Snierson



It's in with the old and in with the new as this {FATHER-SON POWERHOUSE}—a tenacious troubadour and his hip, handsome offspring—both make sound decisions, each in his own timeless way.



WHEN BOB DYLAN WAS BORN IN '41, HIS PARENTS BESTOWED UPON him the name Robert Zimmerman. Years later, wise to the notion that every legend-in-the-making needs a cool handle, the troubadour from Minnesota borrowed a stage name from Welsh poet Dylan Thomas. It was Thomas, of course, who set down these famous words about death: "Do not go gentle into that good night/Old age should burn and rave at close of day/Rage, rage against the dying of the light."

Bob Dylan almost died this year. A condition called pericarditis caused the sac around his heart to swell, and he spent much of the early summer on his back, in agony, on meds. Then, like a cyclone that whips into a fury after nearly tapering out at sea, Dylan started raging. He grabbed the ax and went back on the road. He released his toughest batch of songs since the days before disco: *Time Out of Mind*, an album about death—a fierce, swampy, blues-haunted lesson in how to burn into old age. Dylan—yep, the "Don't follow leaders" guy, the "With God on Our Side" guy—even posed with the President and played for the Pope. And so, while one-hit wonders rained down upon radio like a plague of locusts ("The top stars of today, you won't even know their names two years from now," Dylan forewarned *Newsweek*, "Five years from now, they'll be obliterated"), the Dylan legacy once again cast a long, dark shadow across the badlands.

In the suburbs, meanwhile, a different Dylan legacy was making the rounds. Jakob Dylan, Bob's 28-year-old son—he of the Jimmy Dean slouch and the piercing cobalt eyes and the voice like rustling hay—emerged from his own years in the wilderness and traded in his father's Old Testament oratory for dashboard-thumping rock. As a result, Jakob's band, the Wallflowers, managed to accomplish two things that Dad rarely did: make the teenage girls scream, and sell a hell of a lot of records. (The Wallflowers' *Bringing Down the Horse* went quadruple platinum.) Okay, maybe Jakob's "6th Avenue Heartache" doesn't have half the battery-acid spite of Bob's "Positively 4th Street," but "Heartache" sounds better at a party.

In the end, both father and son are driving down streets with no name. For all their differences, Dylan the Elder and Dylan the Younger come to their craft with a devotion to old-school virtues sadly missing in global congo-pops. Both belong less to a specific year than to a time out of mind. Like the grim reaper snarling through a strip mall, the poet Robert Zimmerman took a look around at '97 and cracked out the creaky, gluey opening bars of his new album: "I'm walking through streets that are dead." Raging against the dying of the light never sounded so incandescent. —Jeff Gordnier

JACOB DYLAN: LES MISH; BOB DYLAN: MARK SELIGER

When the rap {MIX MASTER} steps into the spotlight, it's music to everyone's ears.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MAXWELL

NOW THIS IS SHOWBIZ MUSCLE. DURING EACH OF PUFF DADDY'S SOLD-OUT FALL concerts, the houselights come up. Blink, blink goes the crowd. And Puffy, a.k.a. Sean Combs—the 26-year-old impresario who glamorized, revitalized, and just plain ruled rap this year—directs the throng to make three movements: Stand up, put their hands in the air, and sit down. Soon the entire arena is performing, of all things, the wave. "The wave is some silly s---," says Combs. "For hip-hop, there's never been no wave done."

Nor has rap seen anyone like Combs. Not content to be a producer and remixer (although everyone from Mariah Carey to Aretha Franklin clamors for his services) and not happy simply owning his own record company (although his Bad Boy Entertainment could bring in more than \$150 mil this year), Combs created Puff Daddy, his supersize alter ego, and last summer released his own album, *No Way Out*. It sold 561,000 copies its first week. A more incredible statistic: Beginning in November 1996, six hit songs in a row either sung or produced by Combs held down the top spot on *Billboard*'s rap singles chart for 42 consecutive weeks. "Almost a whole year," he says.

Rappers have always sampled, but Puffy stepped up to the pop buffet and made meals of other artists' hits. Heard his new single "Been Around the World"? Sure you have; it's composed mostly of samples from David Bowie and Lisa Stansfield. And the boost works. "I'll Be Missing You," his reworking of the Police's "Every Breath You Take" into a heartfelt tribute to the Notorious B.I.G., rocketed to No. 1 in 16 countries.

Critics may wail, but the result is more than the sum of his appropriations. "He's brought back fun party records," says Carey, who had a recent No. 1 hit with Puffy. "He's broken down barriers and made hip-hop accessible to the masses." Fueled partly by his links to British '80s pop, Puff Daddy began his crossover just when rap was in danger of imploding after the violent slayings of Tupac Shakur and Biggie. On his current tour, multiracial crowds have been the norm. "It's a dream come true. I made my music for the urban community, but I want everybody to feel it," he says. No wonder Warner Bros. wants him for *Lethal Weapon 4* and Fox is talking about a variety series called *Puffy's House*.

Combs, of course, has denied he helped provoke the tensions that took Tupac and Biggie's lives. To his credit, he's turned his tour, dedicated to B.I.G.'s memory, into one big love-in. No, we're not talking expletive-filled odes to raw sex. They're there, but Puff Daddy also praises God, takes a moment to remember Tupac, and pleads for togetherness. "If I had no hits for the rest of my life and had Biggie, I'd do that in a minute," he says. "Me and him could be mailmen. I'd be ecstatic with that." —Degen Pener

Sean  
Puffy  
Combs

A suburban teen, a slime-soaked alien, Snow White—in '97, she was the witty, wicked, and very weird {MOTHER OF 'EM ALL}. PHOTOGRAPH BY RUVEN AFANADOR

PERHAPS, WHEN YOU THINK OF SIGOURNEY WEAVER THIS year, you picture her in outer space, yanking the tongue out of a slimy creature's mouth in *Alien Resurrection*. Or you picture her in bed, pulling away from slimy adulterer Kevin Kline in *The Ice Storm*. But Weaver's third fab performance of 1997 was the less-widely seen *Snow White: A Tale of Terror*. This livid fairy-turned-horror tale, which premiered in August on Showtime and shortly after on video, is worth renting to see Our Sig portray the wickedest of stepmother witches. At one poignant point, Snow White cries out, "You have no heart!" and Weaver responds—quietly, firmly—"That's too simple."

Exactly. Nothing about the aggressive yet vulnerable, intelligent yet often heartless women Weaver has offered us over the past 12 months is simple. "That was my line," says Weaver proudly—she improvised it during filming and now says that inhabiting Snow White's chortlingly mean stepmother was "the most fun" role of her three this year, "even if the movie itself

# Sigourney Weaver

ended up being some investor's very large tax deduction."

As for the other characters, Weaver feels protective of *Alien's* Ripley—"Sure, I give her all those muscles and my firm jaw, but she's really a poor duck totally abandoned in the universe, you know." And describing *Ice Storm* as "a haiku, compared with the epic of *Alien Resurrection*," she wishes more viewers had sympathy for Janey Carver, the film's brittle suburban swizzle stick. "When people who first saw the movie told [director] Ang [Lee] and me that Janey was 'such a bitch,' we looked at each other. Didn't they see how fragile and unhappy she was?"

Take all this as evidence that Weaver, 48, is a more interesting actress than ever. The severe gravity that characterized much of her early movie work hasn't softened so much as deepened, like the precisely etched lines around her mouth. Her long-standing, long-outgrown image is that of the stinging WASP, Yale-trained taskmistress, but "increasingly, my approach to per-

forming is to be as totally abandoned, as unprepared and unintellectualized, as possible." And darned if you can't see just that: There's now a controlled recklessness in Weaver's acting—an often humorous skepticism in her on-screen gaze—that lends her alert intensity a wry, sexy glow. "I loved all these roles for the way each of them revved me up. Once I get that engine going, I can work for an eternity."

Weaver may have picked up a reported \$11 million paycheck for *Resurrection* but notes without a trace of rancor, "It's rare that I'm sent a big project from the major studios." She mentions she'd like to teach an acting class. (Asked with mock severity for her qualifications, she replies playfully: "Well, I do know how to apply makeup.") Next year, she'll star in a film of Rafael Yglesias' deep-thought potboiler *Dr. Neruda's Cure for Evil*. And beyond that—ridiculous as it sounds—she's available. "Please write," she says, "that I'm looking for a job in the spring." —Ken Tucker

After surviving the launch of *Titanic*, this {SHIP'S CAPTAIN} may be sailing into Oscar territory. PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW BRUSSO

DURING THE DECADE OF RESEARCH HE DEVOTED TO THAT moment on April 14, 1912, when the *Titanic* met its fate—and especially during the two years in which he struggled to bring his magisterial, three-hour-and-17-minute, \$200 million *Titanic* to the screen—James Cameron had plenty of time to contemplate what his own fate might've been if he'd booked passage on the voyage.

"Because I do have a sense of duty and responsibility," insists the 43-year-old writer-director-producer-editor, who endured a year in which the media painted him as a reckless, megalomaniacal spendthrift, "I probably would have been one of the dumb saps who stood around on the ship. But because I am also pretty analytical, I might have had the smarts to count the number of people in the lifeboats, realize there was room for more, dive off the ship, and swim to one to save myself without displacing anybody else."

Certainly, Cameron spent most of 1997 narrowly escaping disaster. *Titanic* ran over schedule and over budget; it took two studios, Twentieth Century Fox and Paramount, to handle costs; it missed the July 2 release date that was supposed to guarantee blockbuster status. "Jim is so single-minded he refused to compromise and be knocked off course," testifies Fox film chairman Bill Mechanic, who had to police the escalating budget. "You don't set out to make one of the most expensive pictures ever made. It was a weight on his shoulders he'd have preferred not to have."

The director, whose \$90 million *Terminator 2* and \$120 million-plus *True Lies* weren't exactly home movies, may have been daunted by *Titanic's* scale, but the shocking lesson the film may teach is that sometimes, bigger *is* actually better. Whether or not the film ever sails into the black, it's already winning praise as a lush, richly detailed love story—one that might surprise fans of Cameron's whiz-bang contemporary adventures and his muscular futuristic thrillers—and is being hailed as the front-runner for next March's Academy Awards.

Cameron says he connected with the spectacle and drama of the *Titanic* tragedy from the first, experiencing "one of those 'click' moments. As a filmmaker who'd dealt with all these themes—the testing of a love, enormity of emotion, self-sacrifice in the face of crisis—I realized *Titanic* was a perfect backdrop for that type of storytelling." But he could never have predicted the degree to which the film would upend his professional life, his financial life (he gave up his director's fee and profit participation as costs grew), and his personal life (after marrying *Terminator 2*'s Linda Hamilton, he deferred their honeymoon to return to editing).

Still catching his breath, Cameron has yet to decide on his next project. But if he is crowned come Oscar time, can he ever return to his old genre ways? "With *Titanic*, I give myself permission to do straight dramatic subjects," he says. "But I could go from the highest-end, big-budget science-fiction film to a very small drama and feel comfortable with either one." Cameron thinking *small*? Now, *that* would be a departure. —Gregg Kilday



The {ROYAL SHOWMAN}, who so publicly and poignantly grieved for Princess Diana, showed us that beneath the glitter he was made of pure gold.

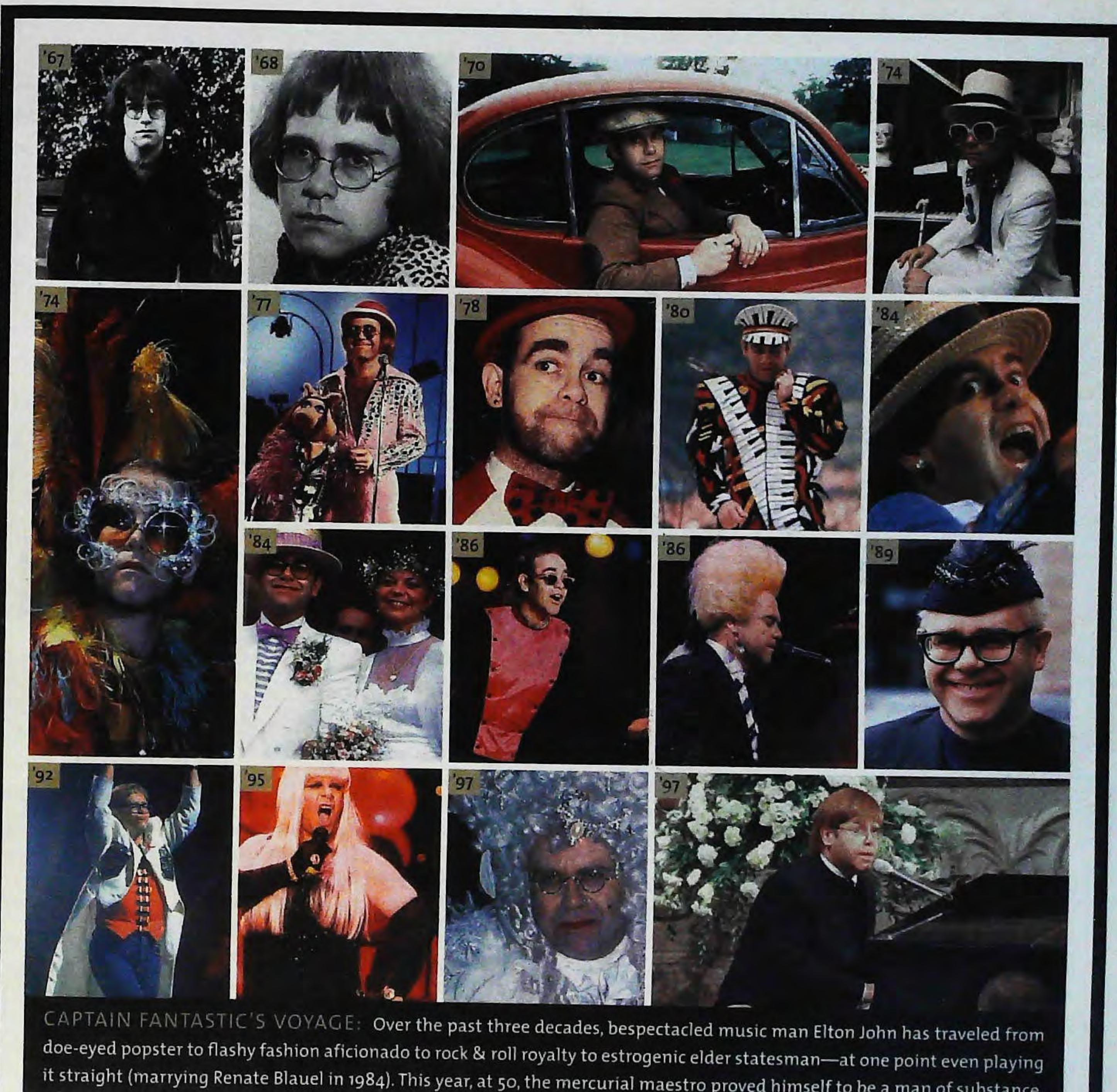
IT CAN SAFELY BE SAID THAT NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER turned 50 quite like Elton John.

He arrived at his birthday bash last April in London done up as an Über-Louis in a white wig topped with a dainty silver ship. The \$80,000 outfit included a 15-foot ostrich-feather train tooted by two hunks wearing next to nothing. As a mainstay in the quicksilver world of pop, John indeed had a lot to celebrate—and there would be more to come. He would soon embark on a world tour and release a new album, *The Big Picture*. Total proceeds raised by the five-year-old Elton John AIDS Foundation would hit \$13 million. And director Julie Taymor's stage version of *The Lion King*, for which John and Tim Rice added four songs to their original movie score, would open to gushing reviews and record-breaking ticket sales. In short, Elton John was not only still standing in 1997 but walking mighty tall.

Yet merely listing John's accomplishments over the last 12 months is an exercise in irony. For it's not triumph that we associate with him, but tragedy. He ultimately defined himself not by grandiosity, but by extraordinary grace.

One image remains indelible: Elton John in a sensible black suit, sitting alone at a piano in Westminster Abbey, singing goodbye to England's Rose. The occasion, of course, was the Sept. 6 funeral of his friend Princess Diana—the same woman who, a month earlier, had comforted him at another funeral for another friend, Gianni Versace.

# Elton John



CAPTAIN FANTASTIC'S VOYAGE: Over the past three decades, bespectacled music man Elton John has traveled from doe-eyed popster to flashy fashion aficionado to rock & roll royalty to estrogenic elder statesman—at one point even playing it straight (marrying Renate Blauel in 1984). This year, at 50, the mercurial maestro proved himself to be a man of substance.

Yet John remained stone-faced, impassively uniting us in grief as his performance of "Candle in the Wind" (with new, hastily written lyrics by Bernie Taupin) became a key moment of catharsis for much of the world. And while other celebrities capitalized on the Princess' death to settle their own scores with paparazzi and the tabloids, John set a selfless example. As his recording of "Candle in the Wind 1997" became the fastest-selling single in history (34 million copies so far), he earmarked all his profits for the Diana, Princess of Wales, Memorial Fund and vowed never to sing or record it again, out of respect for her children.

Admittedly, such *good* behavior coming from Elton John is a bit surprising—particularly to the viewers of *Tantrums and*

*Tiaras*, a candid Cinemax bio-documentary shot by his lover of four years, David Furnish, 35. When it aired on Sept. 3, John was shown to be a man short of temper, enamored of the spoils of his success (the floral arrangements in his homes inspired a coffee-table book this year, *Elton John's Flower Fantasies*), and prone to wild mood swings despite declarations of gratitude for his seven years of sobriety. Yet such are the complicated rhythms of his life and persona, which account, at least in part, for his enduring appeal. "I'm always going to do what I want to do," he said in *Tantrums*. By doing what he wanted in 1997, by staying true to his keen instincts as a performer and as a man, Elton John made us appreciate him more than ever. —*Jess Cagle*

With *Scream* and its evil spawn, this screenwriting {SCARE GIVER} single-handedly saved the choking horror-film genre. | PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW WELCH

# Kevin Williamson

LET'S RECAP FOR A SEC: SO FAR ON THIS LIST WE'VE GOT AN out-and-proud TV star who's hands down the year's biggest controversy magnet; an evil-genius auteur who throws around \$200 million like it's chump change; and no less a legend than Bob Dylan. So who the hell is Kevin Williamson? And more to the point, what's he doing in this company?

The short and none-too-sexy answer is that Kevin Williamson is a Hollywood screenwriter—one of those overly caffeinated, midnight-oil-burning, neglected stepchildren of the entertainment industry. But if you're still scratching your head, then odds are pretty good that your typical Saturday-night plans don't involve watching knife-wielding, Edvard Munch-inspired postmodern psychotics or hollering at blood-splattered buxom teens to "Get the hell out of the house!"

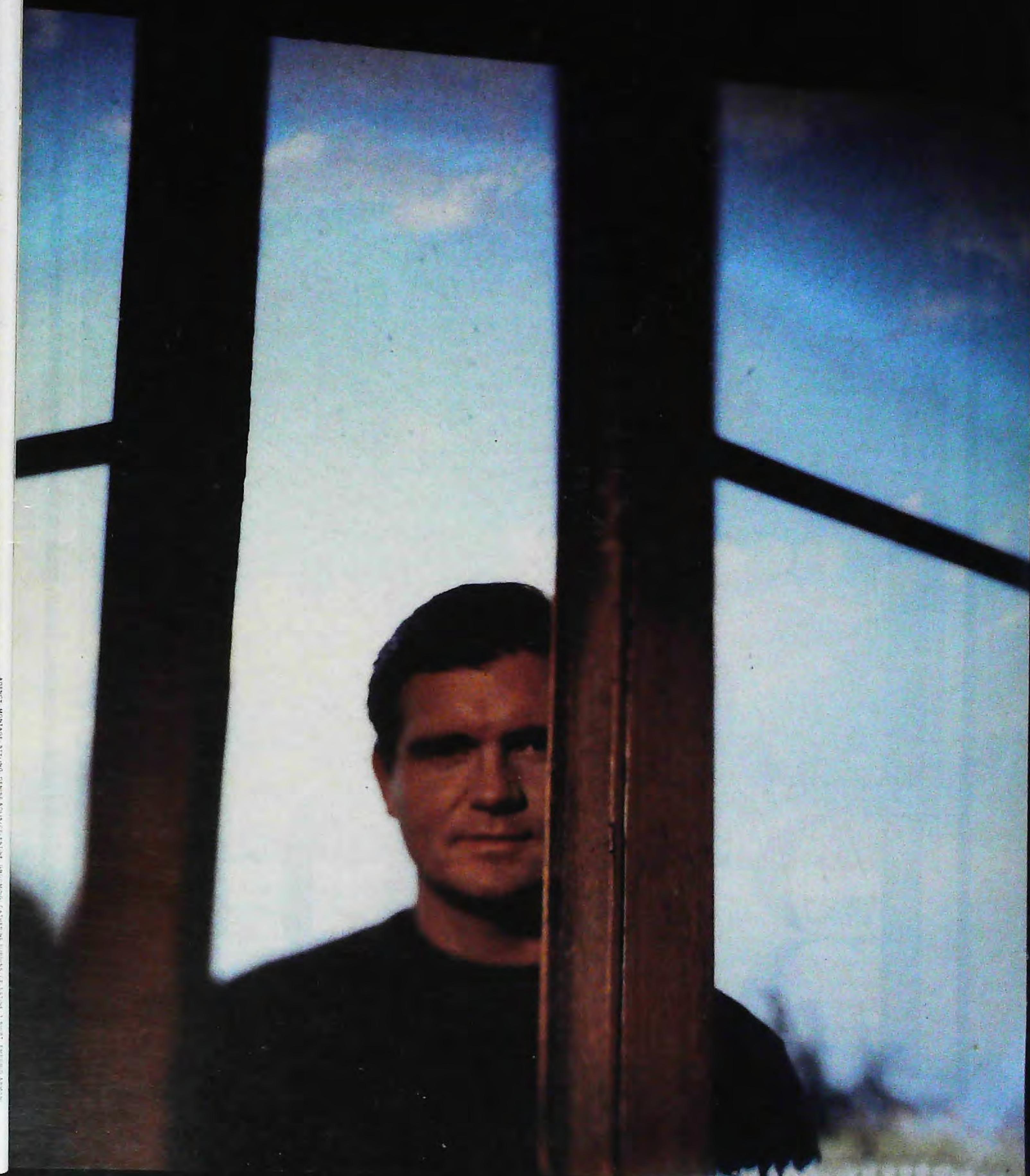
You see, Williamson is the guy who laid hands on the played-out horror-film genre and miraculously raised it from the grave with last year's \$103 million semiotic slasher sensation, *Scream*. But far from being a one-hit wonder, Williamson followed up *Scream* with the \$70 million-and-counting chiller *I Know What You Did Last Summer* and the equally (if not more) clever sequel *Scream 2*. In return, the 32-year-old scribe, who still looks back on his dreary "twentynothing" gigs waiting tables and temping as if it were yesterday, landed a nice fat deal (which could net him \$20 million) to call Miramax home.

Ironically, now that Williamson's been anointed the macabre patron saint of sardonic body-count flicks, he's moving on. In January, he'll be trying to trade the whole "horror boy" image for the mantle of the next John Hughes with his teen drama *Dawson's*

*Creek*—a fresh and hip coming-of-age TV series so realistic it makes *My So-Called Life* look like *Joanie Loves Chachi*.

On paper, the secret Williamson formula seems deceptively simple: Write Smart. But the reason Williamson's been able to strike such a nerve with his young core audience is that instead of talking down to them, he compliments them. Williamson shows teens a reflection of how they want to be seen: witty, urbane, and always armed with a perfectly barbed, sarcastic comeback. "You know how when you're a teenager and someone says something really smart-ass to you and your reply is never as good as the one you come up with in your head later?" says Williamson. "Well, I make sure my characters come up with the lines they'd normally come up with later that night in bed." The result is like listening in on the teen equivalent of Bogie verbally sparring with Bacall in *The Big Sleep*.

Rather than sitting back and raking in the green, though, Williamson's already at work casting his next film, *Killing Mrs. Tingle*—a *Heathers*-esque dark comedy about a group of kids and their evil schoolteacher, which he'll also direct. On top of that, he's toiling away on an as-yet-untitled self-referential sci-fi script for director Robert Rodriguez and another in-development TV series called *Wasteland*; then, finally, he'll get crackin' on the script for *Scream 3*, which he says will be the last installment. "I sort of feel like I've been unemployed for so long with all these stories to tell and now someone wants to hear all of them," says Williamson. "I feel like it's all going to end one day so I better take advantage of it while I can, because today's hot flavor might be gone tomorrow." Don't bet on it. —Chris Nashawaty



More than just a little bit country in an age of rock & roll, this {SOUTHERN SONGBIRD} shows amazing grace beyond her tender years.

IT'S A WONDER LEANN RIMES CALLS HERSELF A COUNTRY SINGER. SHE'S TOO young to drive a pickup truck or to have seen combat in the Persian Gulf. She can't legally marry, so she can't actually get divorced. Heck, in some cases, she's too young to *take* a job, let alone *shove* one.

Never you mind. The 15-year-old gal from Garland, Texas, seems to have country down quite nicely. With nods to Jesus, cattle, and Patsy Cline, she turned last year's *Blue* into the best-selling debut album ever by a female country artist. Grammys, a wheelbarrowful of 1997 Academy of Country Music awards, and *Billboard*'s Artist of the Year prize followed. In fact, The former *Star Search* contestant quickly realized she could yodel and twang her way through "The Star-Spangled Banner" and probably still sell albums.

Make that 2 million albums. This year's double-platinum record *You Light Up My Life*, with its God-fearing song list ("Amazing Grace," "God Bless America," and, we weren't kidding, the national anthem among them), topped *Billboard*'s pop and country charts. That album came on the two-steppin' heels of another multimillion-seller, last spring's *Unchained Melody/The Early Years*, which debuted in February as the No. 1 album in America.

And somewhere in between selling 9 million albums, Rimes found time to spin her squeaky-clean image into multimillion-dollar advertising arrangements with KFC and Samsung. She also managed to pen a quasi-autobiographical novel (part of a three-book deal for Doubleday) and star in the TV-movie version, just in time for Christmas.

You may hold to your beliefs that talent and charm alone have catapulted Rimes

# LeAnn Rimes

PHOTO BY JEFF MCKEE

from the junior-prom circuit to the Grand Ol' Big Time. After all, her parents, Wilbur and Belinda, have tapes of their only child singing on pitch when she was just 18 months old, tap-dancing at 2, laying down studio tracks full of emotional intensity at 11.

But if you're looking for a more convincing answer, consider history. The last time anybody saw anything like LeAnn Rimes, her name was Tanya Tucker. It was 1972, Tucker was 13; the song was "Delta Dawn." Tucker has said she didn't even understand the lyrics about a jilted woman wandering the streets wearing a

faded flower, but that didn't matter. The country-crunching boomers dug it anyhow, and the song stayed on the charts for months.

Twenty-five years later, the legions of kids of those very same boomers—the same kids who turned Macaulay Culkin and Nintendo and Barney into national institutions—have now picked Rimes as their favorite country cousin. And that's likely to keep LeAnn on the country-music fast track. So what if she can't yet drink booze, wail about her D-I-V-O-R-C-E, or hang out in honky-tonks? She'll grow into it. —David Hochman





**{Best New TV Actor}**  
**Kevin Anderson**

GROWING UP IN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, THE LAST THING KEVIN ANDERSON EVER wanted to portray was a priest. "I would've rather played James Bond," he admits. Now, on ABC's controversial *Nothing Sacred*, he's Ray, *Father Ray*—and each stirring week, his faith is shaken. "Spiritual growth is not set in stone," says the actor. "It's something that has to evolve." That's not an arc most actors can (or are asked to) convey, but Anderson had a premium on it this year: first in the film *Eye of God*, as a born-again ex-con whose zeal masks residual darkness, then on *Sacred*, where Ray's doubts and cynicism mask an inner strength. Anderson, 37, is "still a young man, but as he's matured," says exec producer Richard Kramer, "he's crossed the line into this place where there's something in his eyes that has *seen more*." We confess: We're intrigued. —Chris Willman

**{Best New Hyphenates}**  
**Ben Affleck**  
**and Matt Damon**

BEN AFFLECK AND MATT DAMON WERE supposed to be rookies in '95. That's when *Good Will Hunting*, the drama they cowrote and star in as a pair of sensitive Boston toughies, would've been released by Castle Rock. But complications over who'd direct resulted in a trip into turnaround hell ("There are people I'd prefer never having met," Damon says of the experience). Two years, one distributor (Miramax), an avalanche of hype, and a dash of Oscar buzz later, the childhood friends from Cambridge, Mass., have found synchronized success as actors and writers. Affleck, 25, whose year began with great reviews as the lovesick-over-a-lesbian star of Kevin Smith's *Chasing Amy*, has wrapped next summer's thriller *Armageddon* with Bruce Willis; Damon, 27, convincingly earnest in John Grisham's *The Rainmaker*, will play the title role in Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* (opposite Tom Hanks) and a gentlemanly killer in Anthony Minghella's *The Talented Mr. Ripley*. Damon and Affleck will also reteam as actors in Smith's religious comedy *Dogma*. No wonder the duo is awed by their *Good* fortune: Says Damon, "We're still amazed somebody bought the script." —Dave Karger

PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY

## {Best New Movie Actor and Actress}

*Aaron Eckhart  
and Stacy Edwards*

IT WAS JUST A DINKY INDIE FLICK SHOT IN 12 DAYS FOR \$25,000, but Neil LaBute's *In the Company of Men* yielded two of the year's most riveting performances. In fact, stars Aaron Eckhart, 29, and Stacy Edwards, 32, were so disturbingly true to their roles that some people still haven't forgiven them. "A lot of women are revolted when they meet me—you can see the fire in their eyes," chuckles Eckhart, who played Chad, a corporate sociopath who coolly decides to romance and brutally dump a shy deaf woman just because he can. "But I like it when people call me a prick or tell me to f--- off. It means I did a good job." Edwards, the devastated dumpee, had a similar problem: "Women would come up to me and ask me how I could *be* in such a movie," she says. Happily for both actors, others have been more receptive. Edwards has landed a gig on CBS' *Chicago Hope*, while Eckhart will costar in the cocaine-dealer drama *Thursday* and in LaBute's high-profile sophomore effort *Your Friends and Neighbors*. "This time I'm playing the opposite of Chad," says the actor, who gained 40 pounds for the role. "A man whose wife is cheating on him." Sometimes, cinematic revenge is the sweetest kind. —Benjamin Svetkey



## {Best New Screenwriter}

*Simon Beaufoy*

HOLLYWOOD HACKS TAKE NOTE: YOU CAN HAVE YOUR DINOSAURS, your space critters, your bouncing green goo. In the end, no computerized sleight of hand is funnier, stranger, or scarier than the human body. This year, Simon Beaufoy gave the world *The Full Monty*—an indie script about a band of pale, lumpy Englishmen who take off their clothes for money—and the world lined up to take a peek. But it wasn't Beaufoy's pelvis-pumping spectacle that made the \$3 million movie a triumph (with a worldwide gross of more than \$100 million). The real credit goes to the small moments in the script—those tiny scenes in which the 30-year-old British writer captured a man's ambivalent feelings about fatherhood and unemployment, disco dancing and G-strings. As star Robert Carlyle puts it, "The comedy stemmed from real situations and real people." We bought tickets to see those people strip—and strip they did. Down to that most intimate of organs, the human heart. —Jeff Gordinier



PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE BY ANJA GRABERT, LEFT BY CATHERINE LEDNER

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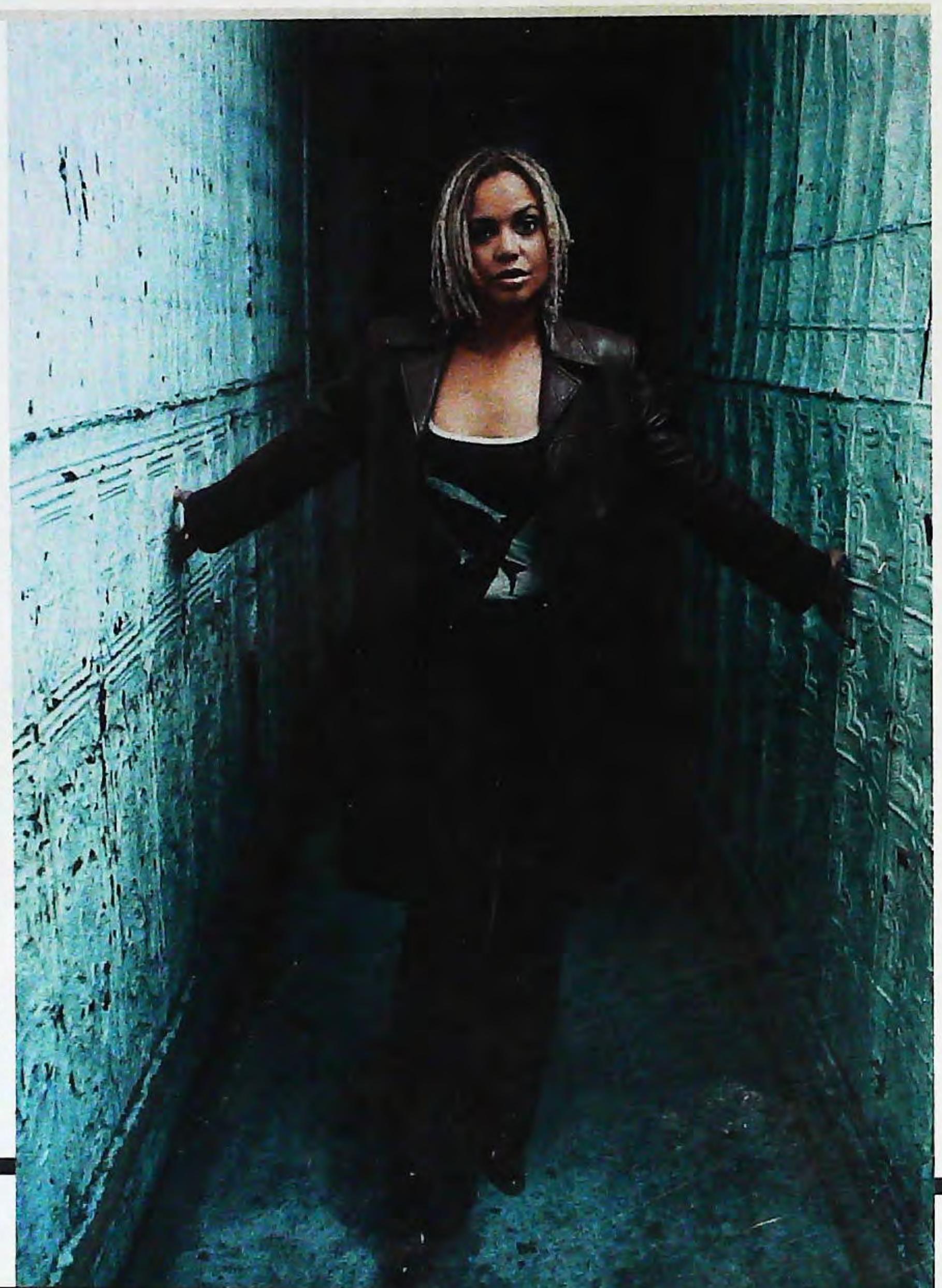


{Best New Import}  
*Arundhati Roy*

DON'T CALL ARUNDHATI ROY A WRITER: THE 37-YEAR-OLD ex-aerobics instructor doesn't believe in "professions." Yet she devoted four-plus years to her densely poetic first novel *The God of Small Things*, in which tragedy and squalor envelop a pair of half-Hindu, half-Christian South Indian twins. The work has more than 200,000 copies in print Stateside and landed the Booker Prize (among past winners: *The English Patient*). John Updike called it "a Tiger Woodsian debut," and Roy returns the compliment, naming him among her favorite American authors. Other influences? James Joyce, D.H. Lawrence, and Vladimir Nabokov—whose scandal-tinged ranks she joined when a lawyer, outraged by *God's* intercaste sex scenes, filed obscenity charges in her native Kerala, India. But he can't stop Roy—who says she has no interest in a movie deal—from using her \$1.5 million advance to "pursue with renewed vigor my commitment to doing as little as possible." A writer? Nah. —*Alexandra Jacobs*

{Best New Director}  
*Kasi Lemmons*

SINCE THEY WERE INSPIRED BY RECOLLECTIONS of her family, the characters of the Southern drama *Eve's Bayou* lived with Kasi Lemmons for years before she committed them to paper. "I thought it would be a movie when I was older and wiser," says the 34-year-old actress (look closely and you'll find her in *The Silence of the Lambs* as Jodie Foster's FBI-trainee roommate). "But it got to the point where I'd dream about them. I let the story come as a gift to myself." A gift that keeps on giving: Lemmons' independently made writing-directing debut has won critical hosannas and grossed more than three times its \$4 million budget. "I'm happy, I'm fulfilled, I'm full," says Lemmons, who's now adapting the 1992 suspense novel *The Impersonator*, which her husband, actor Vondie Curtis Hall (*Chicago Hope*), will direct. After that, she plans to head behind the camera. "I don't want to give up acting," she says, "but there's a part of me that feels I have more rarefied stuff to offer as a director." We couldn't agree more. —*Rebecca Ascher-Walsh*



PHOTOGRAPH BY JO ANN TOY

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SERIES PREMIERE

{Best New Band}  
*Hanson*

THEY WERE THE YEAR'S OTHER BIG POP phenomenon that you wanted to love to hate—only you couldn't because, it turned out, *these* kids had talent in as much abundance as pluck. Long after "Posh" and "Sporty" are consigned to the Trivial Pursuit bin—and well after the teen mags have moved on to the next big little thing—it's possible the brothers Hanson will still be crafting pleasures as indelible as "MMM-Bop." The youngest, Zac, at 11, can actually play the drum kit he's almost able to see over; the eldest, Isaac, 17, will eventually be able to concentrate more on songwriting than babysitting; and heartthrob Taylor, 14, has handily survived the voice change that arrived between *Middle of Nowhere* and the Christmas album *Snowed In*. Not since the Jackson 5 has pubescence been this much fun—and doggone, they seem so well-adjusted, they won't ever have to commiserate with Liz Taylor. —CW



SEVEN  
MEN.

ONE  
DESTINY.



{Best New Female Singer}  
*Erykah Badu*

ERYKAH BADU'S MUSIC IS A LOT LIKE those gorgeous Afro-goddess headdresses she wears: towering, mysterious, coiled, and evocative of tradition. She leaves you rapt—and wrapped. There's something conservative in her sound—sultry echoes of blues, jazz, soul—but there's an audacity in the way she fuses that tradition with hip-hop sass. She's also got one hell of a voice. On this autumn's *Live* album, you can practically hear the audience break into chills as Badu's pipes navigate the serpentine grooves of "On and On." Take that song's title as an omen. The double-platinum debut of *Baduizm*—along with Badu's loving take on Curtis Mayfield's "A Child With the Blues," an Oscar-worthy lullaby on the *Eve's Bayou* soundtrack—suggests that this 26-year-old child of the blues is destined to become a matriarch in the very tradition that nurtured her. —JG



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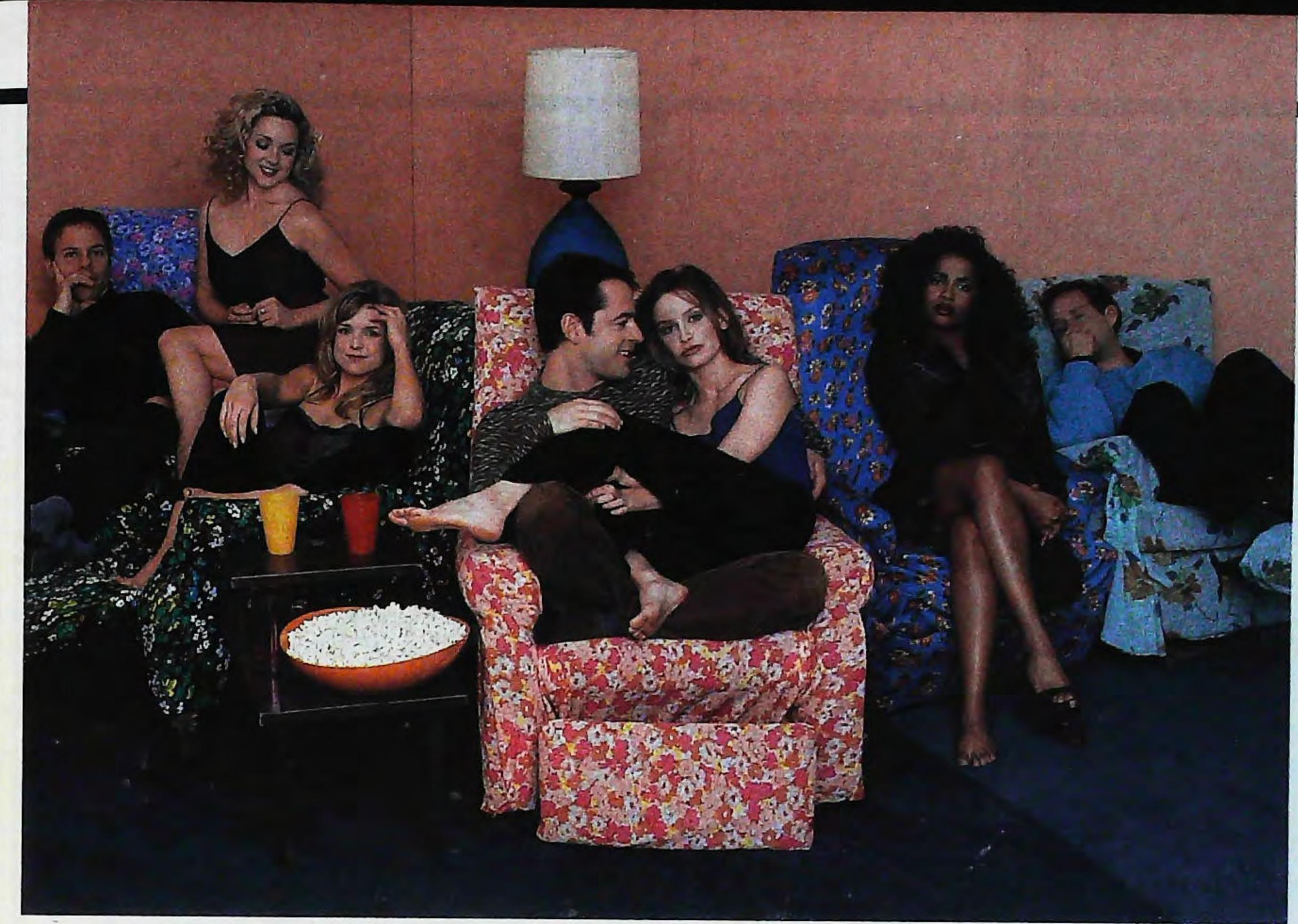
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{Best New Cast} *The Ensemble of Ally McBeal*

ALLY MCBEAL HAS BIG DOE EYES AND WOBBLY LEGS ENDING IN BLACK, HOOFLIKE BUSINESS HEELS; SHE'S A DEAR deer with a law degree. But Calista Flockhart's fearless portrayal of a quivering corporate fawn is just one facet of the season's most engaging thespian menagerie. At home, slinky roommate-pal DA Renee (Lisa Nicole Carson) licks at spoonfuls of ice cream, shakes her thick mane of hair, and purrs reassurance. At work, Ally's boss, Richard Fish (Greg Germann), is a shyster shark with bright eyes and wit, while Peter MacNicol's John Cage sits blinking—he's a perpetually startled owl of eccentricity. Blond thoroughbred Georgia (Courtney Thorne-Smith) and stud hubby Billy (Gil Bellows) drive many of Ally's fantasies, even as Elaine (Jane Krakowski), the office's officious, wiggly whippet of a secretary, nips at everyone's heels. Where else could creator David E. Kelley's avid attorney animals thrive but on Fox? —Ken Tucker



{Best New Male Singer}  
*Jay Kay* of *Jamiroquai*

TECHNICALLY SPEAKING, JAMIROQUAI'S FOOTLOOSE FRONTMAN, 28-YEAR-OLD JAY (Jason) Kay, isn't exactly a rookie: *Travelling Without Moving*, the British interstellar-funk collective's hit CD, was actually their third. But in 1997, Kay's closetful of stovepipe Seussian pimp chapeaus, arsenal of silky Electric Boogaloo dance steps, and honey-slick Stevie Wonder-esque vocal cords crossed over to the American pop mainstream. Every time you flipped on MTV, there was Kay, slip-sliding his way across a roomful of harrowing treadmills, crooning "Virtual Insanity," floating like some sort of youthful incarnation of the Godfather of Soul. But it would be a slight to reduce the wispy Manchester-bred singer-songwriter to the sum samplings of his '70s slap-bass funk forefathers. After all, in a year when electronica was supposed to revolutionize music, Kay managed to break out of the pack by realizing that the most important musical ingredient is, was, and ever shall be soul. —Chris Nashawaty

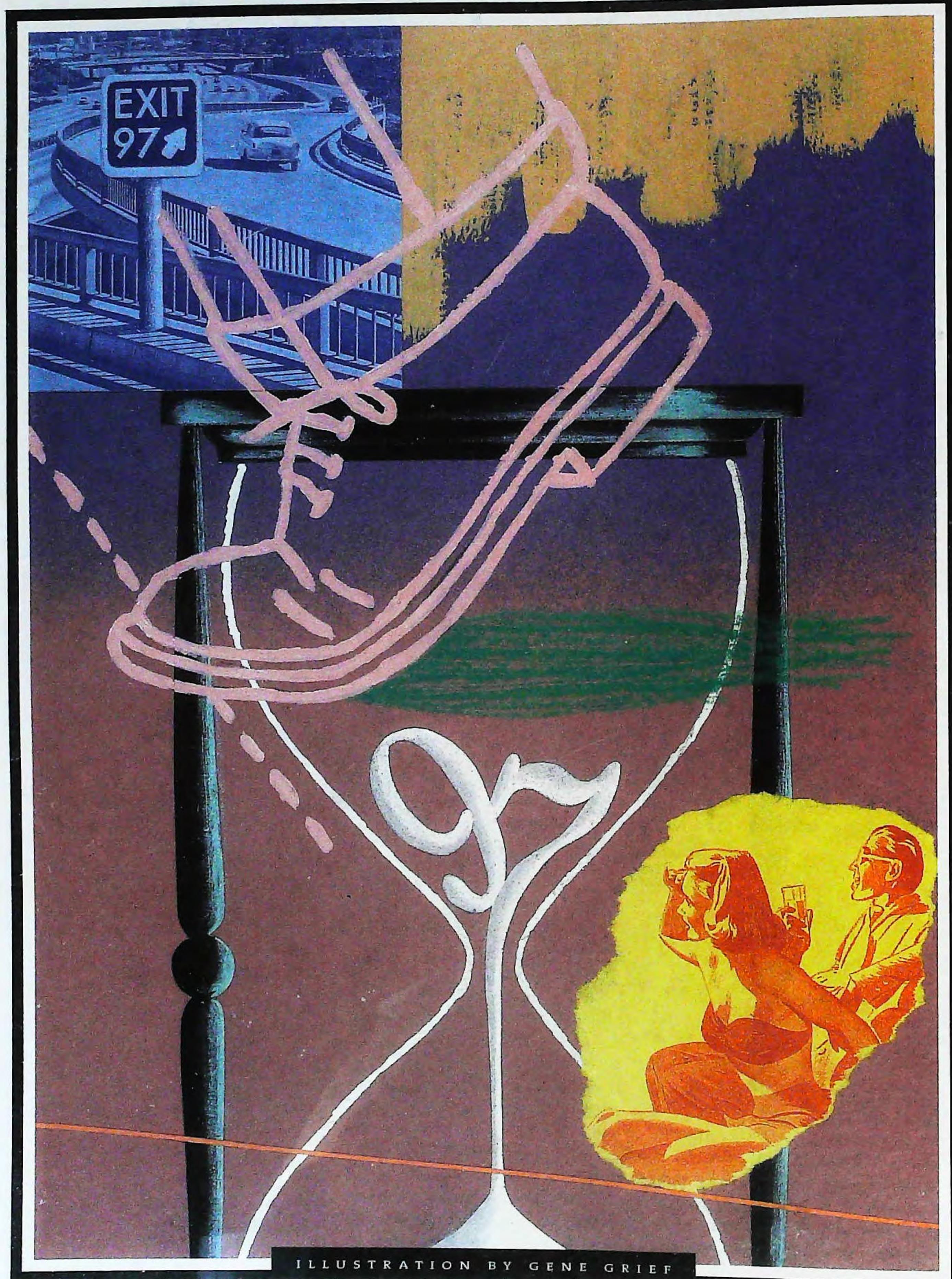


ILLUSTRATION BY GENE GRIEF

# 1997 Year in Cin- emas

So fractious, fatuous, and grumpy were stars this year that Hollywood sometimes seemed like one big day-care center. And nap time was long overdue. Over by the finger paints were **George Clooney**, **Fran Drescher**, and others who used Di's death as an excuse to yell "Look at me!" **Marv Albert**, **Christian Slater**, and **Mike Tyson** were at the snack table, biting off more than they could chew; **Michael Eisner** tussled with **Jeffrey Katzenberg** over the Mickey Mouse piggy bank; and **Brad** and **Gwyneth** and **Mariah** and **Tommy** didn't play well at *all*. As for **Robert Downey Jr.**—there's a reason the first-aid kit has a padlock. Thankfully, some stars behaved. Returning alums like **Fleetwood Mac** and **Burt Reynolds** showed class, and even if **Sean "Puffy" Combs** did insist on playing every instrument during music time, at least he knew all those nice old songs. ~*Ty Burr*



# D'oh! Is Me

For these less-than-bright highlights, dumb's the word

**S**TUPID IS AS STUPID DOES" WAS the mantra on everyone's lips just a few years ago. It surely applies to this collection of 1997's most boneheaded showbiz moments.

**JAN-MICHAEL VINCENT GETS VOCAL:** After allegedly crashing his car while driving drunk, the ex-*Airwolf* star sued two Orange County, Calif., paramedics for damaging his vocal cords with a breathing tube, claiming the injury keeps him from getting roles. (He dropped the suit in September and denies being drunk or even driving.)

**HOW WILL I KNOW?** Whitney Houston agreed to sing at the World Culture and Sports Festival for a reported \$1 million, then said she didn't know it was a mass "Moonie" blessing. She canceled at the 11th hour, citing "illness."



boy's father, Niel Peterson—who claims Nelson moved away with the boy 4 1/2 years ago and is currently on the run.

**GEORGE CLOONEY'S PLEA:** To berate the paparazzi after Princess Diana's death, the actor staged a press conference: "Do your job. Inform responsibly." Wow, so he's a doctor and a journalism professor.

**PURPLE DINOSAUR SEES RED:** Lyons Partnership, the producers of *Barney*, filed suit against The Famous San Diego Chicken (a.k.a. Ted Giannoulias) for beating up a *Barney* look-alike in his sports-arena performances. (The case is pending.)

They were spotted by her ex-partner, the

**FIONA X:** Accepting the MTV Video Music award for Best New Artist, 19-year-old Fiona Apple gave the year's most memorable—and unintentionally entertaining—speech. "I'm not going to do this like everybody else does it," declared the singer, who then launched into a hypocritical anti-fame tirade, from "This world is bulls---" to "It's just stupid that I'm in this world, but you're all very cool to me." Embarrassed presenter Elton John even slunk off stage during Apple's harangue, while the audience snickered.

—Kristen Baldwin

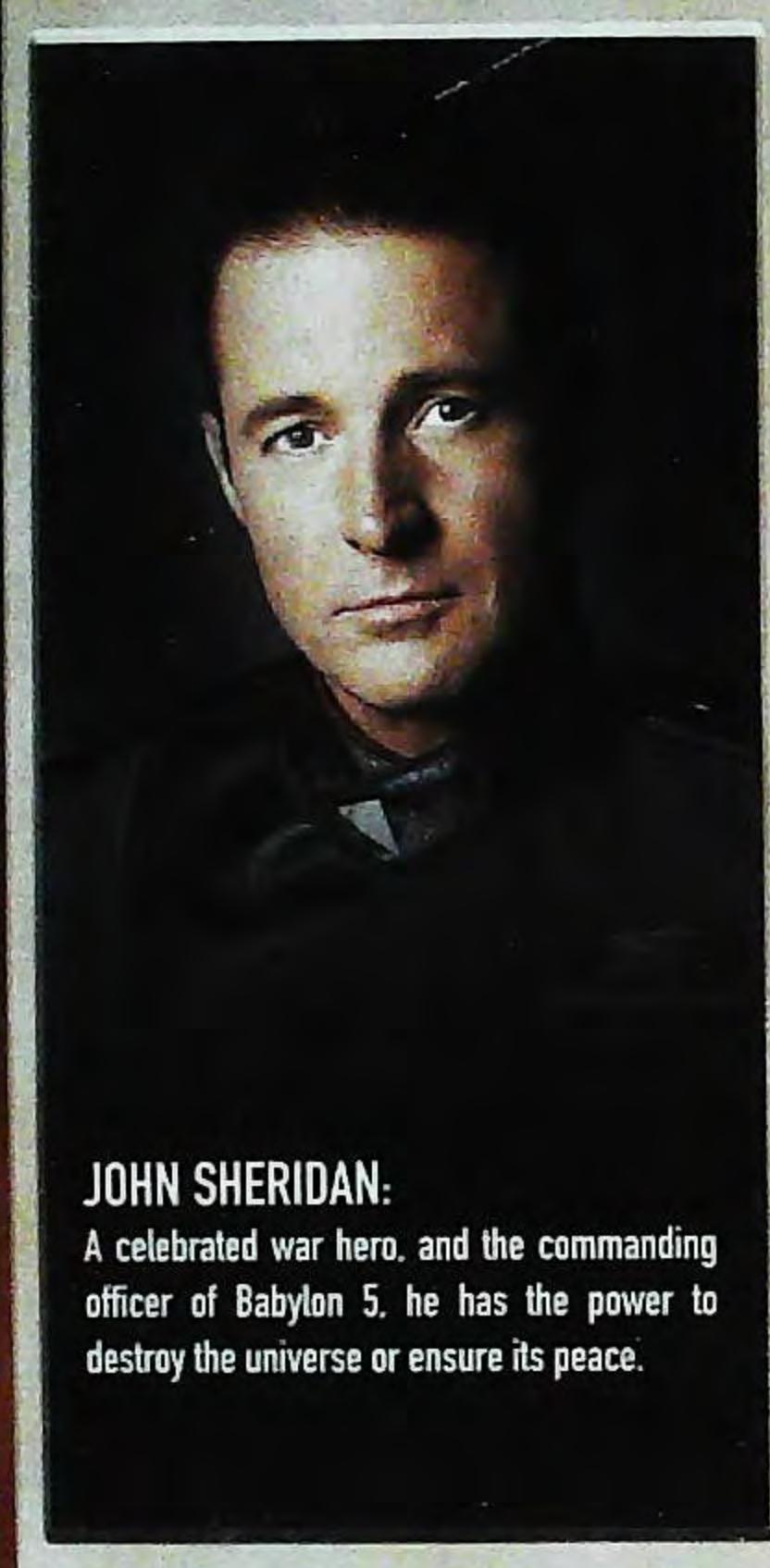
JAN 7	JAN 9	JAN 19	JAN 21	JAN 22
<p><b>A Star Is Porn</b></p> <p><i>Herald Tribune</i> Hollywood Cinema Line</p> <p><b>Caustic New York Times</b> op-ed piece by Gloria Steinem slams Hollywood for glorifying <i>Hustler</i> publisher in <i>The People vs. Larry Flynt</i> and is later credited with igniting Oscar backlash.</p>	<p><b>Cruise Missive</b></p> <p>Letter to Chancellor Helmut Kohl in <i>International Herald Tribune</i> signed by 34 celebs and studio execs compares Germany's treatment of Scientologists to the Holocaust. Abstaining: Disney's Joe Roth, who opines that some signers may be "whores for Tom Cruise and John Travolta."</p>	<p><b>Inaugural Gall</b></p> <p>Friend of Bill Barbra Streisand and beau James Brolin are no-shows at the gala. One rumored reason: People who need people violated White House policy on separate bedrooms.</p>	<p><b>Technical Knockouts</b></p> <p>Kevin Costner donates equipment from Costner Industries Nevada Corp. to clean up Japanese oil spill; other technology (i.e., a paternity test) confirms that he fathered a son born to socialite Bridget Rooney.</p>	<p><b>Roar Meat</b></p> <p>ABC ordered to pay Food Lion chain \$5.5 million (later pared to \$315,000) in punitive damages for 1992 hidden-camera exposé that showed employees selling rat-gnawed cheese and bleaching meat.</p>

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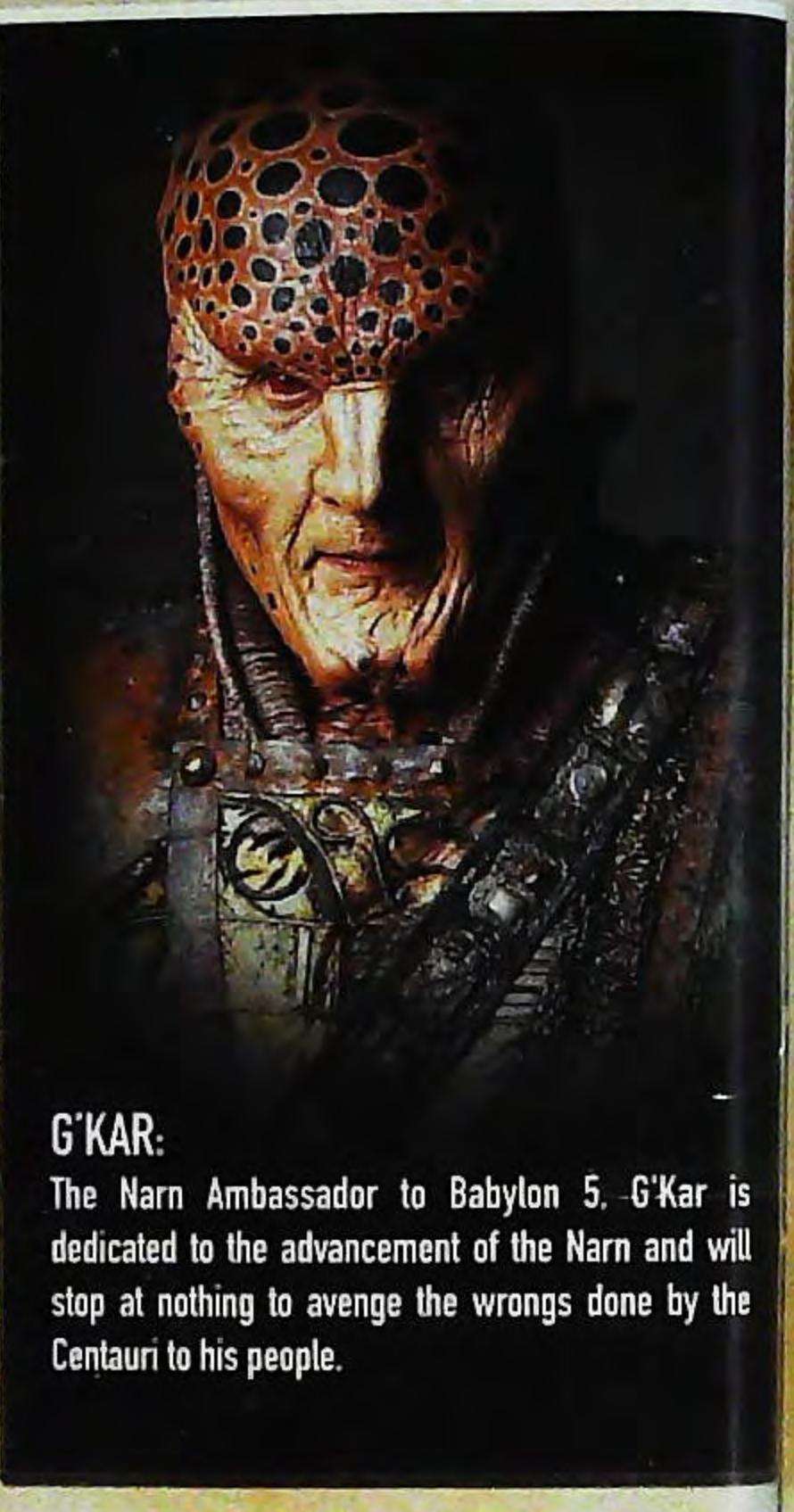
**JOHN SHERIDAN:**

A celebrated war hero, and the commanding officer of Babylon 5, he has the power to destroy the universe or ensure its peace.



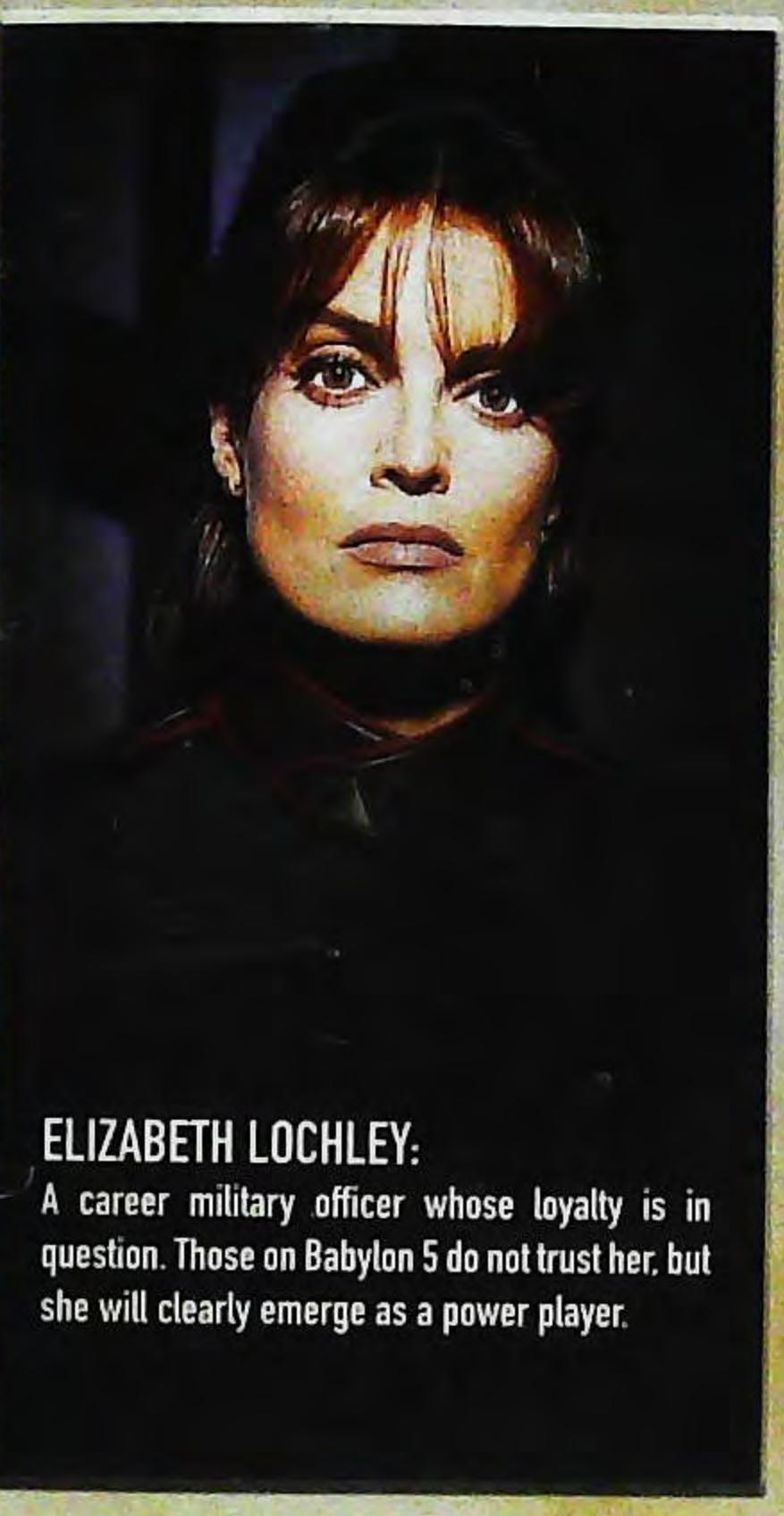
**DELENN:**

The Minbari Ambassador to Babylon 5. Deleenn holds the secret of the Great War. By metamorphosing into half-Minbari, half-human, she sacrificed her own identity to save the lives of millions.



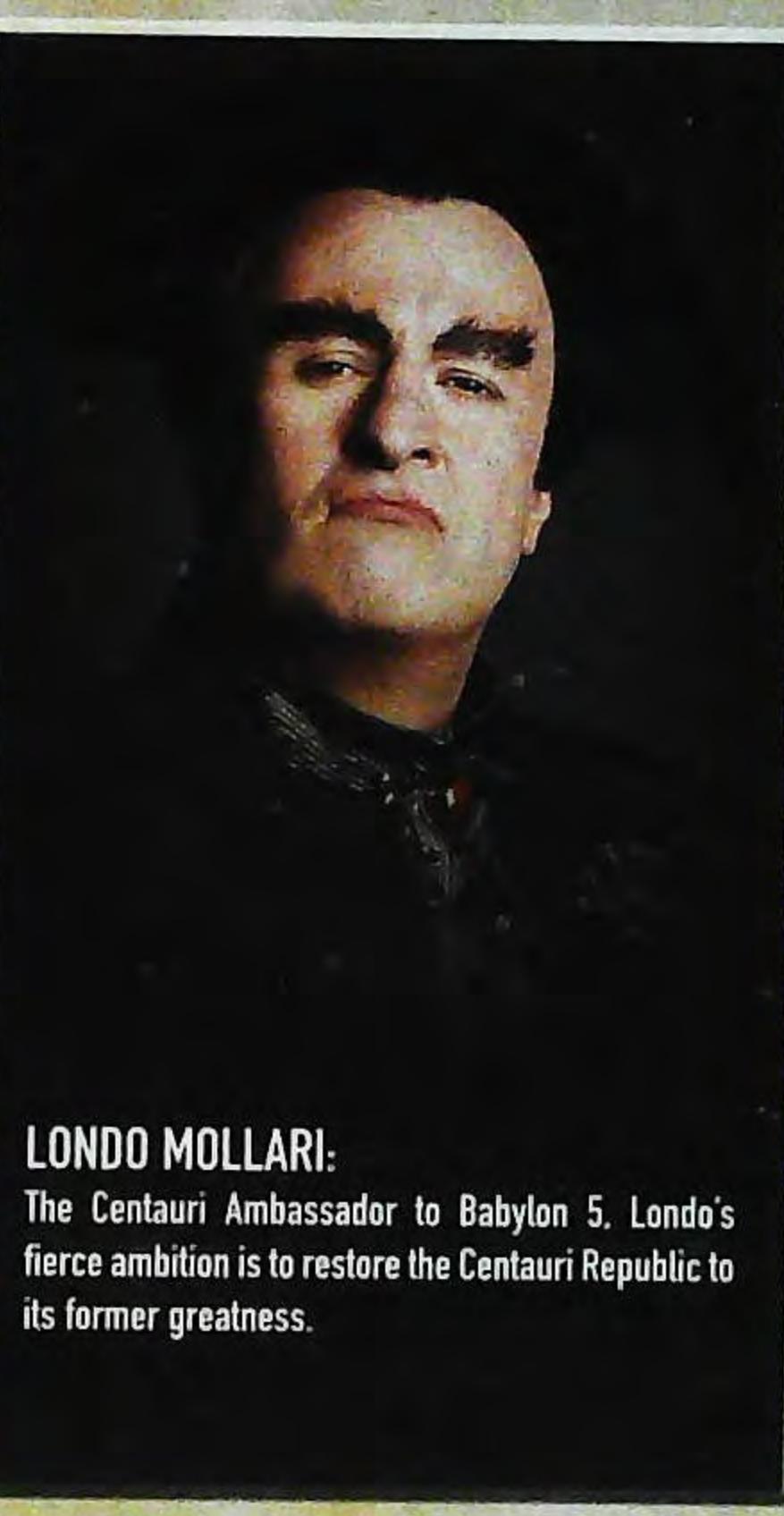
**G'KAR:**

The Narn Ambassador to Babylon 5. G'Kar is dedicated to the advancement of the Narn and will stop at nothing to avenge the wrongs done by the Centauri to his people.



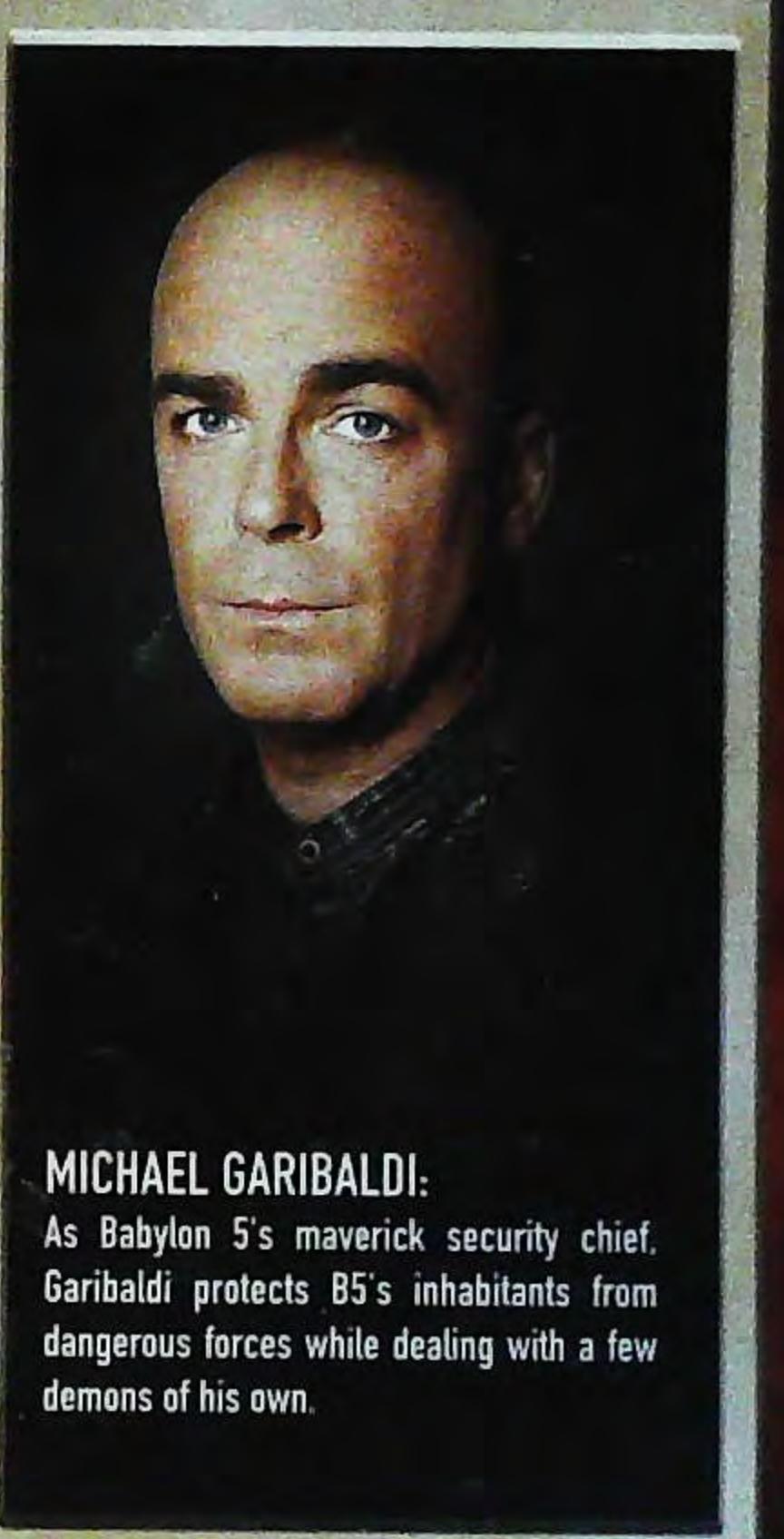
**ELIZABETH LOCHLEY:**

A career military officer whose loyalty is in question. Those on Babylon 5 do not trust her, but she will clearly emerge as a power player.



**RONDO MOLLARI:**

The Centauri Ambassador to Babylon 5. Londo's fierce ambition is to restore the Centauri Republic to its former greatness.



**MICHAEL GARIBALDI:**

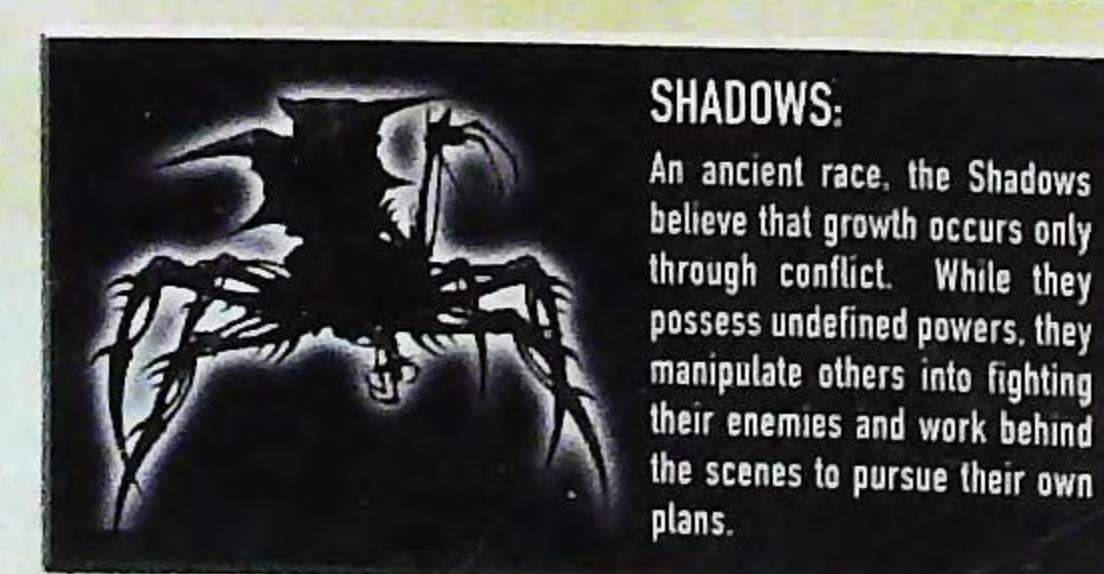
As Babylon 5's maverick security chief, Garibaldi protects B5's inhabitants from dangerous forces while dealing with a few demons of his own.

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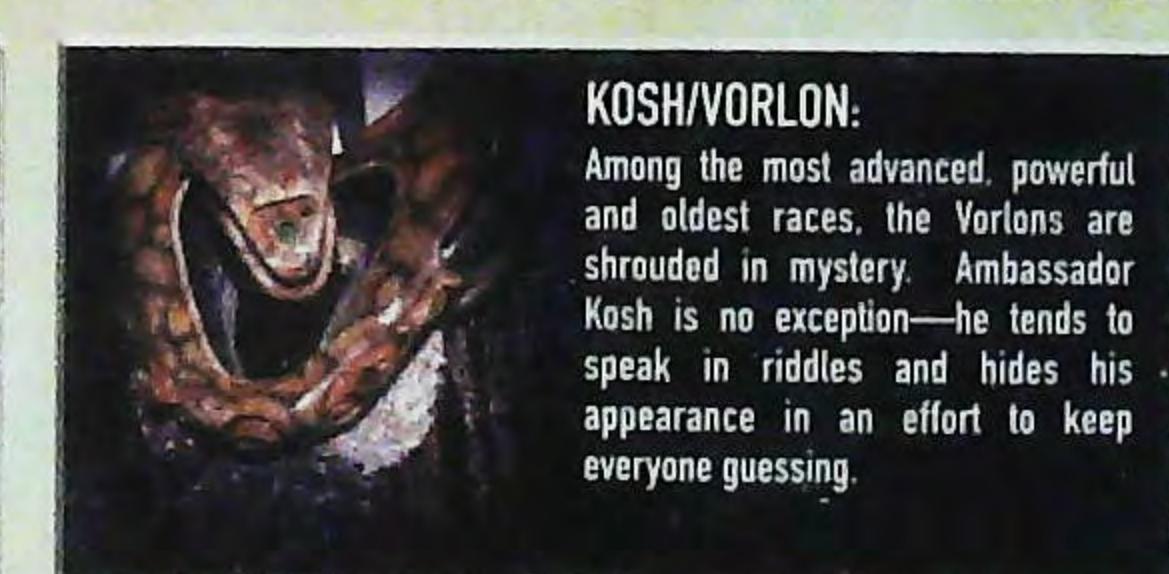
**SHADOWS:**

An ancient race, the Shadows believe that growth occurs only through conflict. While they possess undefined powers, they manipulate others into fighting their enemies and work behind the scenes to pursue their own plans.



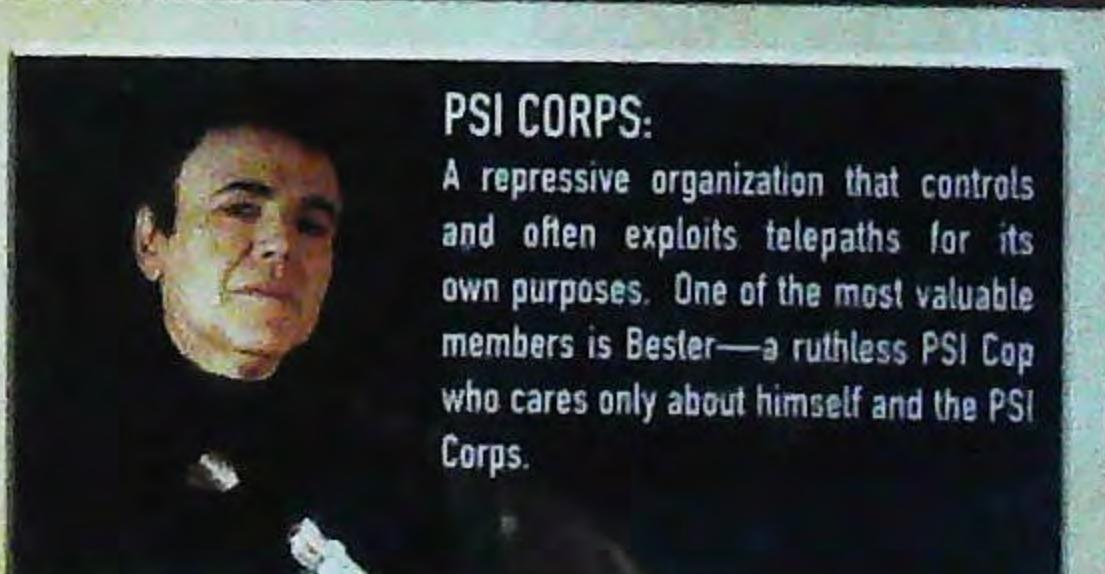
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Wyclef Jean

my year that was

"1997 was a good start for where I want to go musically in my life. I feel I've still got 30 years to go, but it gave me a lot of security—you can do something different and still sell a million records. I'm a big Dylan fan. I did a hip-hop-rock remix for 'Gone Till November' [from Jean's album *The Carnival*], and there's a line in there: 'I had nuttin', I had to do somethin', so I'm knockin' on heaven's door like I'm Bob Dylan.' It's time to shoot the video, and I was brainstorming: 'Yo, I gotta get Dylan!' He was real cool. But for me, the Fugees' Haiti concert was the high point, playing to 100,000 people and seeing how we're perceived as the Beatles of Haiti. I thought Michael Jackson must be hiding in the drawer somewhere."

# Parting Glances

These star-crossed couples finally got their big break

**N**O YEAR-IN-ENTERTAINMENT BREAKDOWN would be complete without its share of breakups. Here, some notable ruined romances:

■ **BRAD PITT & GWYNETH PALTROW** **Term of endearment:** Together 2 1/2 years; engaged for seven months. **What now?** Pitt's been linked to German director Katja von Garnier; Paltrow to actor Ben Affleck.

■ **MARIAH CAREY & TOMMY MOTTOLA** (1)

**Term of endearment:** Together since 1989;

married five days shy of four years. **What now?** Carey's been linked to Sean "Puffy" Combs, rapper Q-Tip, and Yankees shortstop Derek Jeter; Mottola is reportedly having a hard time letting the relationship go.

■ **GEENA DAVIS & RENNY HARLIN** **Term of endearment:** Together five years; married four. **What now?** After divorcing, it was reported Harlin fathered a child with Davis' ex-assistant while the couple was separated.

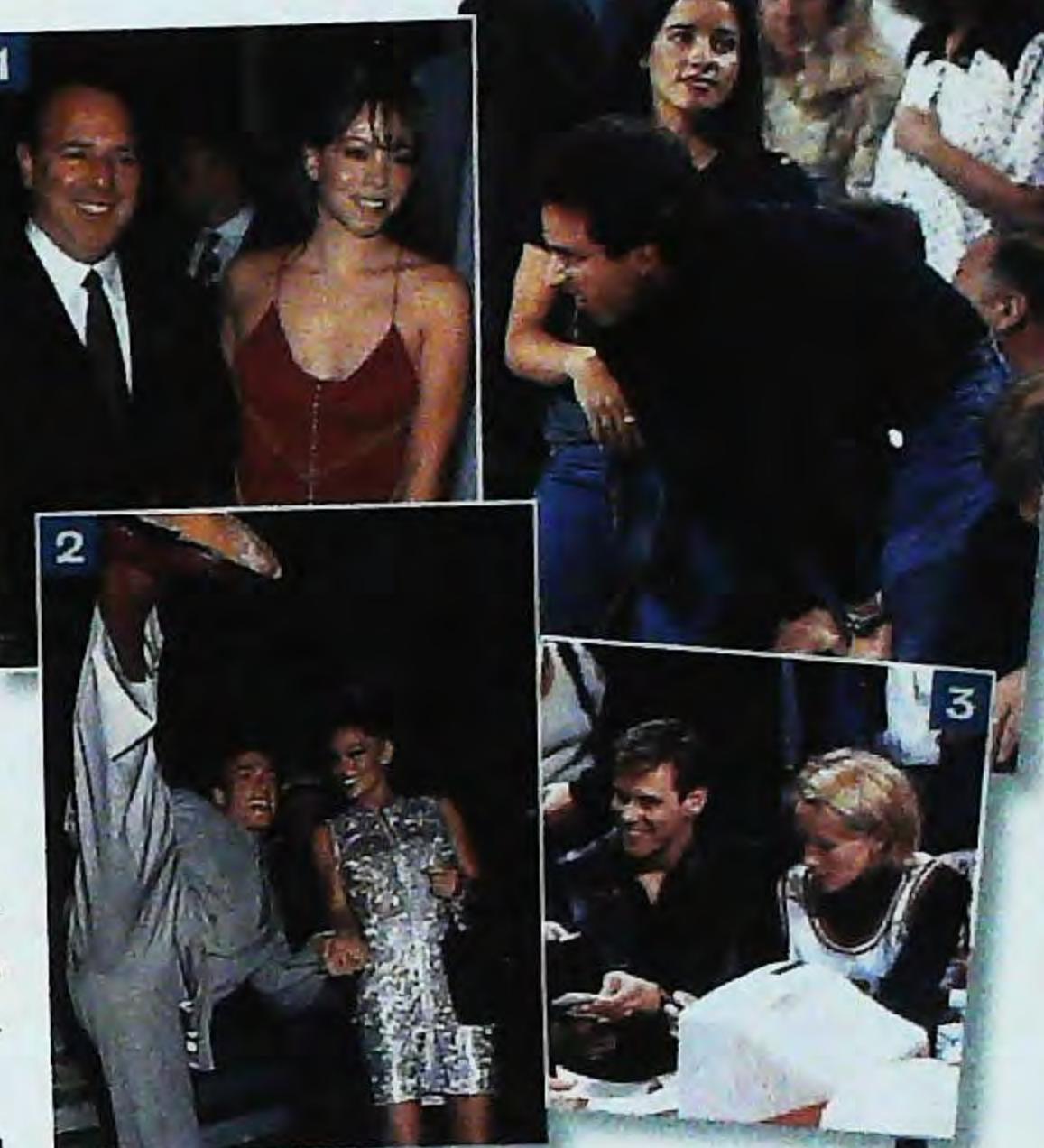
■ **JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME & DARCY LAPIER** (2)

**Term of endearment:** Together since 1992;

married since February 1994; they've filed for divorce four times since. **What now?** No reports about new loves for either LaPier or Van Damme, whom she charges has a cocaine problem that led to his physically abusing her and their son, Nicolas, 2.

■ **JIM CARREY & LAUREN HOLLY** (3) **Term of endearment:** Together since mid-1994; married 10 months; Holly filed for divorce in July. **What now?** Holly's reportedly with writer-director Ed Burns; starlet Sherrie Rose claims she had an affair with Carrey.

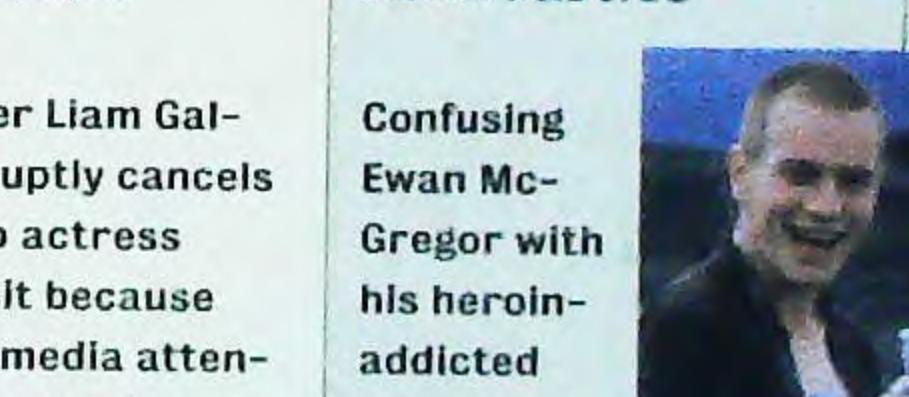
■ **JERRY SEINFELD & SHOSHANNA LONSTEIN** (4) **Term of endearment:** Together four years; never married. **What now?** Lonstein is dating Hamptons fixture Jay Aston, 23; Seinfeld, presumably, continues to be the master of his domain. —Anna Holmes



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JAN 23	JAN 26	FEB 9	FEB 10	FEB 12
<b>Rump Roast Romp</b> Hardcore porn interrupts late-night airing of Food Network show <i>Too Hot Tamales</i> during instructions for juicy flank steak. One Ohio mayor later commented, "You'll never get back to sleep after seeing that, I imagine."	<b>Filthy Lucre</b> Fred Astaire's digital pas de deux with Dirt Devil cordless vac causes dustup when the spot debuts on Super Bowl Sunday. "Fred did commercials when he was alive," sniffs his widow, Robyn, who oversaw production.	<b>Homeric Feat</b> <i>The Simpsons</i> overtakes <i>The Flintstones</i> as television's longest-running animated prime-time series.	<b>Mirage Vows</b> Oasis singer Liam Gallagher abruptly cancels wedding to actress Patsy Kensit because "intrusive media attention has removed any dignity." (In April, they quietly get hitched in London.)	<b>Junk Justice</b> Confusing Ewan McGregor with his heroin-addicted character in <i>Train-spottin</i> , customs agent at Chicago airport orders actor strip-searched.
				

# Talk on the Wild Side

Whether odd or just uneven, these guests had few equals



FAWCETT DRIP: The actress made a splash on *Letterman*

BEFORE FARRAH FAWCETT APPEARED disoriented and distract- ed on the June 6 *Late Show With David Letterman*, the year in TV talk had been relatively freak free. But Fawcett's spot, in which she had difficulty finishing sentences and fidgeted in her seat like a toddler ("I really thought I was looking out the window!" she squealed after checking out Letterman's miniature-Manhattan backdrop), seemed to inspire a host of others to engage in bad behavior.

On Sept. 18, *NewsRadio*'s Andy Dick

showed more (way more) than we needed to see when he was scheduled with Antonio Sabato Jr. on *Rosie* and dropped his drawers in honor of the Calvin Klein underwear model. And Whitney Houston? Oh, Whitney. The diva simply canceled her *Rosie* appearance at the last minute, prompting a public scolding by the host on that day's show.

Letterman found himself in for another squirm turn Oct. 17, when upstart *Gummo* auteur Harmony Korine, wearing too-long pants and ratty shoes without socks, talked about everything from taping bacon on walls to the Gap to his upcoming novel ("It's about a race war...in Florida, and the Jewish people sit in trees").

Three weeks later, a giggly Fran Drescher told a story on *The Tonight Show* about badly cutting a finger and dealing with paramedics; she later admitted she made the whole thing up just to have something to say. —Anna Holmes



Mike Judge

## my year that was

"It was probably my best year since I started in this entertainment world. Last year was hell because I was working on the *Beavis and Butt-head* movie and the first 12 episodes of *King of the Hill* all at once. This year, everything was out there and successful, and I had a little more time to enjoy it. I counted my money—just kidding. I got really into surfing and hung out with the family. But I did work. We did another season of *King*, and I've been working on a screenplay—an ensemble comedy that takes place in Silicon Valley. It's live action, so it'll be different for me."

FEB 13	FEB 14	FEB 19	FEB 24	FEB 26
Baby Glove  Michael Jackson and wife Debbie Rowe welcome son Prince, and after stating he wants child to have a "normal life," Jackson sells baby pictures to the <i>National Enquirer</i> and Britain's <i>OK!</i>	Duped Cupid  In setup prearranged by the <i>Today</i> show, man goaded by Al Roker proposes on air to girlfriend. Her embarrassing reply: "I don't know."	Waltersgate  ABC admonishes Barbara Walters for forgetting to mention in profile of producer Andrew Lloyd Webber that she had invested \$100,000 in his money-losing <i>Sunset Boulevard</i> .	The Sum'll Come Up  "I just gotta try and remember...I'm the real Annie," says Joanna Pacitti, 12-year-old fired as Broadway's Little Orphan Annie. Hard knocks eased by filing Daddy Warbucks-size lawsuit (still in litigation).	Grammy Gripe  LeAnn Rimes and Toni Braxton each scoop up two Grammys, but their singing is stifled by National Academy of Recording Arts & Sciences ban on artists who performed at American Music Awards.

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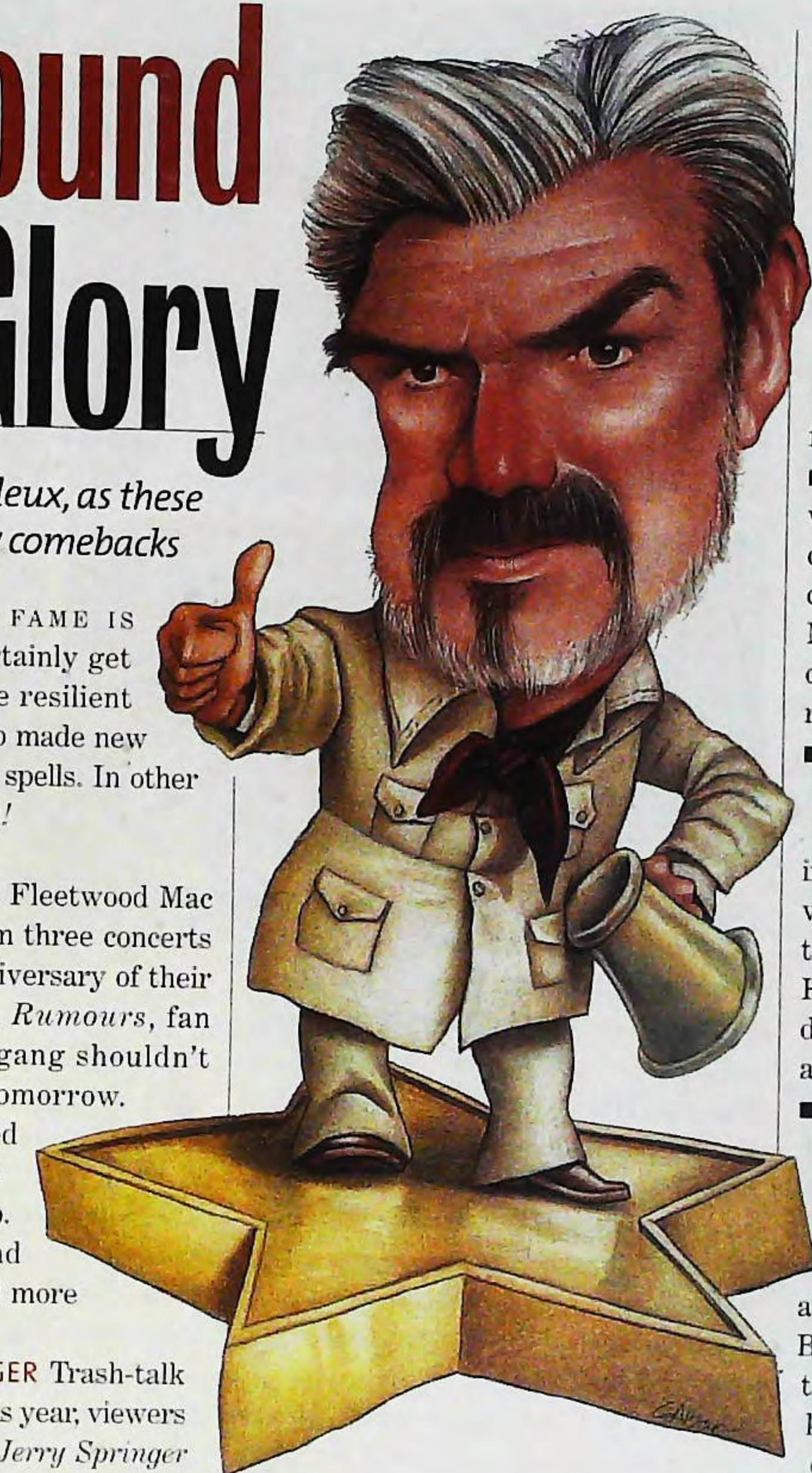
## Rebound For Glory

It's hotshots, part deux, as these stars make snappy comebacks

WHOEVER SAID FAME IS fickle would certainly get votes from these resilient entertainers, who made new splashes after long dry spells. In other words, *They're baaaack!*

■ **MAC ATTACK** When Fleetwood Mac got together to perform three concerts pegged to the 20th anniversary of their breakthrough album, *Rumours*, fan reaction proved the gang shouldn't stop thinking about tomorrow. *The Dance*, the reunited quintet's first album in a decade, debuted at No. 1 on the pop chart, and the recent tour grossed more than \$36 million.

■ **THE RITES OF SPRINGER** Trash-talk backlash be damned! This year, viewers wanted sleaze, and *The Jerry Springer*



Show dished it out. The ex-Cincinnati mayor's syndicated sideshow finished November sweeps as the No. 2 talk show, beating even *Oprah* among 18- to 34-year-olds Thanksgiving week. Although

public furor led Springer to resign from a news-commentary spot on Chicago's WMAQ, he upped his coolness factor with an *X-Files* cameo, and his *Too Hot for TV!* outtakes video is selling faster than you can say "lesbian catfight."

■ **BLOND'S AMBITION** Kim Basinger went from brassy to classy with her critically lauded role in *L.A. Confidential* as a call girl cut to look like Veronica Lake. Not bad for someone who last appeared on screen three years ago in the widely reviled *Ready to Wear* and *The Getaway*.

■ **BURT ALERT I** A year after Burt Reynolds heard vague Oscar rumblings for his portrayal of a sleazy congressman in *Striptease* (and after doing direct-to-video dreck like *Frankenstein and Me*), the buzz is building for his turn as Jack Horner, *Boogie Nights*' ambitious porn director. If the Academy denies him again, well, there's always *next year*.

■ **BURT ALERT II** Burt Bacharach had a rebirth of near-Tony Bennett proportions thanks to a groovy cameo in *Austin Powers* and two tribute albums—one by pianist McCoy Tyner, another from avant-jazzbos John Zorn and Bill Frisell. Bonus: the Bacharach-fueled soundtrack to *My Best Friend's Wedding* got the kids shimmying to "I Say a Little Prayer" all over again. —Kristen Baldwin

**MARCH 1**

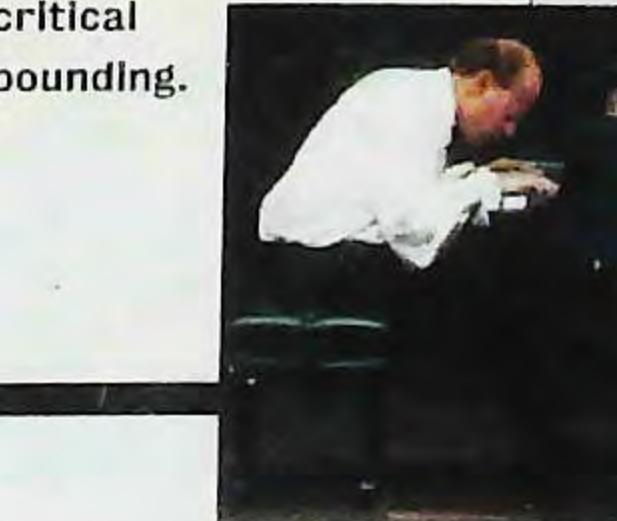
### Legendary Courage

Liz Taylor suffers mild seizure nine days after removal of benign brain tumor. (Before surgery, she'd attended AIDS benefit/65th-birthday celebration.)

**MARCH 4**

### Keyed Off

And he thought Rachmaninoff was tough. On sold-out debut U.S. tour David Helfgott, the Australian piano prodigy immortalized in *Shine*, takes critical pounding.



**MARCH 6**

### A-B-C, Baby, You And Me

David Westin is named president of ABC News shortly before making headlines for affair with network spokesperson Sherrie Rollins. Reportedly tip-off to her Republican hired-gunner hubby Ed: a Valentine's Day bouquet he hadn't sent.

**MARCH 7**

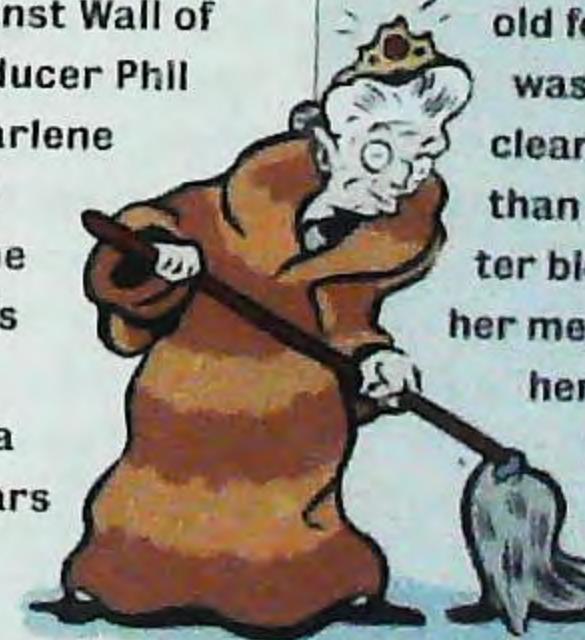
### Phil 'Er Up

After four years of litigation against Wall of Sound producer Phil Spector, Darlene Love—lead singer of the Crystals—is awarded quarter of a million dollars in back royalties.

**MARCH 19**

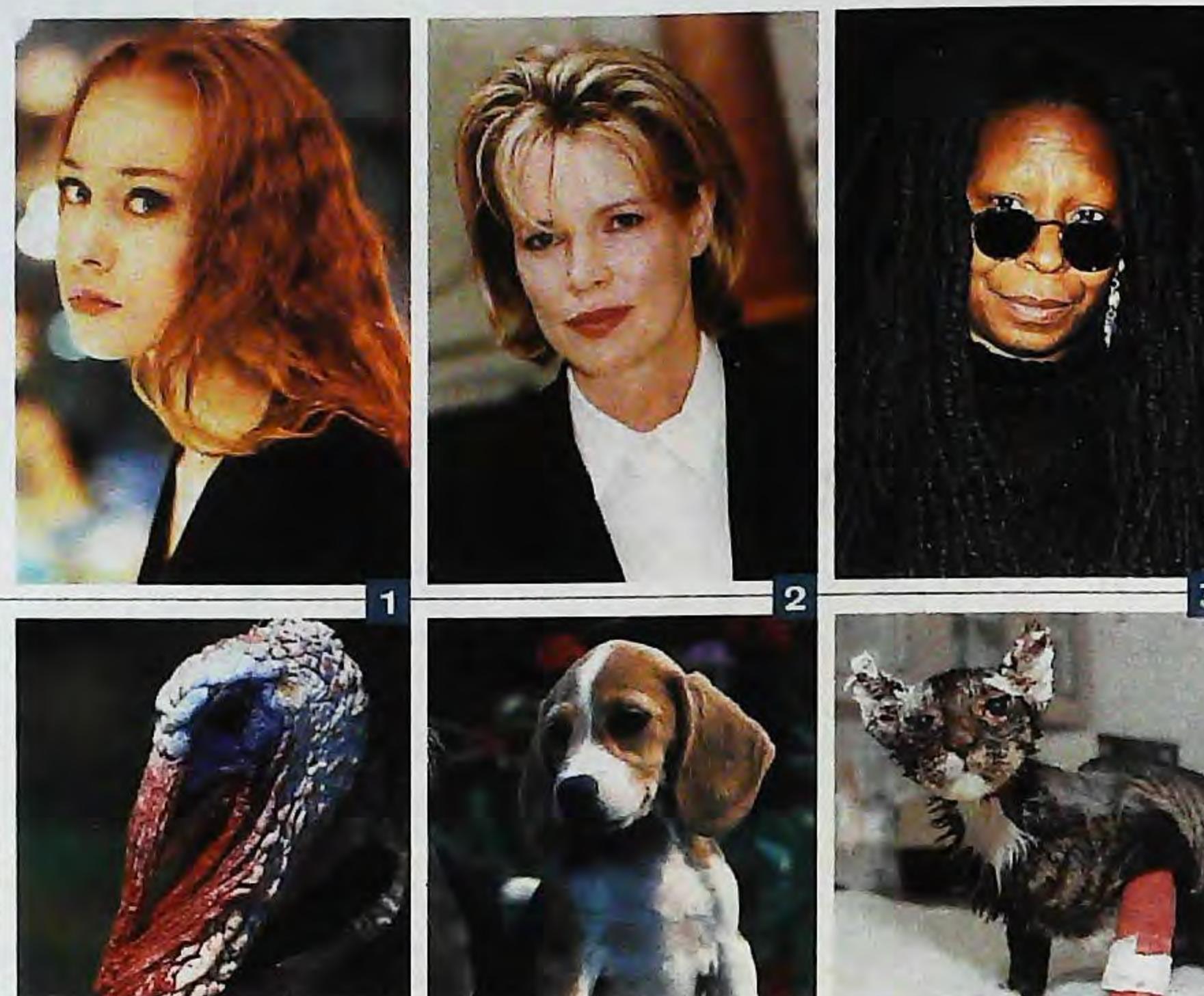
### Laundered Money

Jessie Fovaux, 98-year-old former Kansas washerwoman, cleans up more than \$1 million after bidding war for her memoir about her two-decade marriage to alcoholic.



# Pet Peeves

When it came to critter causes, some stars really had a cow



**H**OSTILE PRESS, FICKLE AUDIENCE—who needs unconditional love more than a celebrity? Maybe that's why so many of them adopted pet causes:

■ **FIONA APPLE (1) Animal attraction:** Turkeys **Gesture**: Induced gobbler guilt with taped message for PETA's Vegetarian Holiday Hotline (lampooned in song "Basted in Blood," performed on *Saturday Night Live* by Sarah McLachlan, with lyric "Ain't no difference between Hitler, Stalin, and the folks at Butterball").

■ **BRIGITTE BARDOT Animal attraction:** Russian dogs and cats **Gesture**: Protested Moscow mayor's rumored plan to kill thousands of homeless dogs and cats as part of city's 850th-anniversary cleanup.

■ **KIM BASINGER (2) Animal attraction:** Beagles **Gesture**: Crusaded to save 36 puppies scheduled to have legs snapped to test osteoporosis drug. After pharma-

ceutical company rolled over, Basinger and other PETA activists showed up to collect dogs. Lab prez sniffed at "publicity stunt" and tearful Basinger ("I was looking into the eyes of a devil") was denied the pups, which were given to shelters.

■ **WHOOPY GOLDBERG (3) Animal attraction:** Frankie the cat **Gesture**: The actress spotted this badly burned tabby in the *New York Post*, frequently called animal shelter for progress reports on Frankie's scorched ears and broken leg, then took him home.

■ **EDWARD FURLONG Animal attraction:** Kittens **Gesture**: Unable to forget

video of kittens at Nebraska research hospital "circling and crying in...pain" after their skulls had been cracked open, nerves severed, and heads stitched back up, he offered to find cat homes and pay costs of convalescence. Six months later, lab experiments were terminated.

■ **JOHN WATERS Animal attraction:** Chickens **Gesture**: So not everyone's St. Francis. He told *The New York Times Magazine*: "I don't have a problem if they test...cosmetics on them. Eyeliner has been important in my life. If 10 chickens have to die to make one drag queen happier, so be it!" —Marlene McCampbell

## MARCH 24

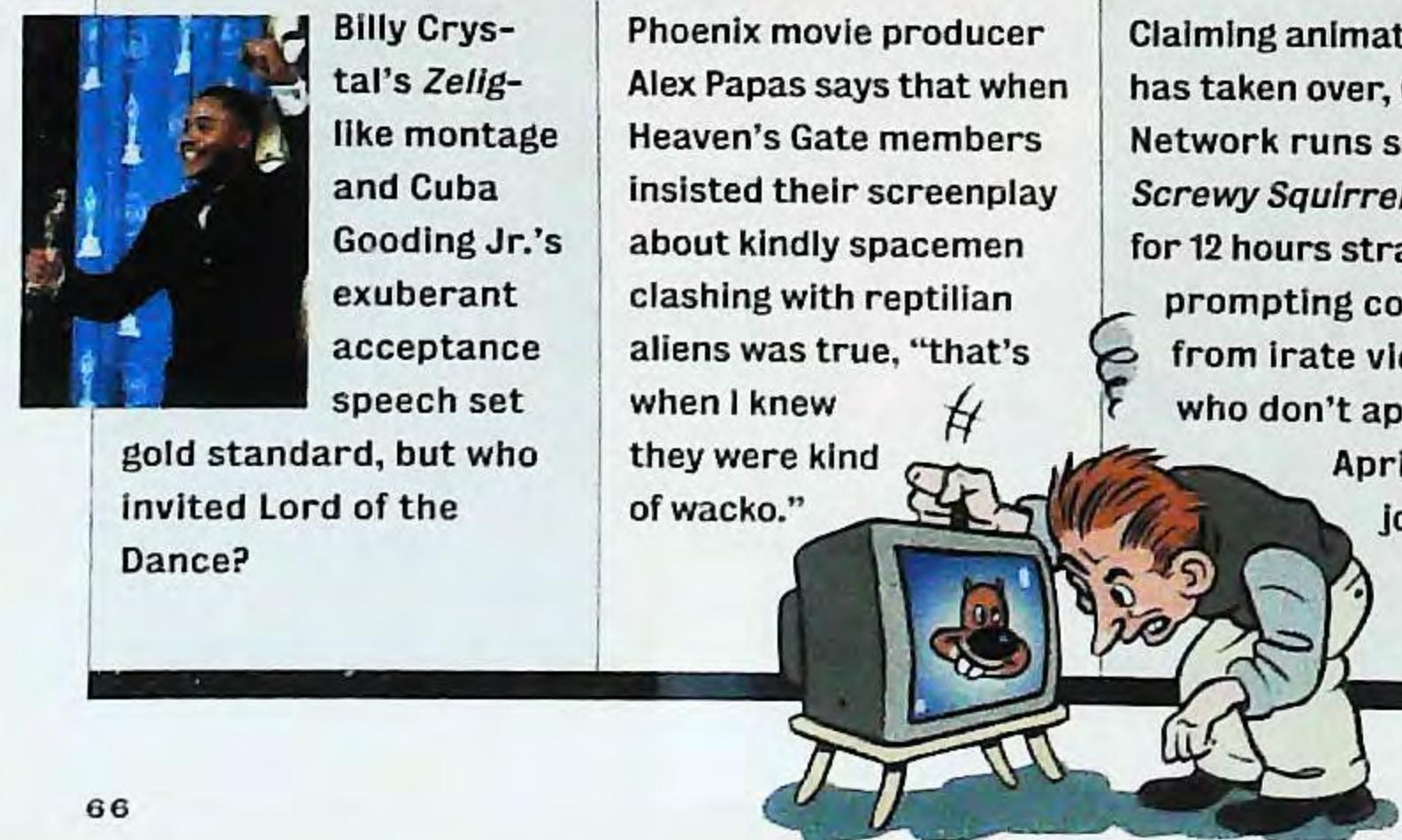
Polished Oscars



Billy Crystal's Zelig-like montage and Cuba Gooding Jr.'s exuberant acceptance speech set gold standard, but who invited Lord of the Dance?

## MARCH 31

Space Oddity



Phoenix movie producer Alex Papas says that when Heaven's Gate members insisted their screenplay about kindly spacemen clashing with reptilian aliens was true, "that's when I knew they were kind of wacko."

## APRIL 1

Nuts to You

Claiming animated rodent has taken over, Cartoon Network runs same *Screwy Squirrel* cartoon for 12 hours straight, prompting complaints from irate viewers who don't appreciate April Fools' joke.

## APRIL 2

Mother and Child Reunion

After viewing Joni Mitchell website, Kilauren Gibb is reunited with songstress birth mom, who had given her up for adoption 32 years earlier. Mitchell had been searching too, spurred on by recurring symptoms of childhood polio.

## APRIL 8

Can't Ya Read?

Oprah announces sixth book club selection, propelling novel *Out to Canaan* onto best-seller lists. Actually, what she said was similarly titled *The Rapture of Canaan*.

## APRIL 9

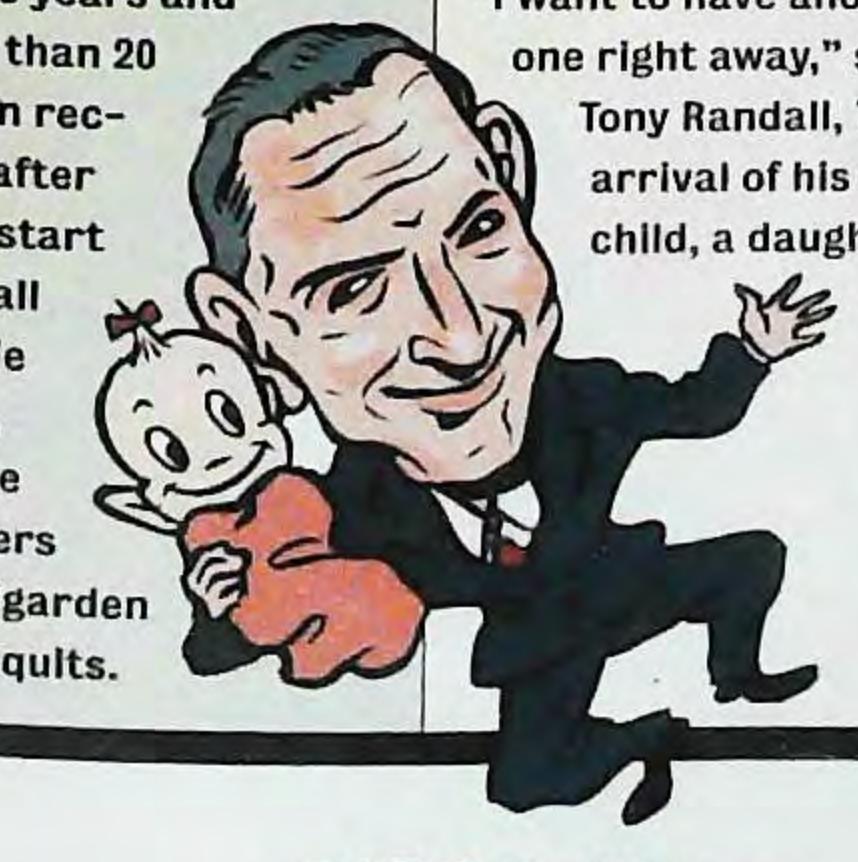
Outshined?

Twelve years and more than 20 million records after their start in small Seattle clubs, grunge pioneers Soundgarden call it quits.

## APRIL 11

Frisky Felix

"I want to have another one right away," says Tony Randall, 77, on arrival of his first child, a daughter.



## APRIL 19

Game, Love

After three years a-courtin', Brooke Shields and tennis star Andre Agassi wed.



## APRIL 21

Beam 'Em Up

Cremated remains of Timothy Leary and *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry are among those rocketed into orbit for first "space funeral." (One-way fare: \$4,800.)

## APRIL 26

Rock Bottom

U2: *A Year in Pop* on ABC sets record: It's the lowest-rated Big Three nonpolitical prime-time program ever.



# Death Mettle

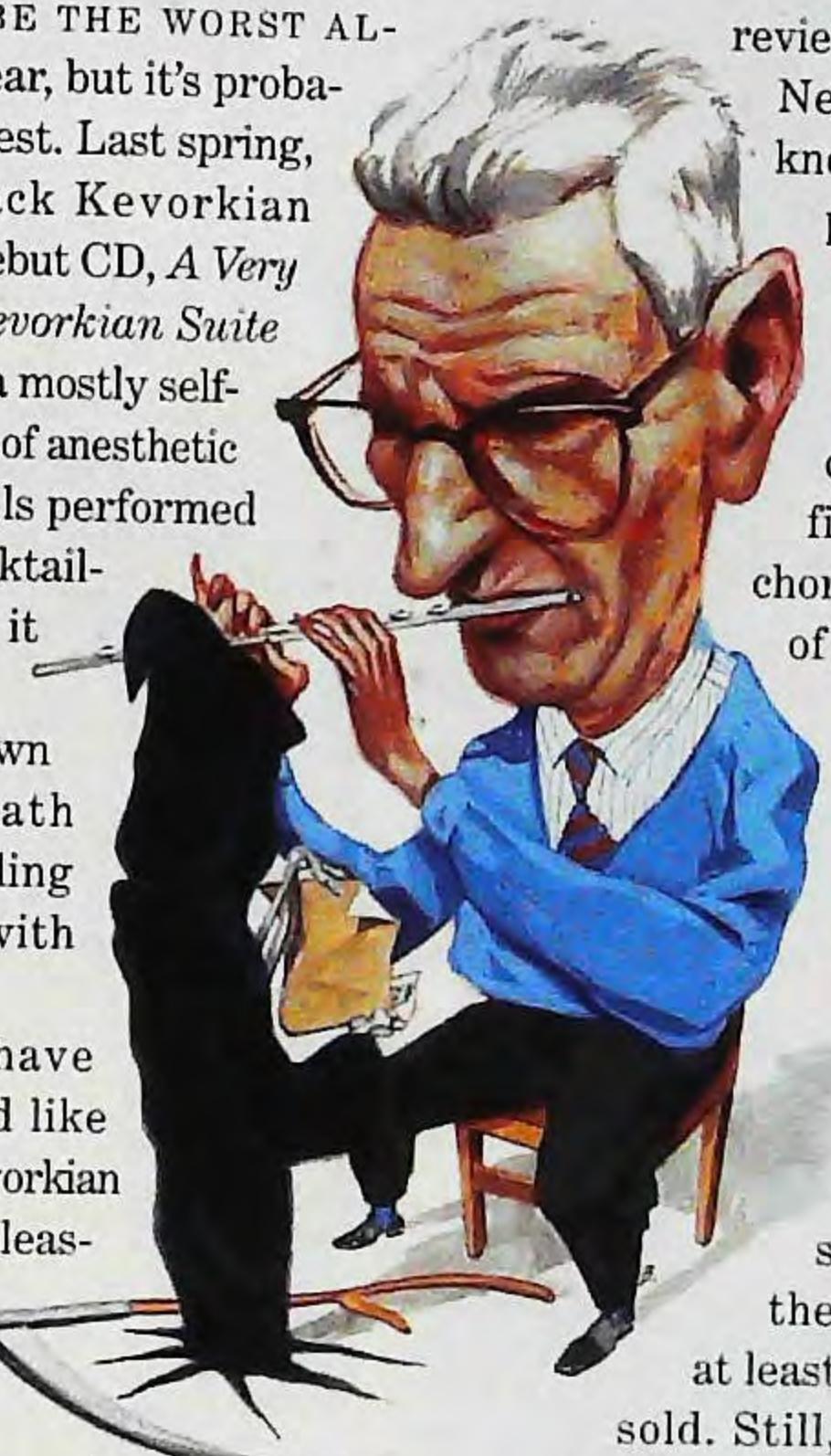
On his first CD, Dr. Kevorkian offered some killer jazz tunes

IT MAY NOT BE THE WORST ALBUM of the year, but it's probably the weirdest. Last spring, when Dr. Jack Kevorkian released his debut CD, *A Very Still Life: The Kevorkian Suite* (Lucid Subjazz), a mostly self-penned collection of anesthetic jazz instrumentals performed with a small, cocktail-flavored combo, it was clear that the man also known as Doctor Death had taken to killing people softly—with his songs.

"People who have heard the record like it very much," Kevorkian says. "It's nice, pleasant music—I call it New Age jazz." It turns out that the peripatetic euthanasian is a man of many shingles: His recent gallery show—13 oil paintings depicting corpses and severed heads—opened last spring to alarmed

reviews in suburban Detroit. Nevertheless, few people knew that Kevorkian, 69, played the flute. "I'm really self-taught," he says. "I've been playing off and on for a couple of decades. I just finished a flute-harpsichord sonata that I'm kind of pleased with."

While *A Very Still Life* is rife with some good-natured, Kenny G-style noodling, Kevorkian had little luck parlaying his infamy into chart action—though, according to a Lucid spokesperson, out of the 5,000 units shipped, at least 1,400 discs have been sold. Still, Kevorkian remains philosophical about his sideline. "All I would hope is that people enjoy it," he says. "I wasn't going to have a career change, even if it were a hit." —Andrew Essex



## my year that was

"It's been a whirlwind this year. Last January I was told the Bond movie [Tomorrow Never Dies] was in the bag. We didn't start filming until April, so until then, I sweated it. I flew in and out of London getting my costumes; I went to Malaysia in February for the Chinese New Year, then to the States to start doing publicity, then to London, then back to Hong Kong to pack. We did most of the filming in England, where I went to school, so it was nice to be back on familiar ground. I don't know how I'll equal this year—there can't be an equal. When this is all over, I'm going to sit by the beach, have a huge daiquiri, and say, 'What's next, babe?'"



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1997 | THE YEAR THAT WAS

# Keeping It Real

*The success of shock TV proved audiences can handle the truth*

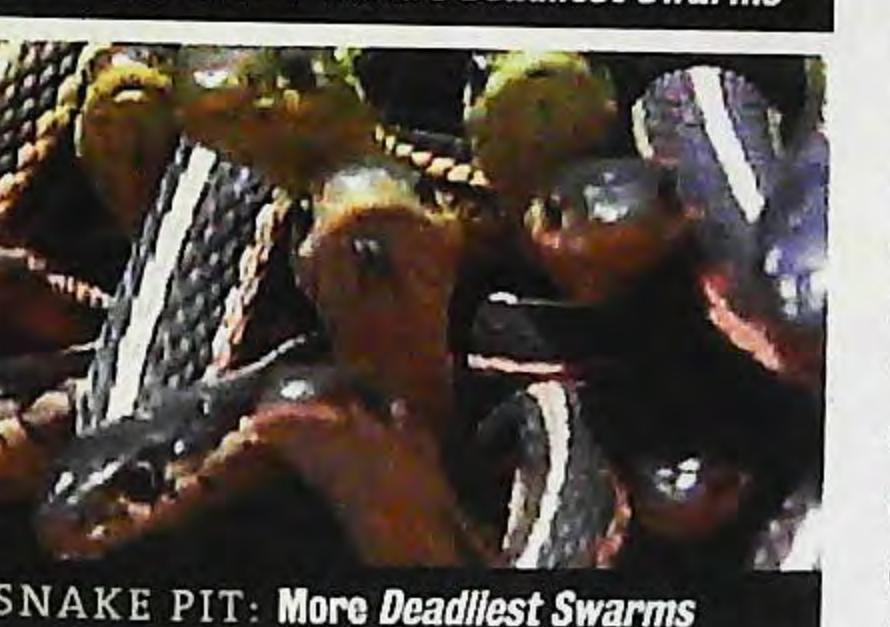
QUICK: NAME '97'S HOTTEST TV shows. If you said *ER* and *Seinfeld*, you're only half right. Did you forget the one with the wolf that turns a 4-year-old into a chew toy? Or the bitter employee who relieves himself in his boss' coffee? Or the fugitive tank that rolls over cars on a freeway?

Indeed, it was pugnacious programming like *When Animals Attack*, *Busted on the Job!*, and *World's Scariest Police Chases* that earned the mauling lion's share of attention this year. Fox's sensational shows proved effective counter-programming (*Breaking the Magician's Code* was Fox's highest-rated special ever). They also led a mini-renaissance of reality TV, which first went hardcore with Fox's 10-seasons-old *Cops*; ABC aired *World's Deadliest Volcanoes*; CBS showcased *World's Most Dangerous Animals* 3; and NBC had *Dateline*, with its pieces on animal attacks and deadly volcanoes. "What's compelling about these shows," says Fox senior VP Mike Darnell, who oversees *World's Deadliest Swarms* and others, "is that they touch a primal emotion, such as fear or embarrassment."

They also touched off a bit of controversy: Was it "distinctive programming," to quote Fox Entertainment president Peter Roth, or just exploitative trash? Not surprisingly, other networks have tried to distance themselves from Fox. "We don't want to put stuff like *When Lions Roar and Eat Cops in Tornadoes* on the air," quipped NBC Entertainment prez Warren Littlefield. Fox even yanked *Prisoners Out of Control* because Roth felt the content was "too rough."

The reality rage did offer a softer side. Taking a cue from *America's Funniest Home Videos*, Fox created its *World's Funniest...* franchise. CBS aired *Kids Say the Darndest Things*, while NBC had more *Bloopers*. And ABC revamped *AFHV* with hip new host Daisy Fuentes.

So why did prime time get real in '97? "It breaks out of the clutter of the 217-channel universe," says NBC exec VP Lindy DeKoven. Adds Fox's Darnell: "We live in a day and age when everybody's got a camera. All these shows are sort of voyeuristic." Jeez, what's next: *World's Scariest Pamela and Tommy Lee Home Videos*? —Dan Snierson



APRIL 28

Angry Spice

New Zealand's Maori leaders take umbrage when Spice Girls—"girlie pop stars from another culture"—perform the haka, a traditional male war dance they learn from two rugby players while visiting Bali.

APRIL 30

One for The Giffords

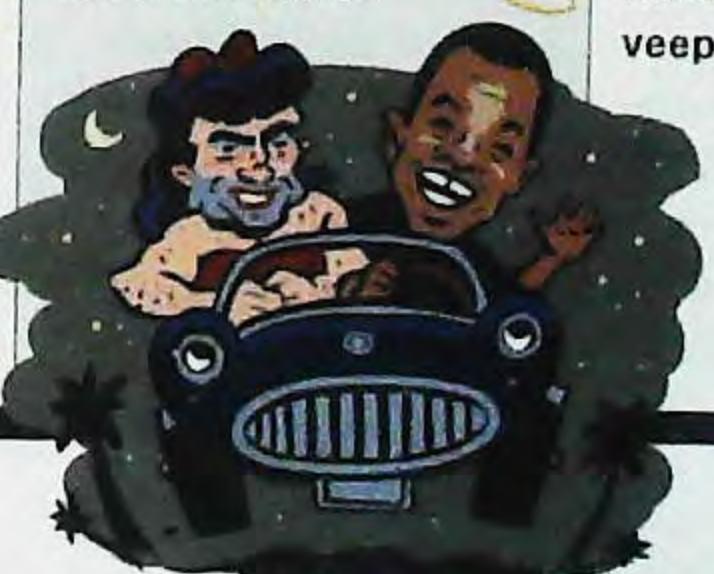


Bliss-bubbling Kathie Lee's hubby Frank videotaped in hotel love clinch with ex-flight attendant.

MAY 2

Drag Strip

"An act of kindness," claims Eddie Murphy of early-morning ride with transsexual hooker on notorious West Hollywood vice strip.



MAY 5

Thou Shalt Kill

"The Lord's given us a prophet," claims a National Rifle Association board member after Moses manqué Charlton Heston is elected first veep of gun lobby.

MAY 6

Food Flights

Protesting commercialism and \$1,250-a-plate dinner, Neil Young boycotts induction into Rock and Roll Hall of Fame as former Buffalo Springfield member. (Next month, cancels European tour when he cuts finger while making ham sandwich.)





Cameron Diaz

## my year that was

"For the first time in my life, I took time off. I sat around for 10 months, and I thought that was just the hugest blessing anybody could ever have. I feel really fortunate to have a job that allows me to do that. I finished *A Life Less Ordinary* last December, and I didn't start work again, on [the black comedy] *Very Bad Things*, until October. I was doing publicity in between, and that's more work than anything. But at least it's not on top of making a movie. Last year, I was doing *My Best Friend's Wedding* and promoting two films, so that was unbelievably exhausting. If I had been working on a film this year and promoting *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *A Life Less Ordinary*, I would have killed myself."

# Moore's The Pity

Plagued by domestic strife, Dudley found it hard to do right

W HATEVER BECAME OF DUDLEY MOORE? Once one of the world's biggest comedy stars, the 62-year-old actor was inactive in '97 (his last role was a small part in the 1996 made-for-TV movie *A Weekend in the Country*)—but his personal life has hardly lacked drama:

**March 1994** Moore is arrested for suspicion of domestic abuse after then girlfriend Nicole Rothschild calls the police, alleging he beat her; Moore denies it. Rothschild declines to press charges, claiming that it was "a serious misunderstanding."

**April 1994** Moore marries Rothschild at his house in Marina Del Rey, Calif. He later falls

down on the beach while playfully chasing her after the ceremony.

**August 1995** Moore moves out of the couple's home six weeks after the birth of their first child, Nicholas.

**January 1996** Moore's Lexus skids off a Colorado mountain road during a blizzard and slides 150 feet down a hill; he suffers only minor injuries.

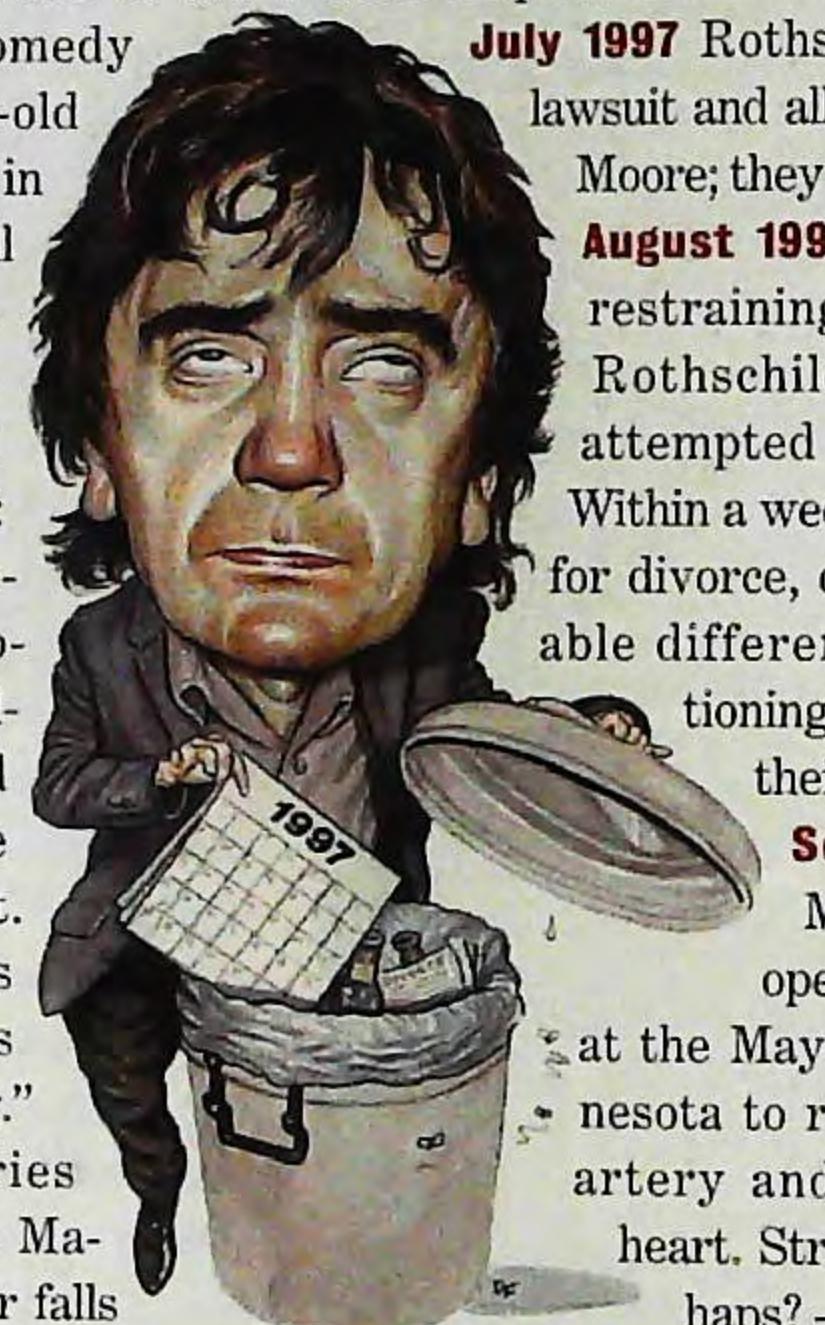
**June 1996** Moore files for divorce from Rothschild, citing irreconcilable differences. He drops the plan the next month.

**June 1997** Rothschild files a \$10 million suit, claiming that Moore had assaulted her, emotionally abused her, and made her take illegal drugs and dance scantily clad for upwards of 20 hours a day.

**July 1997** Rothschild drops the lawsuit and all charges against Moore; they reconcile.

**August 1997** Moore files a restraining order against Rothschild, saying she attempted to assault him. Within a week, Moore refiles for divorce, citing irreconcilable differences and questioning the paternity of their 2-year-old son.

**September 1997** Moore undergoes open-heart surgery at the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota to repair a blocked artery and a hole in his heart. Stress related, perhaps? —Anna Holmes



### MAY 7

#### Satan's Rule

Overruling a ban by Giants Stadium, New Jersey court allows shock-rocker Marilyn Manson to perform there. (On August *Politically Incorrect*, Manson reveals his soft side by holding hands with *Brady Bunch* mom Florence Henderson.)

### MAY 15

#### The Kids Are Albright

"Shut the f--- up," jazz performer John Zorn yells at Manhattan's Knitting Factory, not realizing noisy nightclubbers are Secretary of State Madeleine Albright, rocker Lou Reed, and Czech president Vaclav Havel.

### MAY 20

#### Didja Ever Notice...

how annoying statistics are? CBS boasts that for 20th consecutive year *60 Minutes* will appear in top 10 Nielsen season ratings. Celestial intervention nudges show to 11th, replaced by *Touched by an Angel* (starring Roma Downey).

### MAY 21

#### Night Shift

Hollywood unions fail to implement maximum 14-hour workdays, petitioned following the death of cameraman Brent Hershman, killed in March when he fell asleep driving home after 19-hour shoot for New Line's *Pleasantville*.

### MAY 22

#### Shul's Out

A press release from Los Angeles' Beta Israel Temple claims that their autographed picture of Shirley MacLaine has begun "shedding tears."

Maybe he should try...

**cinemax**  
THE MOVIE SERVICE FOR THE MOVIE FAN

\*Network, February on Cinemax.

**"I'M MAD AS HELL AND I'M NOT GONNA TAKE IT ANYMORE!"\***



SLATER THAN YOU THINK: Police nail the actor after his Aug. 11 altercation

Act righteous. "He was...spitting and flipping me off and didn't stop," said Neil. "So I took it into my own hands."

■ **CHRISTIAN SLATER Allegation:** The *Broken Arrow* star, addled on cocaine, punched his girlfriend at an L.A. party and gave her male defender an unwanted stomach hickey. **Aftermath:** He pleaded no contest to battery and was sentenced to 90 days in jail (his lawyer has asked for a second hearing). **Spin:** Call it a fame thing. "When you're a celebrity, you start believing you can act off the screen any way you want," Slater said in a statement issued to the press.

■ **QUENTIN TARANTINO Allegation:** He got medieval on *Natural Born Killers* producer Don Murphy at a Hollywood eatery. The director was apparently ticked about his portrayal in a book written by Murphy's partner. **Aftermath:** Murphy filed a \$5 million suit claiming he's been unable to work since the Oct. 22 punch-out. **Spin:** Adopt a macho posture. On *The Keenen Ivory Wayans Show*, Tarantino boasted that he'd "bitch-slapped" Murphy.

■ **THE WU-TANG CLAN AND MANAGER JOHN GIBBONS Allegation:** Members of the rap group beat up a record company staffer at an Aug. 29, Tinley Park, Ill., concert. **Aftermath:** A still pending \$2 million lawsuit. **Spin:** Be dismissive. Their attorney called the alleged fracas "much ado about nothing." —A.J. Jacobs

## Loosely Lawless

Warrior princes all, a fistful of celebs put up their dukes this year

FORMER BAD BOY SEAN PENN may have become a serene family man, but there were plenty of ravenous celebs to take his place. Here with, a look at the battles of the network (and other) stars.

■ **MARV ALBERT Allegation:** The YESSS man sexually assaulted a hotel clerk Feb. 12 and gave her 18 unwanted back hickies. **Aftermath:** He pleaded guilty to mis-

demeanor charges, lost his NBC gig, was forced to undergo counseling, and became a cross-dressing, weave-wearing punchline. **Spin:** Go on the offensive. On talk shows, Albert labeled his accuser a liar.

■ **VINCE NEIL Allegation:** During a Long Island, N.Y., concert this fall, the Motley Crue frontman punched a rowdy fan in the face. **Aftermath:** Some gossip items, but no lawsuits from the pounding. **Spin:**

**MAY 24**

New Math

Tim Allen, failing sobriety test when stopped for speeding: "87, 79, 78, 70." (October contract: \$1.25 million per *Home Improvement* episode.)



**MAY 30**

Sound Reasoning

Yanni becomes first Western artist to perform in Beijing's *Forbidden City*. (In March, he played at Taj Mahal after compensating five Indian farmers who threatened self-immolation because their crops were destroyed to build stage.)

**JUNE 1**

Broadway Melody

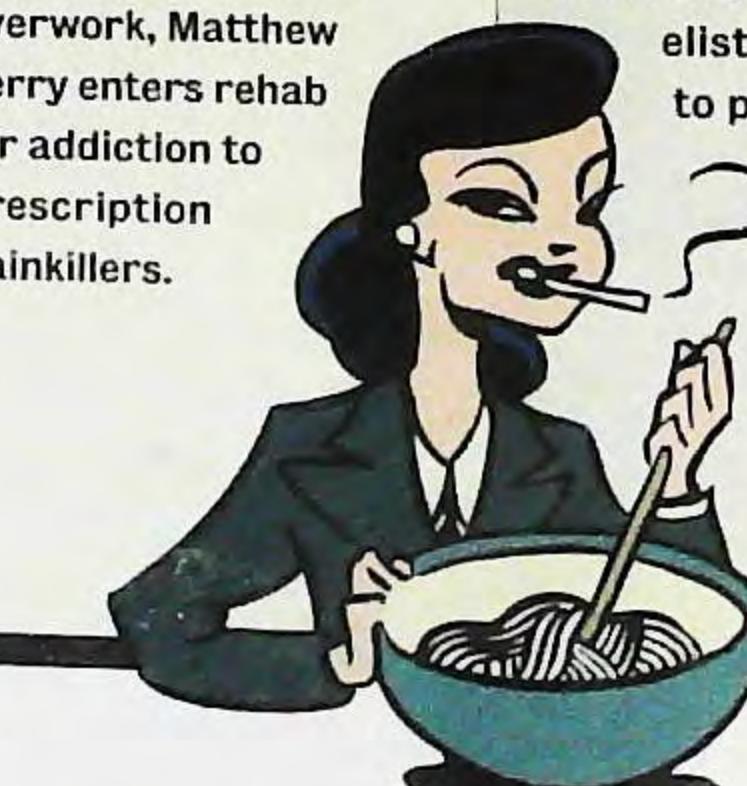
At Tony Awards, hosted by Rosie O'Donnell, Alfred Uhry's win for *The Last Night of Ballyhoo* makes him the first triple-crown playwright. (He has an Oscar and a Pulitzer for *Driving Miss Daisy*.)



**JUNE 4**

A Friend In Need

After claiming his thin appearance is due to overwork, Matthew Perry enters rehab for addiction to prescription painkillers.



**JUNE 11**

First, Break 2 Kneecaps

Sorry, we mean eggs. Crown Books signs novelist Victoria Gottl to pen "family" cookbook, including her favorite recipes from dad, Mob boss John.

Program Dates: 11/1/97-9/30/98 or while supplies last.

**JAM ON Nestlé Chocolate Score NBA Gear**

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(see details on back)

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This Baby Gets You Going!

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**Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear**

**NBA Live '98 Game**  
5-on-5 basketball for all popular video game formats.  
**150 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$50)

**NBA Team Convertible Back Pack/Duffle\***  
Back pack unzips to an 11" x 16" duffle bag.  
**140 Points** (approx. retail value: \$30)

**NBA Team T-Shirt\***  
100% Cotton with design on front and back and logos on each sleeve.  
Sizes: S-M-L-XL  
**85 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$15)

**Starter Team Jacket\***  
Front-zip with hood, poly-filled black jacket has team logo embroidered and Starter logo on cuff. Sizes: S-M-L-XL  
**550 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$100)

**32 oz. Sports Bottle\***  
Tumbler that doubles as a sports bottle, graphic on both sides  
**15 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$4)

**NBA Team Seat Cushion\***  
14" x 14" vinyl seat cushion with full team logo  
**35 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$7.50)

**NBA Team Cap\***  
Adjustable, 100% cotton with team logo on the front, Starter logo on back.  
**65 Points** (approx. retail value: \$12)

**NBA Team Fashion Jersey\***  
NBA team tank made with dazzling fabrication with athletic jock tag. Sizes: S-M-L-XL  
**120 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$24)

**NBA Pencil Case**  
7-1/4" x 2-1/2" x 1" Synthetic basketball material case holds 10 pencils (pencils not included).  
**25 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$6.95)

**NBA on TNT T-Shirt**  
100% Cotton oversized T-shirt with Starter logo woven on left sleeve. Sizes: S-M-L-XL  
**70 Points**  
(approx. retail value: \$13)

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B. Boston Celtics	F. Dallas Mavericks	J. Houston Rockets	N. Miami Heat	R. New York Knicks	V. Portland TrailBlazers	Z. Toronto Raptors	
C. Charlotte Hornets	G. Denver Nuggets	K. Indiana Pacers	O. Milwaukee Bucks	S. Orlando Magic	W. Sacramento Kings	AA. Utah Jazz	
D. Chicago Bulls	H. Detroit Pistons	L. LA Clippers	P. MN Timberwolves	T. Philadelphia 76ers	X. San Antonio Spurs	BB. Vancouver Grizzlies	

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1. Neatly print your name and address in the order form.
2. Calculate the total Nestlé NBA Points you've collected. (Use the Nestlé NBA Point Guide to calculate your point total.)
3. Enter quantity, size and NBA Team code (see above) for each item you wish to receive. Calculate total Nestlé NBA Points required for each item ordered. Calculate total shipping and handling (S&H) for each item ordered.
4. Add up total Nestlé NBA Points required for order. Total shipping and handling for order.
5. Enter total Nestlé NBA Points collected. Minimum 15 points per order. Maximum 750 points per order.
6. Calculate additional Nestlé NBA Points needed (if any). Calculate the cost of additional points you wish to purchase at 15¢ per point.
7. Calculate total dollar amount enclosed.
8. Enclose:
  - a.) Collected original Nestlé wrappers and packages with UPC codes (see sample)
  - b.) Check or money order for total payment (Payable to Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98)
  - c.) Completed order form.
9. Orders must be postmarked by September 30, 1998 and received by October 12, 1998. Mail to: Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98, P.O. Box 8158, Young America, MN 55551-8158. Please allow 10-12 weeks for shipment of your entire Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear order.

**Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98 Order Form**

ITEM	SIZE (S-M-L-XL)	NBA TEAM CODE	POINTS		SHIPPING & HANDLING	
			QTY	Points Per Item	Total Points Required (Qty x Points Per Item)	S&H Per Item
NBA Team Water Bottle	X	X	15	=	\$2.00	\$
NBA Pencil Case from Spalding	X	X	25	=	\$2.00	\$
NBA Team Seat Cushion	X	X	35	=	\$4.00	\$
NBA Team Cap	X	X	65	=	\$3.50	\$
NBA on TNT T-Shirt	X	X	70	=	\$4.00	\$
NBA Team T-Shirt		X	85	=	\$4.00	\$
NBA Team Fashion Jersey		X	120	=	\$4.00	\$
NBA Team Back Pack	X	X	140	=	\$7.50	\$
EA Sports NBA Live '98 Game Circle Format: SONY PlayStation PC CD-ROM Super Nintendo Sega Genesis Sega Saturn	X	X	150	=	\$4.00	\$
NBA Team Jacket from Starter		X	550	=	\$11.00	\$
Mail This Form With Payment To: Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98 P.O. Box 8158 Young America, MN 55551-8158			TOTAL ORDER POINTS REQUIRED =		Total Order S&H =	
			TOTAL NESTLÉ NBA POINTS COLLECTED =			
			ADDITIONAL POINTS NEEDED = $\times 15\text{¢}$ Per Point = \$			
			TOTAL DOLLAR PAYMENT ENCLOSED = \$			

To ensure accuracy, please print neatly in upper-case letters and numbers using a black or dark blue pen.

First Name \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street Address \_\_\_\_\_ (No P.O. Boxes) \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_  
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**Please Read the Following Before Mailing Your Order:**

**YOU CAN COLLECT UP TO A MAXIMUM OF 1255 POINTS** from Nestlé candy bars per name, address or household for the duration of the program. **HOWEVER, YOU CAN PURCHASE AS MANY NESTLÉ NBA POINTS AS YOU WANT AT 15¢ PER POINT, UP TO A MAXIMUM OF 10 ITEMS IN TOTAL.** Each order must include at least 15 collected Nestlé NBA Points.

Collected Nestlé NBA Points submitted above the 1255 maximum will be invalid and will not be returned.

**Certified Mail, Return Receipt Requested** is recommended for orders with high point value.

All orders are subject to verification and eligibility requirements as stated in the Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98 Official Rules.

See black box below for eligible Nestlé products. Copies of bar wrappers and packages will not be accepted and will not be returned. Nestlé is not responsible for lost, late, stolen, misdirected, mutilated, postage due or illegible requests. Offer good only in USA. Void where prohibited or restricted by law. Nestlé reserves the right to substitute items of equal or greater value. No group or organization requests will be honored. Offer may not be published in any refunding magazine or elsewhere without written permission from Nestlé. Requests for merchandise to be sent to P.O. boxes will not be accepted. Do not staple, glue or tape the wrappers to this form. Program date: 1/1/97 through 9/30/98 or while supplies last. Nestlé reserves the right to terminate the program without prior notice.

See the Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98 Catalog and the Official Rules for complete details on the Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear program. For a copy of the catalog and Official Rules, see store displays for details or write Nestlé Slammin' Jammin' NBA Gear '97-'98 Catalog/Rules, P.O. Box 4879, Young America, MN 55551-4879.

**CLIP & SAVE**

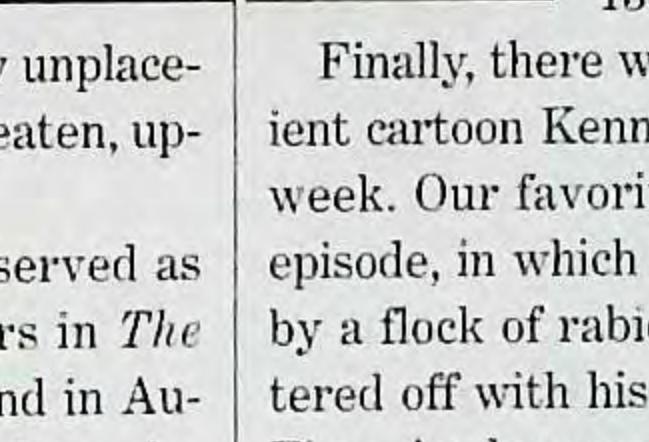
**Nestlé NBA Point Guide**

CANDY SIZE	NESTLÉ OUNCES	NBA POINTS
Single Size	1.38 to 2.1	1
King Size	2.7 to 3.7	2
Nestlé Flipz®	2.0	2
Nestlé Flipz®	7.5	4
Economy Bag	7.0 to 8.0	4
Party Bag	13.0 to 14.0	5
Fun Size Bag	1.20 to 1.40	5
6-Packs (use 6 single size wrappers inside)	6	6

# Scenes From a Maul

These fierce creatures declared open season on humans

WHILE CUTE CRITTERS frolicked innocently in *Anastasia*, *Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*, and *Dharma & Greg*, the darker—and hungrier—side of animal life came to the fore this year as a gruesome new trend: animals eating people.



crepit subway tunnel fell victim to giant cockroaches with an eye toward world domination—and tender, free-range Manhattan tykes.

September brought the goriest slaughter in *The Edge*, in which a territorial Kodiak bear tore a yelping photo assistant (Harold Perrineau) limb from limb, while co-castaways (Alec Baldwin and Anthony Hopkins) and audiences looked on. Two months later, *Starship Troopers* boasted a brain-sucking bug that brought the IQ of army brat Zander (Patrick Muldoon) from 130 to 0 in five seconds.

Finally, there was *South Park*'s resilient cartoon Kenny, who bought it each week. Our favorite: the Thanksgiving episode, in which he was picked to bits by a flock of rabid turkeys, who scattered off with his eyeball. Somewhere, Fiona Apple was smiling. —Dave Karger

Kim Delaney

## my year that was

"This was a pretty incredible year for me, with the Emmy for *NYPD Blue*. The show has been really evolving; [writer-producer] David Milch always has great stuff for my dysfunctional character. I think I'm still trying to figure out if I'm pregnant or not, which, of course, is never easy because nothing on *NYPD Blue* is. I got engaged in February. But the loser side of that is I haven't had time to plan my wedding—my girlfriends are even trying to plan it for me."

**JUNE 16**

**Ulysses Made E-Z**

To the dismay of James Joyce scholars, Picador in London issues reader-friendly version of

**Ulysses** with almost 10,000 editing changes.

**JUNE 19**

**Feline Groovy**

After 6,138 performances and more than a ton of yak hair, *Cats* scampers into record books as Broadway's longest-running show.

**JUNE 24**

**Who's the Boss?**

ABC appoints Stu Bloomberg as chairman over embattled entertainment president Jamie Tarses, who welcomes him to "hot seat" and defies predictions she'll quit.

**JUNE 26**

**Different Drum**

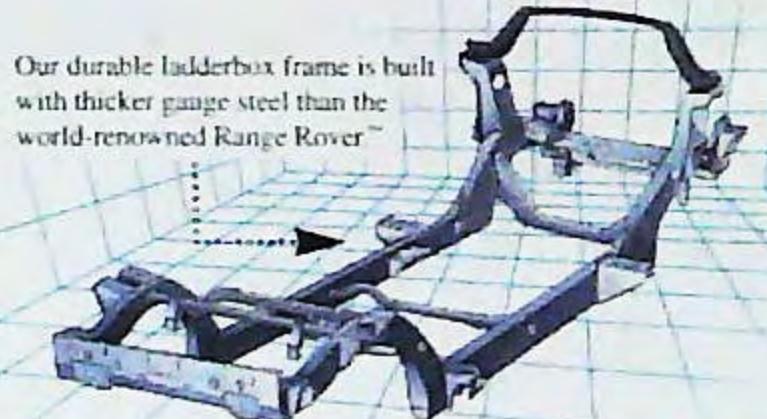
After 1979 Oscar winner *The Tin Drum* is ruled pornographic for scene in which boy has oral sex with teenage girl, Oklahoma City police arrive at private homes to confiscate rented videos.

**JULY 4**

**Red Hot**

With about 45 million hits in a week, Jet Propulsion Laboratory's website—featuring *Pathfinder's* spectacular Mars landing and images that leave TV coverage in the dust—becomes most popular in history.

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you've gotta have  
backbone.



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With headlines  
and makeovers,  
an aging Barbie  
dolled up her  
old image

# Plastic Explosive

**F**EEL THE GLAMOUR AND the pain," urges "Ken" in Aqua's top 10 hit "Barbie Girl." The zeppelin-busted doll experienced both. Nearing 40, she dated the King (as a Barbie Loves Elvis edition that debuted at Graceland) and poured herself into Marilyn Monroe's *Seven Year Itch* dress.

But imagine the embarrassment when new friend Share a Smile Becky couldn't fit her wheelchair into the Dream House elevator (renovations are under consideration). And then to see in the book *Barbie Unbound* such parodies as *Teenage Pregnant Barbie*, or hear that Puerto Rican Barbie looks "too Caucasian"?

As Mattel scrambled to protect its major moneymaker's image—including a trademark-

infringement suit against Aqua's record company, MCA, which countersued for defamation (both are pending)—the toy maker faced its biggest assault from an unlikely source. In May, irate about overproduction driving down collectibles prices, a trademark suit against fan mags, and a reissue so poorly coiffed it looked like Hedge Clipper Barbie, angry collectors held a boycott. (In response, Mattel said that it had already reduced collectible Barbies by 15 percent compared with 1996 and offered to replace the bad-hair heads for free.) Meanwhile, due to "changing times," Barbie is slated for a makeover, including (bummer, Ken) a breast reduction. *Annus horribilis?* Not totally: 1997 saw the manufacture of the billionth Barbie. —Marlene McCampbell



JULY 11

Merge Overkill

President Clinton tries to veto his involuntary role in *Contact* after filmmakers morphed old press-conference footage into the movie. His appearance is not cut.

JULY 14

Jury's Out

In a first, mistrial is declared after murder-trial witness becomes "contaminated" when she sneaks look at Court TV as her mother is testifying.



JULY 15

Rhyme And Reason

Miller Brewing employee awarded \$26.2 million in lawsuit: He had been canned for explaining the *Seinfeld* rhymes-with-female-body-part episode (punchline: "Dolores") to female coworker.



JULY 25

Ghost Dad

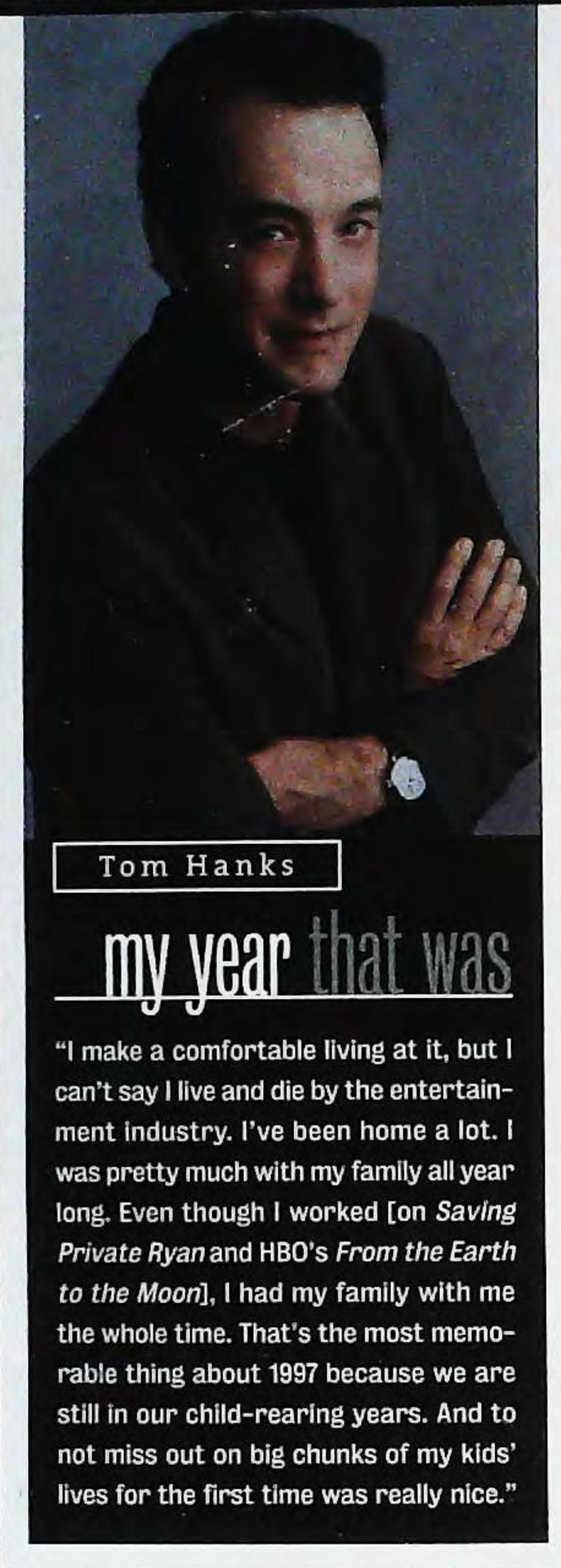
Autumn Jackson, 22, is convicted of trying to extort \$40 million from Bill Cosby, who once offered to be her "father figure" but denies biological parentage.

JULY 29

Purloined Passion

Romance novelist Janet Dailey makes heart-stopping admission that she plagiarized from work by rival author and friend Nora Roberts.





Tom Hanks

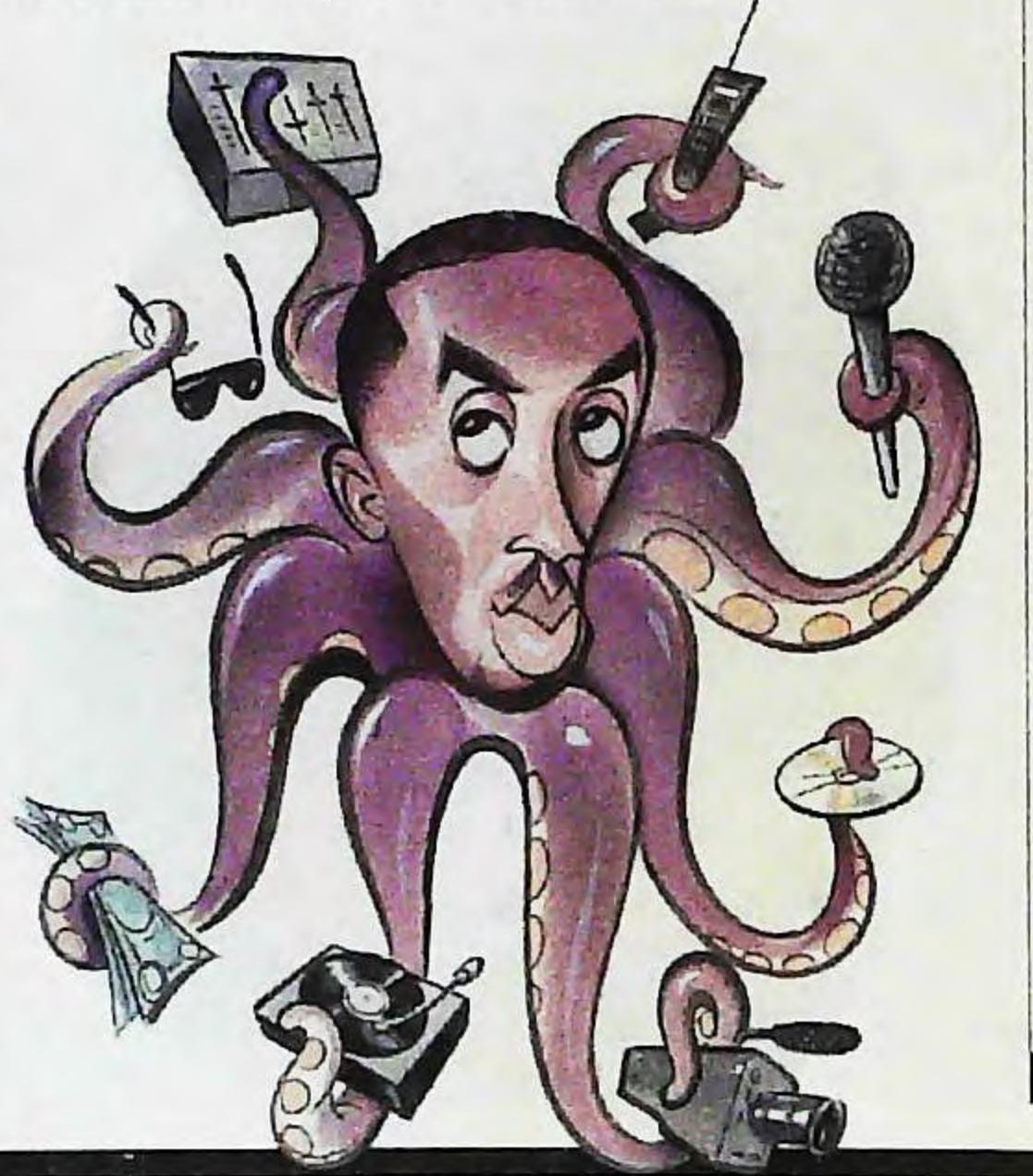
## my year that was

"I make a comfortable living at it, but I can't say I live and die by the entertainment industry. I've been home a lot. I was pretty much with my family all year long. Even though I worked [on *Saving Private Ryan* and HBO's *From the Earth to the Moon*], I had my family with me the whole time. That's the most memorable thing about 1997 because we are still in our child-rearing years. And to not miss out on big chunks of my kids' lives for the first time was really nice."

# Puff Trade

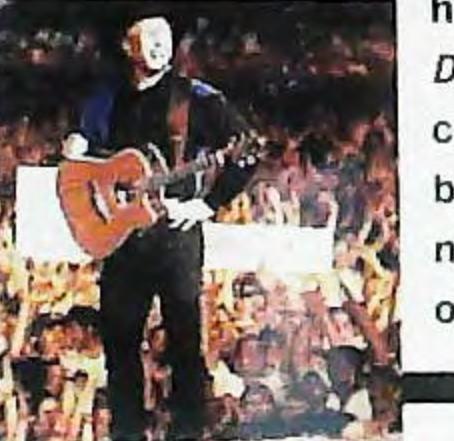
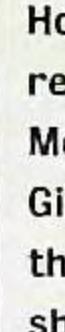
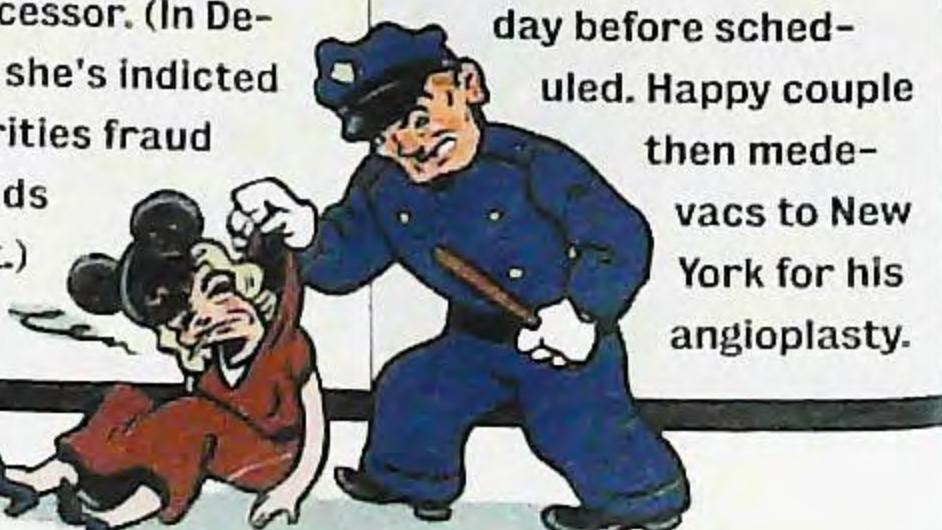
Hip-hop pop Puff Daddy must be the hardest-working man in show business

**S**EAN "PUFFY" COMBS WOULD'VE MADE history enough if he'd released only "I'll Be Missing You," which spent 11 consecutive weeks at the top of *Billboard's* Hot 100. But there were dozens of other songs in which he was involved as artist, producer, or guest star—suggesting that those omnipresent shades are there to protect sleep-deprived, puffy eyes. On this list of singles, try to spot the two that aren't Puff pieces. —Chris Willman



- (A) "I'll Be Missing You"—Puff Daddy and Faith Evans (featuring 112)
- (B) "It's All About the Benjamins: Rock Remix"—Puff Daddy & the Family (featuring the Notorious B.I.G., Lil' Kim, the Lox, Dave Grohl, Perfect, FuzzBubble, and Rob Zombie)
- (C) "Honey"—Mariah Carey
- (D) "Can't Nobody Hold Me Down"—Puff Daddy (featuring Mase)
- (E) "I Miss My Homies"—Master P (featuring Pimp C and the Shockers)
- (F) "Phenomenon"—LL Cool J
- (G) "No Time"—Lil' Kim (featuring Puff Daddy)
- (H) "All Cried Out"—Allure (featuring 112)
- (I) "You Don't Have to Worry"—New Edition
- (J) "You Should Be Mine (Don't Waste Your Time)"—Brian McKnight (featuring Mase)
- (K) "Hypnotize"—the Notorious B.I.G.
- (L) "Mo Money Mo Problems"—the Notorious B.I.G. (featuring Puff Daddy and Mase)
- (M) "Feel So Good"—Mase
- (N) "Roxanne '97: Puff Daddy Remix"—The Police
- (O) "Someone"—SWV (featuring Puff Daddy)
- (P) "Santa Baby"—Rev. Run & the Christmas All-Stars (featuring Mase, Puff Daddy, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Salt-N-Pepa, Onyx, and Keith Murray)

ANSWERS: E, H

AUG 7	AUG 16	AUG 18	AUG 19	SEPT 5
Our Mr. Brooks  With Garth Brooks' free concert in Central Park, fans' prayers are answered—but not EMI's. Concerned about marketing, Brooks nixes release of new CD, <i>Sevens</i> , pre-ordered at 6.5 million copies. (Album comes out in November.) 	Daddy's Little Girl  Capping a week of hoopla marking 20th anniversary of Elvis' death, Lisa Marie Presley, backed by Memphis orchestra, unveils her new video of 1969 hit <i>Don't Cry Daddy</i> , accompanied by synchronized footage of Elvis. 	Breaking The Waves   While "hootin' and hol-lerin'" prisoners watching <i>Baywatch</i> distract guards, six others in New Mexico jail escape by cutting through metal wall. 	Mouse Avoids Big House  Hope we don't see you real soon: Erstwhile Mouseketeer Darlene Gillespie is sentenced to three years probation for shoplifting clothing and food processor. (In December, she's indicted on securities fraud but pleads innocent.) 	Affairs Of The Heart  "I was under no drug influence when I said 'I do,'" Larry King claims after hospital wedding (his seventh marriage) to Shawn Southwick, one day before scheduled. Happy couple then medevacs to New York for his angioplasty. 



How to relax and unwind after saving the world.

Together again: Smirnoff and Bond in

***Tomorrow Never Dies***

**SMIRNOFF**

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# Bar Fights

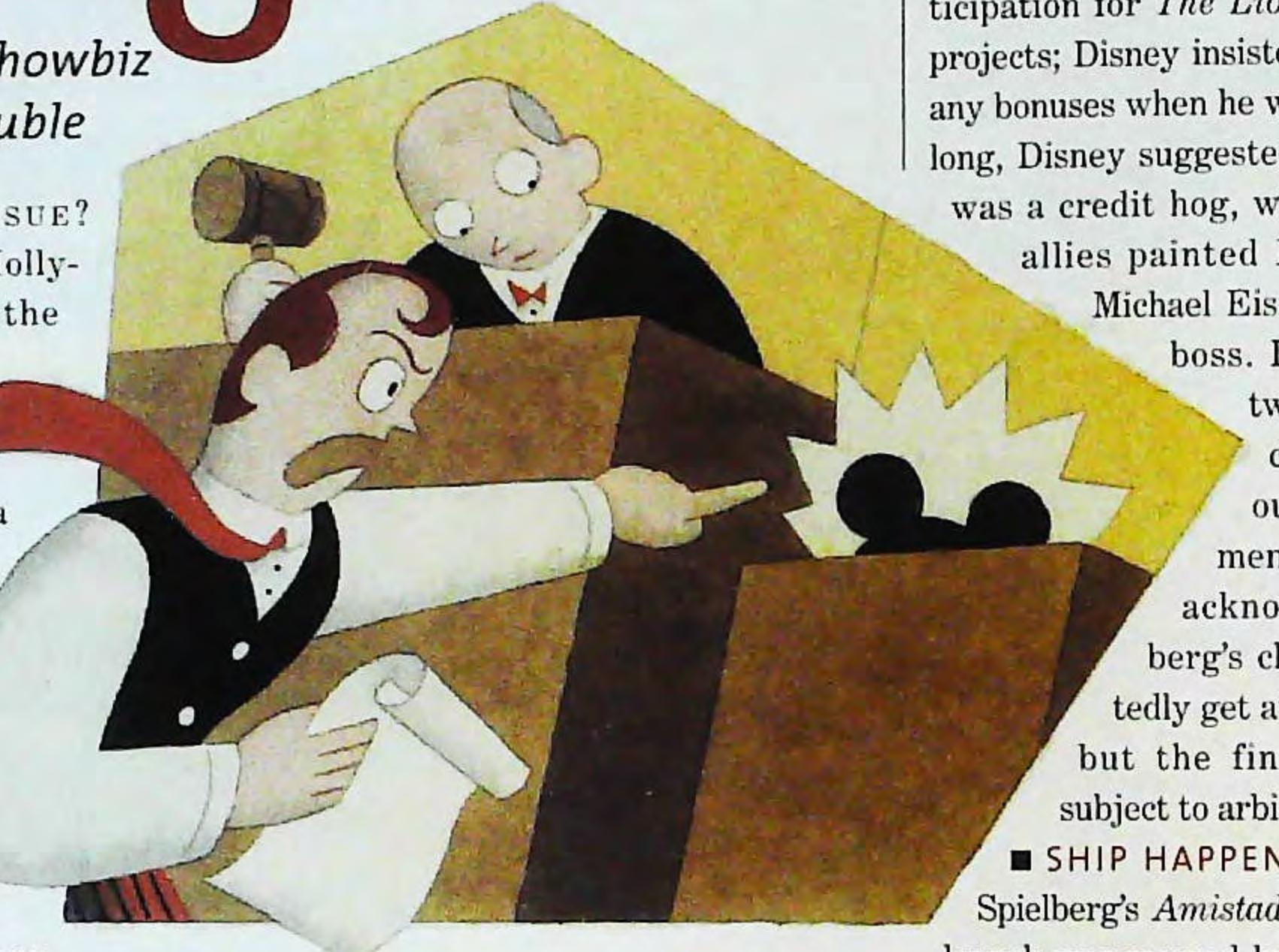
A brief look at how showbiz sharpies courted trouble

**T**O SUE OR NOT TO SUE? When it comes to Hollywood dealmaking, the answer is obvious. A look at '97's court calendar proves

that "studio suits" now has a whole new meaning.

■ SCREAMING MATCH Sony Pictures yelled last year when Miramax changed the title of its *Scary Movie* to *Scream*; Sony claimed that was too close to its 1996 *Screamers*. The MPAA sided with Sony

in April, exposing Miramax to millions in fines (the two companies reached an undisclosed settlement instead). Miramax took revenge in October when Sony's Columbia billed *I Know What You Did Last Summer* as a movie "from the creator of *Scream*." Saying the honorific belonged to *Scream* director Wes Craven—not just Kevin Williamson, who wrote both films—Miramax sued Sony, which dropped the ad line.



■ BOND, BAIL BOND MGM chairman Frank Mancuso thought he had a lock on the James Bond character. Which explains why he went ballistic when Sony president/COO John Calley announced in October that he'd made a deal with *Thunderball* and *Never Say Never Again* producer Kevin McClory to create rival Bond films. Last month, MGM sued Sony, Calley, and McClory for \$25 million, charging

them with trying to steal Bond. "It has absolutely no merit," a Sony spokesman says of MGM's claim.

■ OF MICE AND MEN Former Disney studio chief Jeffrey Katzenberg, who left the company in 1994, had sued his former employer for \$250 million in profit participation for *The Lion King* and other projects; Disney insisted he had forfeited any bonuses when he walked. All summer long, Disney suggested that Katzenberg

was a credit hog, while Katzenberg's allies painted Disney chairman

Michael Eisner as a vindictive boss. In November, the two reached an anti-climactic, 11th-hour out-of-court settlement. The agreement acknowledged Katzenberg's claims—he'll reportedly get at least \$100 million, but the final figure is still subject to arbitration.

■ SHIP HAPPENS Just as Steven Spielberg's *Amistad* was set to sail, its launch was marred by a \$10 million suit filed by author Barbara Chase-Riboud, accusing the director of plagiarizing her 1989 novel, *Echo of Lions*. Spielberg's lawyer countercharged that Chase-Riboud had pilfered from the 1953 book *Black Mutiny*, and insisted the movie was based on historical fact. On Dec. 8, Chase-Riboud failed to persuade a federal judge to halt the movie's opening, but she has vowed to pursue her suit. —Gregg Kilday

## SEPT 8

Widening Net  
America Online snaps up rival CompuServe, strengthening forces against Microsoft Network.



## SEPT 13

Navel Intelligence  
Miss America contestants wear two-piece suits, but revelation that winner's father was previously on board of directors makes also-rans mad enough to consider different kind of suit.

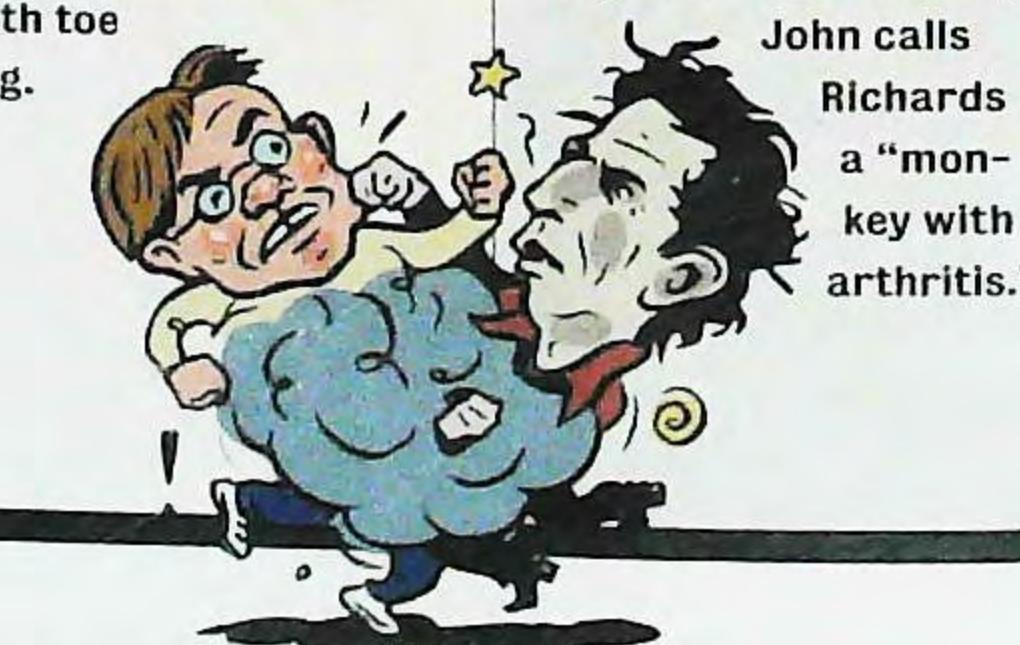
**An Emmy.** They give those things to anybody! Detective Bayliss would later jeer in the season opener of statueless *Homicide*, considered by many to be TV's best drama. (A glum Bryant Gumbel hosts the awards.)



## SEPT 14

Sleeping With The Emmys  
"An Emmy. They give those things to anybody!" Detective Bayliss would later jeer in the season opener of statueless *Homicide*, considered by many to be TV's best drama. (A glum Bryant Gumbel hosts the awards.)

**Operation A Success...** but patience tried. *ER* pulls off live season premiere, although, drama-wise, episode arrives with toe tag.



## SEPT 25

Crocodile Crock  
After Keith Richards tells EW that Elton John is now mostly writing songs for "dead blonds," John calls Richards a "monkey with arthritis."

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# 'Boys' Will Be Boys

Did today's gay characters come out 30 years ago?

**A**LMOST THREE DECADES after it opened Off Broadway and then became a film, Mart Crowley's groundbreaking homosexual drama, *The Boys in the Band*, plays on. From art films to mainstream movies, gay characters came out en masse in 1997, but for all their newfound freedom, they still strikingly resembled Crowley's old stereotypes. —Gregg Kilday

## 'BOYS IN THE BAND'



MICHAEL (Kenneth Nelson), the self-loathing host, alienated from his parents and deep in debt, who whines, "There's nothing quite as good as feeling sorry for yourself, is there?"



DONALD (Frederick Combs), the long-suffering best friend, who doesn't seem to have a life of his own



EMORY (Cliff Gorman), the swishy drama queen



HAROLD (Leonard Frey), the self-deprecating realist who says: "What I am is a 32-year-old, ugly, pockmarked Jew fairy"



HANK (Laurence Luckinbill), the tweedy teacher who can pass for straight



LARRY (Keith Prentice), the sexual adventurer who insists on having affairs on the side



COWBOY (Robert La Tourneau), the dim but sweet hustler



BERNARD (Reuben Greene), the black bookstore clerk, dubbed by one character "the African Queen"

## THIS YEAR'S MODELS



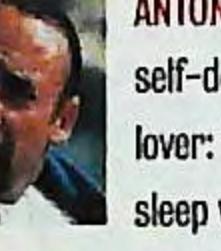
GREG KINNEAR'S SIMON (*As Good as It Gets*), the self-pitying artist, alienated from his parents and broke, who whines, "I'm feeling so damn sorry for myself that it's difficult to breathe"



RUPERT EVERETT'S GEORGE (*My Best Friend's Wedding*), the long-suffering best friend, who doesn't seem to have a life of his own



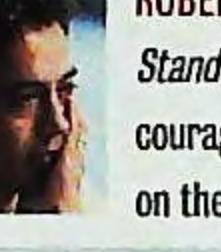
JASON ALEXANDER'S BUZZ (*Loyalty Valour! Compassion!*), the swishy musical-comedy queen



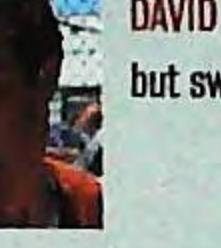
ANTONY SHER'S JACK (*Alive and Kicking*), the self-deprecating therapist who asks his sick lover: "If you were healthy, would you even sleep with someone slightly overweight?"



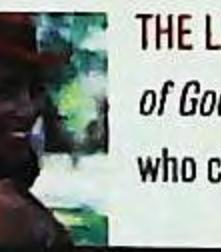
KEVIN KLINE'S HOWARD (*In & Out*), the tweedy teacher who's been passing for straight



ROBERT DOWNEY JR.'S CHARLIE (*One Night Stand*), the sexual adventurer who encourages his best friend to have an affair on the side

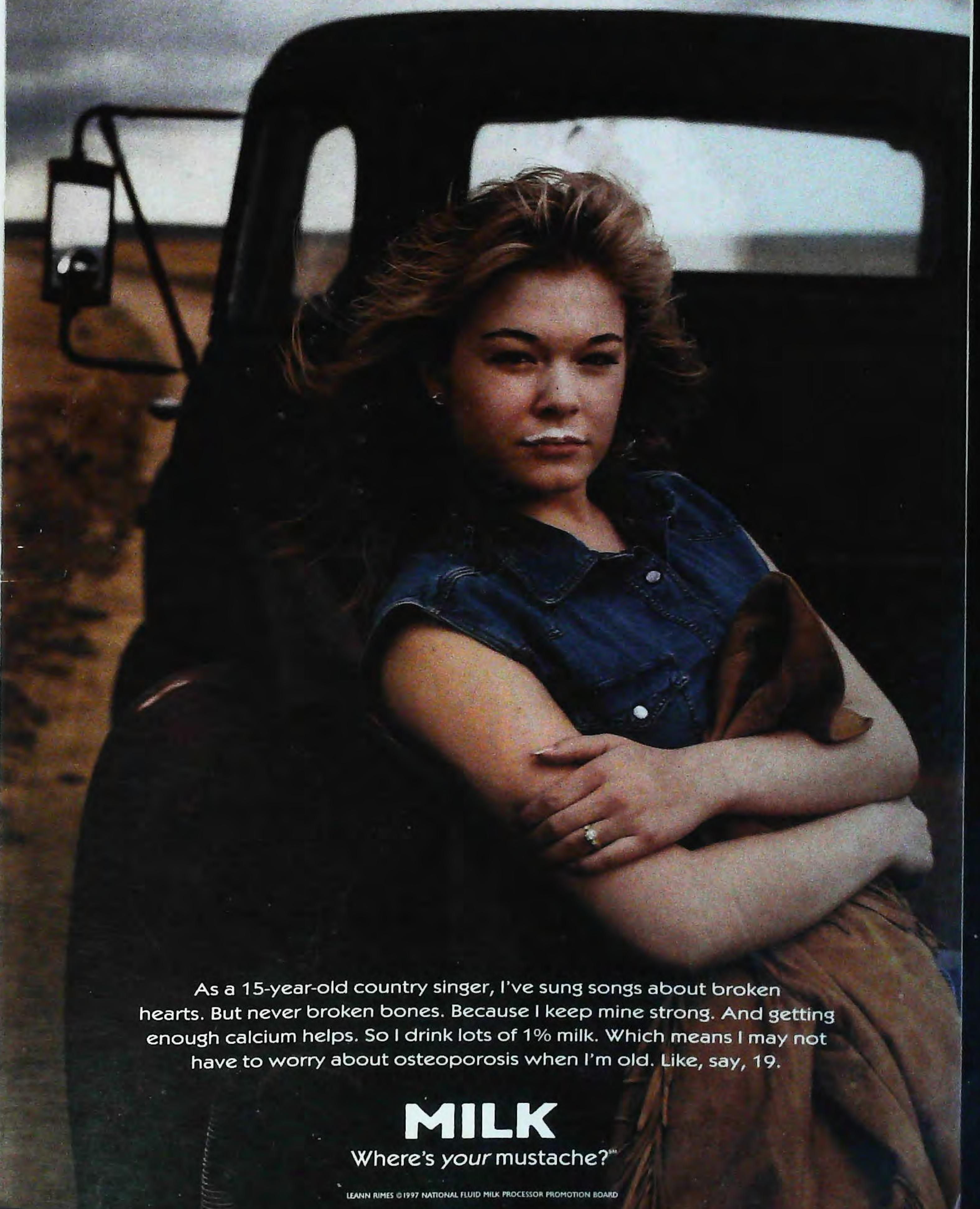


DAVID ARQUETTE'S JOHN (*Johns*), the dim but sweet hustler



THE LADY CHABLIS (*Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil*), the book's black star who carries herself like a queen

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OCT 1	OCT 6	OCT 20	OCT 27	OCT 29
To the Letter	Still Playing God?	Empire Building	Final Credits	China Pall
Stating "you can't label TV like...a box of ice cream," NBC West Coast prez Don Ohlmeyer refuses to go along with the V-S-L-D elaborations attached to existing ratings system, earning reprimand from Vice President Al Gore.	David Duchovny threatens to leave <i>The X-Files</i> if show isn't moved from Vancouver to L.A., where wife Téa Leoni films her sitcom.	Sold! For \$4.1 billion: USA Network and Sci-Fi channel to Home Shopping Network maven Barry Diller, marking former Fox mastermind's return to big-time TV.	Following restoration of screenwriter credits to 23 McCarthy-era films, Ring Lardner Jr., 82, reminisces about prison at a tribute, while others blacklisted sadly recall destroyed careers.	While Michael Eisner dines at White House with Chinese president Jiang Zemin, Martin Scorsese—director of Disney's <i>Dalai Lama</i> biopic <i>Kundun</i> —joins Richard Gere at "stateless" dinner protesting China's obliteration of Tibetan culture.

# Keep it Basic

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

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15 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

# Members Only

To get noticed, some movies went to extraordinary lengths

MUCH MALE ANATOMY WAS put on display in this year's movies, but when guys went all the way, moviegoers mostly averted their eyes. And diverted their money. Consider:



—Gregg Kilday

**Overexposure:** The skinny-dipping gay ensemble of *Love! Valour! Compassion!* flaunted the most casual male nudity on screen. Result: \$2.9 million.

**Single exposure:** Mark Wahlberg, as *Boogie Nights*' porn star Dirk Diggler, gave audiences an eyeful of his prosthetically enhanced endowment in the movie's final scene. Result: \$23 million.

**Promised exposure:** The workers in *The Full Monty* dared to take it all off, but a final, freeze-frame rear shot avoided a view of those Monties on parade. Result: \$33 million.

**No exposure:** Howard Stern, who spent much of his autobiographical *Private Parts* bemoaning his shortcomings, was a winner. Since he never flashed it, the film lived up to its ad line "Never before has a man done so much with so little." Result: \$41.2 million. —Gregg Kilday



Craig Kilborn

## my year that was

"This has been one of the best years of my life, next to 10th grade, when my face cleared up. *The Daily Show* and 'Five Questions' have taken the country by storm, or at least the part that gets Comedy Central. I never applied myself in school, and to all the young people out there who don't apply themselves, I'm proof that there's a place for you: basic cable. One lowlight: Cindy Crawford interviewed me at the MTV awards, and I was a little buzzed. I don't think I embarrassed myself, but trying to move the mole on her face and her pushing your hand away is never fun. We learn, we grow, we adjust."

OCT 30	NOV 1	NOV 6	NOV 10	NOV 13
Berry Sad Everybody hurts when, 17 years after group formed in Athens, Ga., R.E.M. drummer Bill Berry resigns, citing "changed priorities"; he'd suffered brain aneurysm during '95 tour.	Little Big People At "Munchkin Rendezvous," 6 of 14 surviving Munchkins from <i>The Wizard of Oz</i> mingle with fans and look back at filming the classic musical.	Green Mile-Stone Stephen King's very public quest for new contract ends in scary three-book deal with Simon & Schuster—trading a sure-bet humongous advance for riskier share of profits. (King denies reports that he "blinked.")	Wipeout Torrential rains cause power outage and submerge Judge Hiller Zobel's plans to deliver ruling on Massachusetts au pair verdict over Internet. TV stations manage to report news before websites.	Pride Of Broadway With \$40 million in advance sales, Julie Taymor's wildly inventive stage version of Disney's <i>The Lion King</i> becomes fastest ticket seller in history.

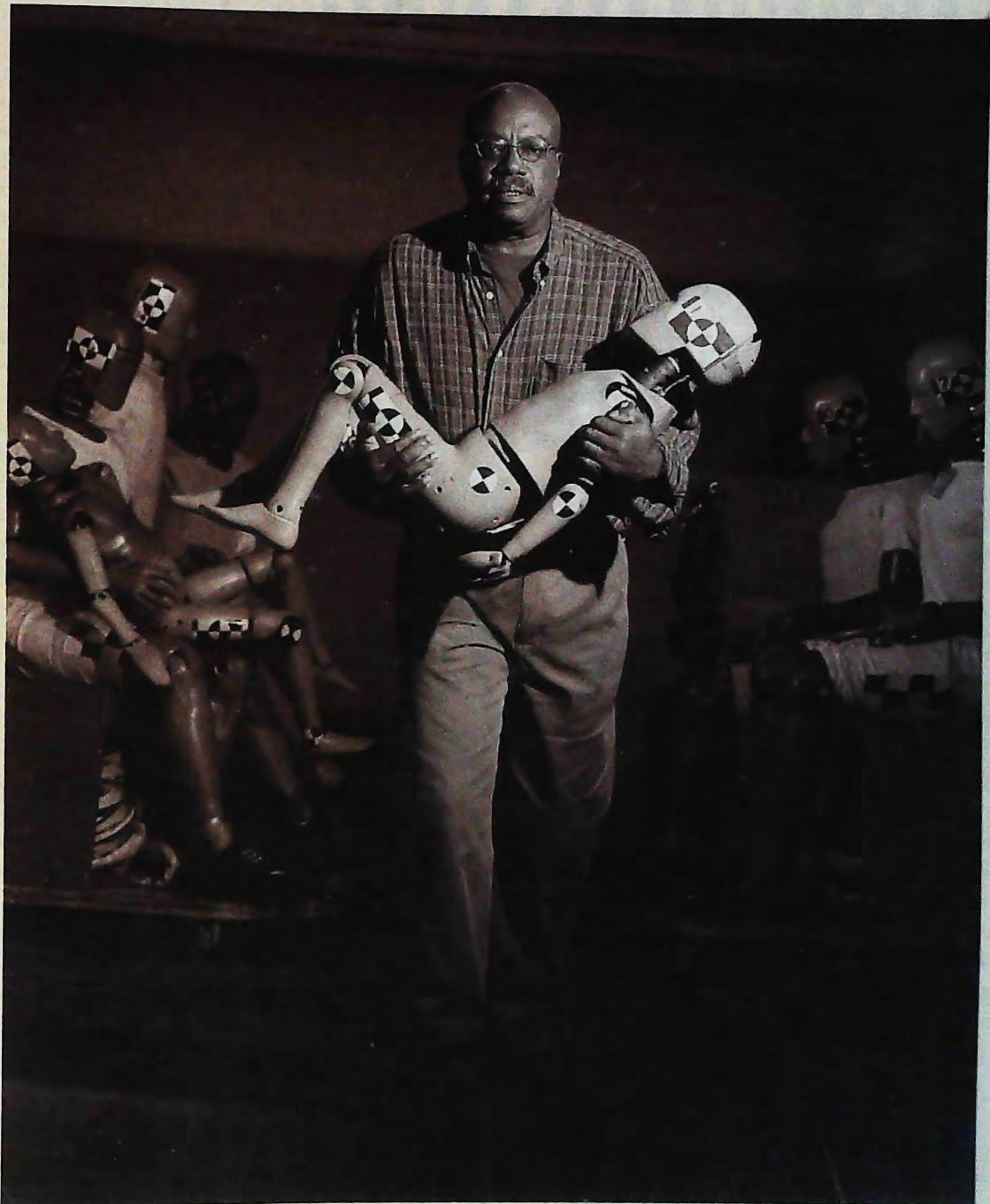


Seven years ago, when we first started building Saturns, we discovered something really interesting. The federal crash-worthiness standards all call for the use of 5'8", 179-pound dummies. Which would be fine with us, except for one thing.

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# Crosses to Bear

*"What I really want to do is write children's books"*

**A**CAREER MAKEOVER IS RISKY business. Still, most celebs can't resist dipping a toe in a stream of entertainment not their own. In the wake of Ethan Hawke the novelist (*The Hottest State*) and Julia Roberts the vocalist (*Everyone Says I Love You*) come '97's would-be crossover acts who, in some cases, could have benefitted from a little mutual mentoring.

#### TRADING PLACES

- **Lauren Bacall**, runway model/**Vendela**, actress (*Batman & Robin*)
- **Kevin Bacon**, rock singer (*The Bacon Brothers' Forosoco*)/**Lisa Loeb**, actress (*The Nanny*)
- **Jason Patric**, hardbody action star (*Speed 2*)/**Sylvester Stallone**, softbody "serious" actor (*Cop Land*)
- **Glenda Jackson**, Labor minister/**Susan Molinari**, CBS news coanchor
- **Mayor Rudolph Giuliani**, female impersonator and stand-up comic (*Saturday Night Live*)/**Alec Baldwin**, pugilistic political activist
- **Frank McCourt**, soap opera star (*One*



*Life to Live*)/**"Erica Kane,"** self-help author (*Having It All*)

- **Kenny Loggins**, relationship and enema expert (*The Unimaginable Life: Lessons Learned on the Path to Love*)/**John Gray**,

Broadway star (*Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus*)

- **Alanis Morissette**, triathlete/**Michael Jordan**, movie actor (*Space Jam*)

#### NEW SENSATIONS

- **Howard Stern**, movie star (*Private Parts*)/**Don Imus**, landscape photographer
- **Sen. Orrin Hatch**, festive songwriter (a track on Donny Osmond's *Christmas at Home*)/**LeAnn Rimes**, festive novelist (*Holiday in Your Heart*)

#### BIRDS OF A FEATHER

- **Oliver Stone**, novelist (*A Child's Night Dream*)/**Gus Van Sant**, novelist (*Pink*)/**Tim Burton**, short-story writer (*The Melancholy Life of Oyster Boy*)/**John Travolta**, children's book author (*Propeller One-Way Night Coach*)/**Michael Bolton**, children's book author (*The Secrets of the Lost Kingdom*)
- **Paul McCartney**, classical composer (*Standing Stone*)/**Paul Simon**, Broadway composer (*The Capeman*)
- **Pamela Anderson Lee**, glamour-puss turned mom/**Courtney Love**, mom turned glamour-puss/**Heather Locklear**, *Melrose Place* glamour-puss turned mom/**Hunter Tylo**, ex-*Melrose Place* glamour-puss turned mom

**Coming in '98:** Jewel the poet and Quentin Tarantino...the Broadway star? —*Alexandra Jacobs*

AUTEUR, AUTHOR: Burton's new type

100

NOV 27	DEC 7	DEC 8	DEC 10	DEC 19
<p><b>Cape Fear</b></p> <p>Responding to complaints from victims' rights group, Macy's bans cast (but not star <b>Marc Anthony</b>) of Paul Simon's Broadway musical, <i>The Capeman</i>—based on true story of teenage murderer—from annual Thanksgiving Day parade.</p>	<p>"Bitch" Slapped</p> <p>MTV airs slightly altered version of Prodigy video "Smack My Bitch Up" on tonight's <i>120 Minutes</i>. Aside from song's being criticized for glorifying violence against women, clip contains drug use, brawling, vomiting, and nudity.</p>	<p><b>Going Downey</b></p> <p>Not swayed by Robert Downey Jr.'s emotional plea for leniency, California judge sentences Oscar-nominated actor to six months in jail for violating parole by using drugs or alcohol.</p>	<p><b>Gropes on The Ropes</b></p> <p>Dismissing sexual-harassment lawsuit against Montel Williams, Judge also fines plaintiff's lawyer \$15,000 for prolonging case by adding gay plaintiff, who claimed talk-show host groped him.</p>	<p><b>Giving Berth</b></p> <p>Dry-docked nearly six months, James Cameron's <i>Titanic</i>, the most expensive movie ever made, steams into theaters.</p> <p>—<i>Marlene McCampbell</i></p>

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# STYLE

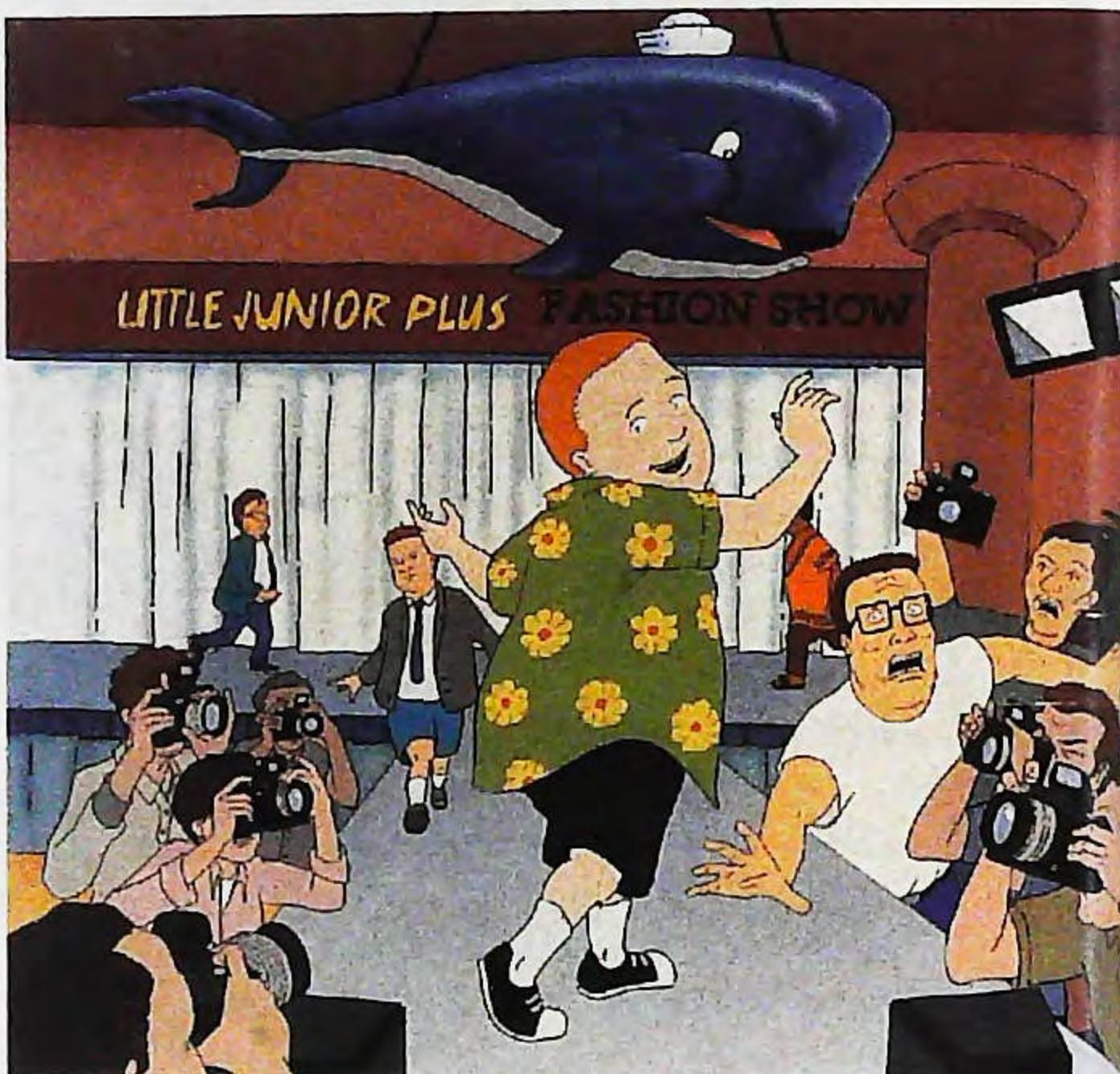
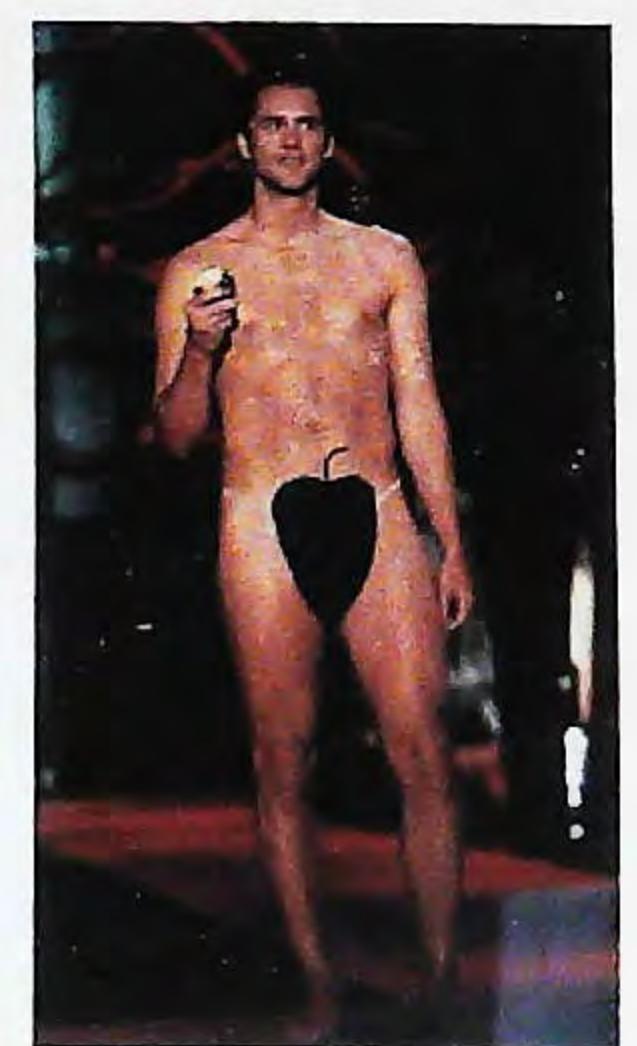
## The Year's Dress Code

by Degen Pener



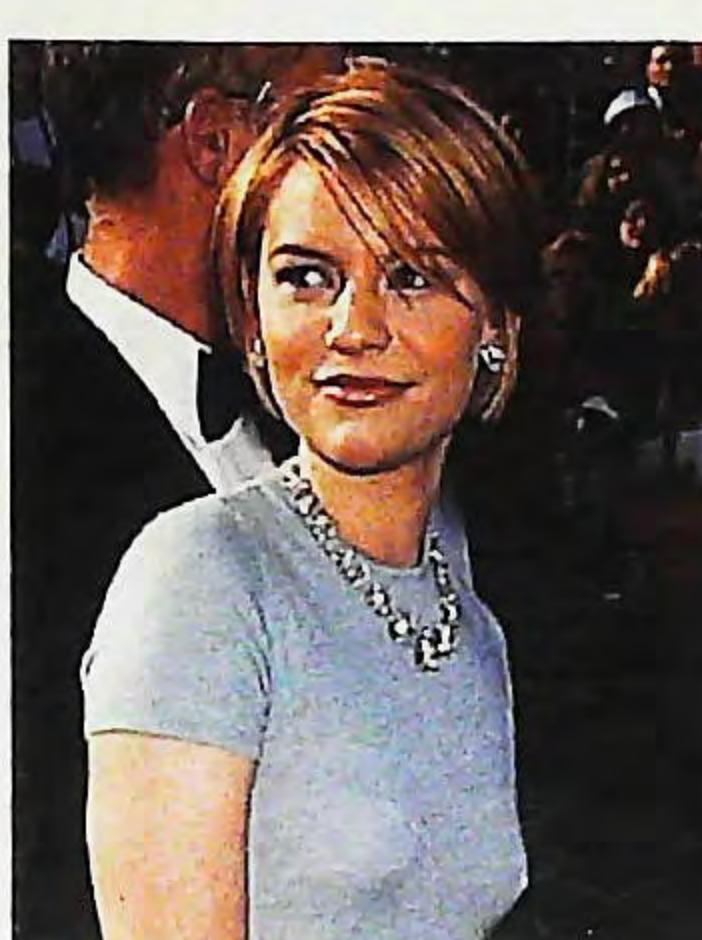
▲ BEST DEBUT Paul's kid Stella McCartney, 26, won the top designing job at Chloe and raves for her first collection. A chip off the old bloke.

▼ NEW LEAF Jim Carrey wore fashion's first outfit at the VH1 Fashion Awards; the leaf had to be enlarged to cover him. Carrey on, indeed.



HOT PLUS-SIZE MODEL ▲  
Bobby Hill, 12 STATS: *King of the Hill* misfit BREAKTHROUGH: An all-too-brief career as a husky model WHAT MAKES HIM SUPER: He's no Tyson (see Ralph Lauren ads), but no one has more roly-poly aplomb.

◀ DHARMA KARMA Who says yoga-loving granola eaters aren't fashionable? Alternating between hippie-dippy duds and body-skimming staples, Jenna Elfman's *Dharma & Greg* character seems in perfect fashion harmony.



▲ GREAT DANES Claire's unorthodox Oscar outfit—a baby blue cashmere top with a matching long skirt—is already a classic.

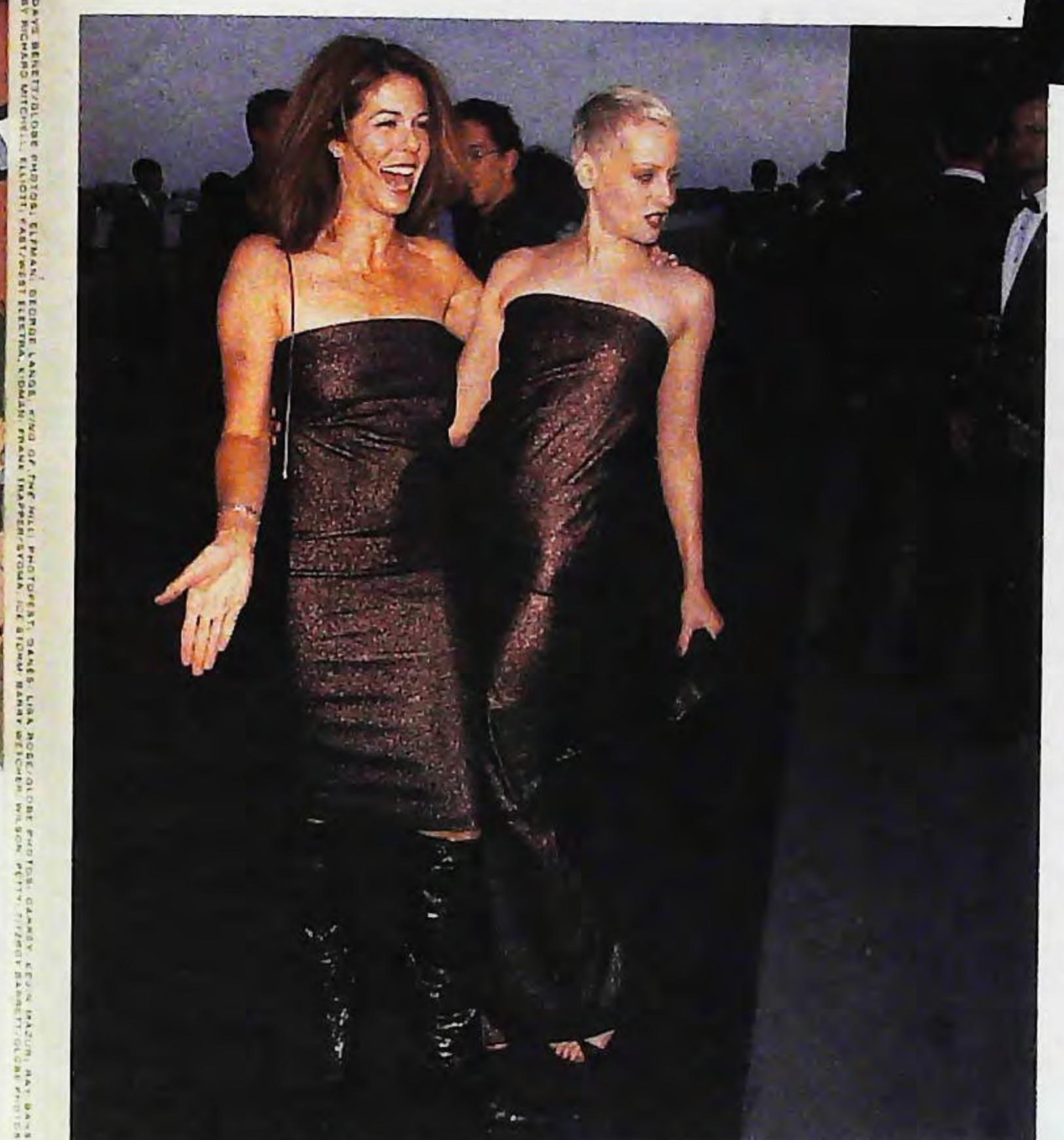


▲ BEST MOVIE TIE-IN

What Tom Cruise did for Classic Ray-Bans, Will Smith did for Ray-Ban's Predator 2: After he sported the shades in *Men in Black*, sales went up 300 percent.

▼ GUCCI, GUCCI COUP

At an AIDS Project Los Angeles benefit last June, actresses Rita Wilson (left) and Lori Petty looked like clones in nearly identical Gucci tube dresses.

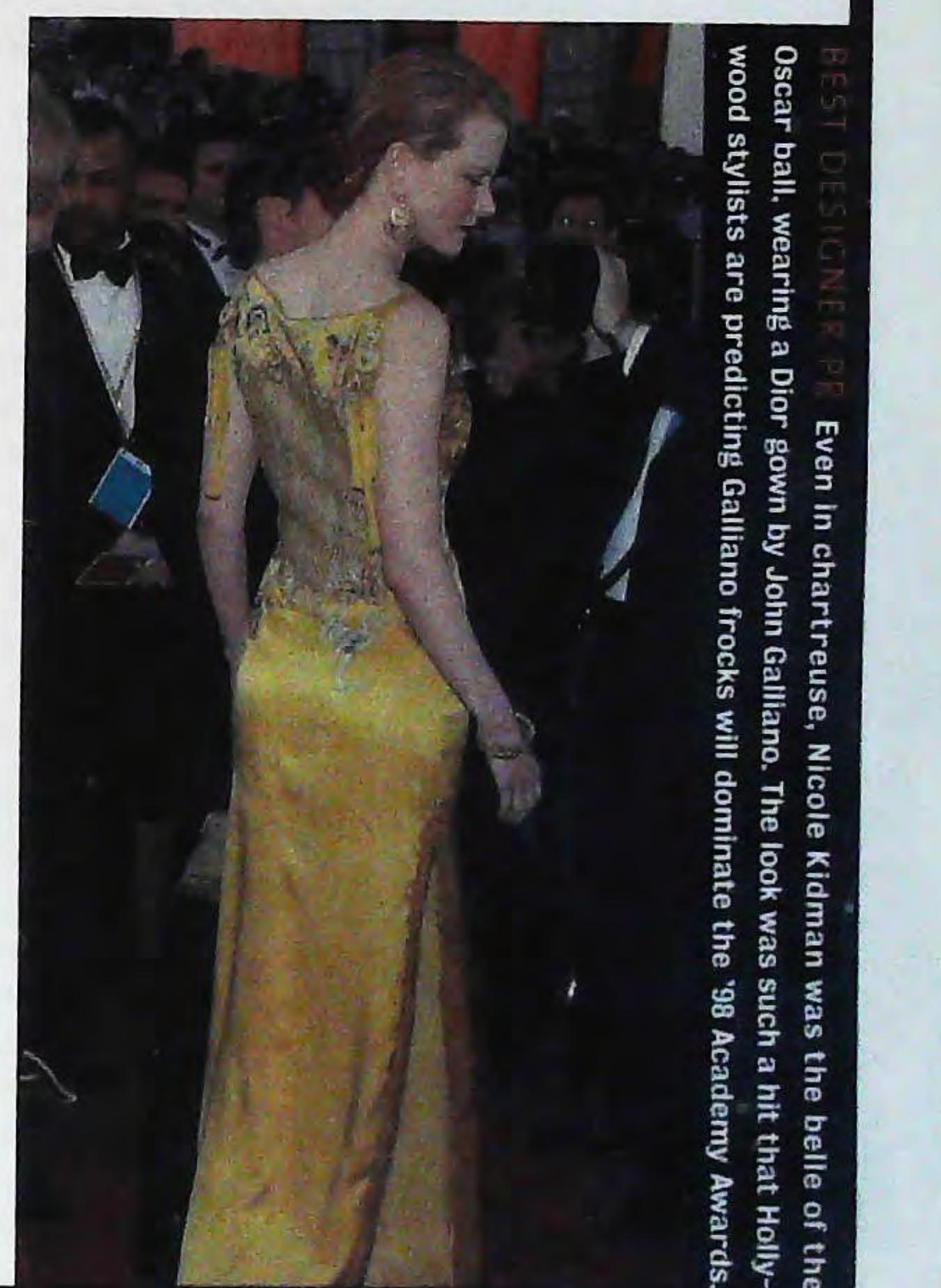


◀ MOST STYLISH MOVIE HOME

There's no place like *The Ice Storm*. An early-'70s glass-walled Connecticut house (inspired by the work of architect Philip Johnson) was a perfect backdrop for the film's bold retro fashions—and its cold, clear-eyed view of dysfunction.



▲ PHAT LADY SINGS Most celebs' worst nightmare is looking bigger than they do in real life. But not rapper Missy Elliott. She reveled in being outfitted for "The Rain" in what looked like a Macy's parade balloon. Her reward? An MTV video nomination. Up, up, and away, Missy!



BEST DESIGNER PR Even in chartreuse, Nicole Kidman was the belle of the Oscar ball, wearing a Dior gown by John Galliano. The look was such a hit that Hollywood stylists are predicting Galliano frocks will dominate the '98 Academy Awards.

▼ POINT TAKEN From Gucci's steel-tipped spikes to Versace's more conservative designs (below), stilettos won the support of starlets like Ashley Judd and Sarah Jessica Parker.



▲ MEDIA MAN Tommy Hilfiger published a book, dressed Sheryl Crow (above), signed with William Morris, and is starting a record label. Howard Stern, meet the new king of all media.



▲ INDECENT EX-POSURE Sheer dresses look best over slips. But at the Grammys, Celine Dion slipped up and showed off a very visible panty line.

◀ SHE SLAYS US With her tanks, stretch pants, and trusty crucifix, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer's* Sarah Michelle Gellar has the most killer wardrobe on TV.



◀ HOT MODEL Alek Wek, 20. **STATS:** Born in Sudan; discovered in London. **BREAKTHROUGH:** Wek lit up the spring fashion shows with her bashful smile, appearing in a dozen shows and getting just as much applause as the clothes on the Todd Oldham runway. (She also appeared in videos for Janet Jackson and rapper Busta Rhymes.)

**WHAT MAKES HER SUPER:** Her strong, unabashedly African features—a flat nose, full lips, and unstraightened hair—go a long way toward shattering the fashion industry's mold of how a black model should look.



CH-CH-CHANGES Courtney Love morphed into a glamorous movie star, replacing her grungy, smudged lipstick and baby-doll dresses with a sleek coif, Oscar-caliber gowns, and a seriously toned bod. She's now such a fashion figure that she'll appear in the new ad campaign for Versace.



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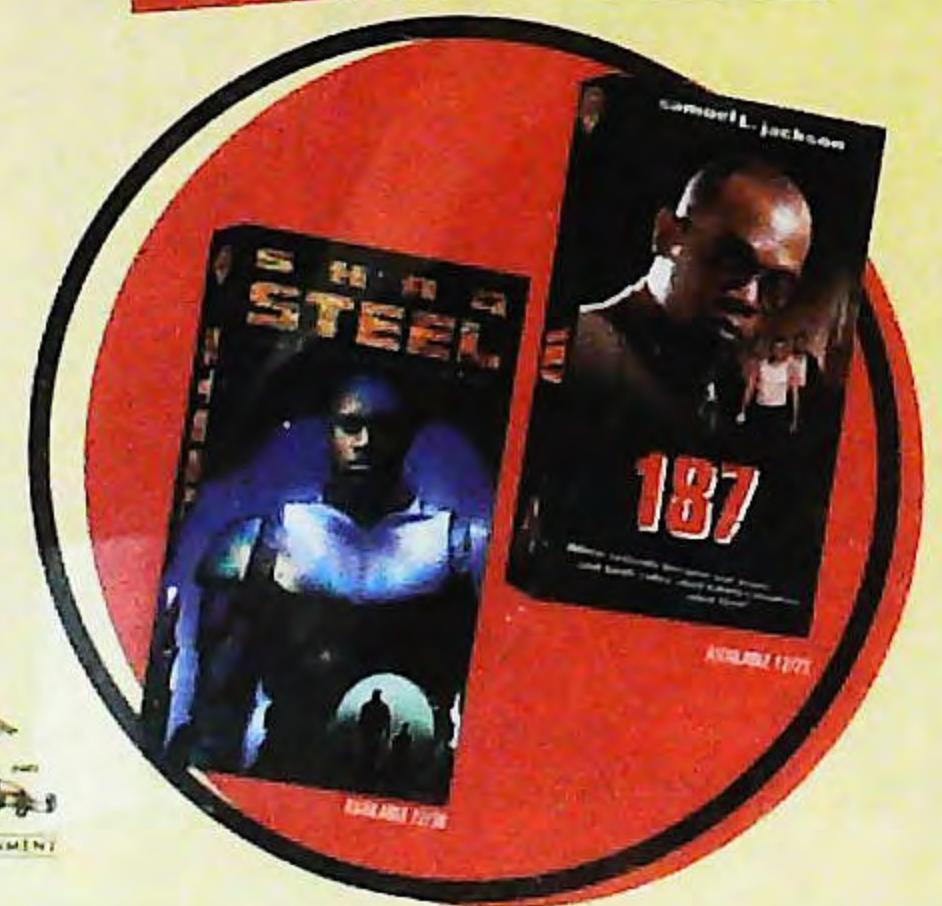
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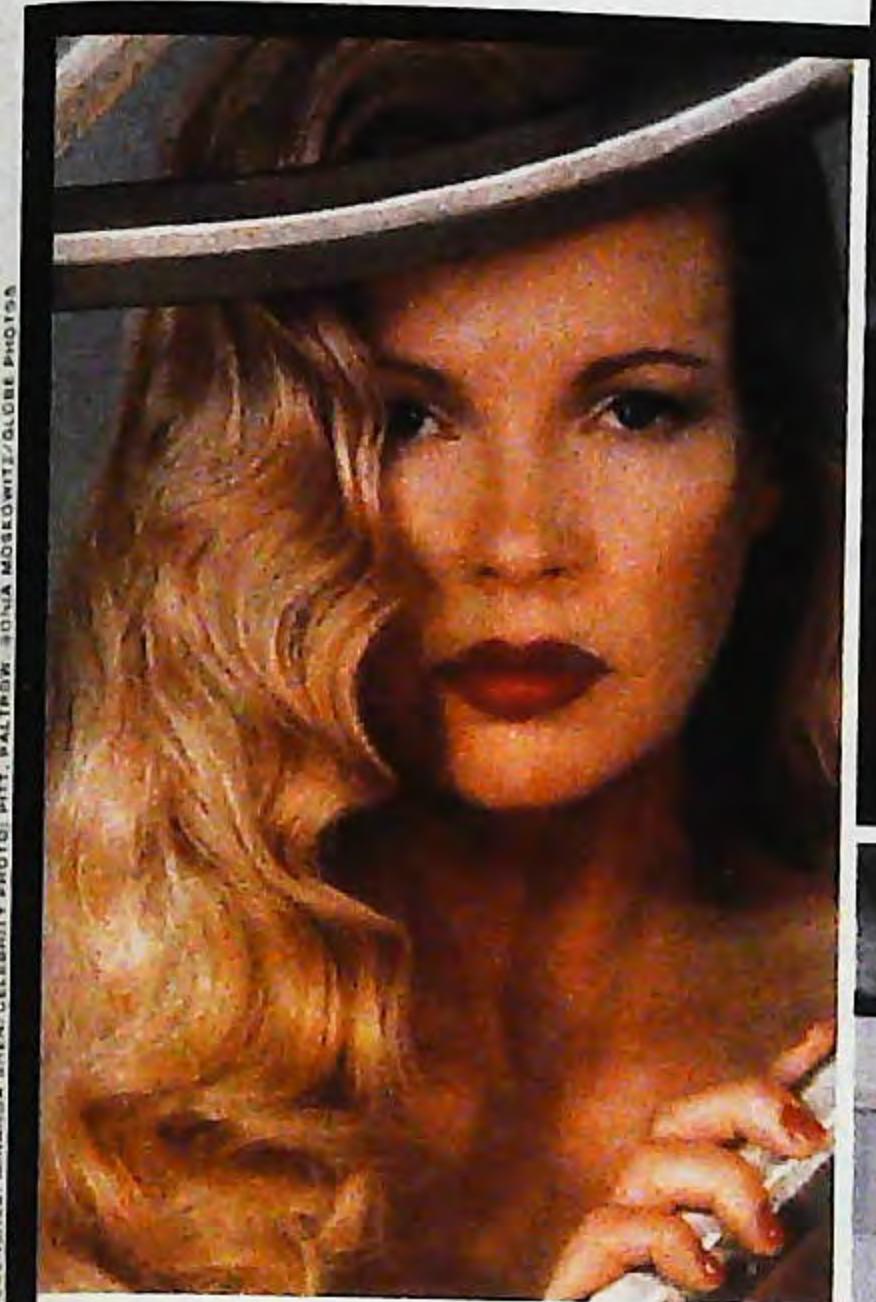
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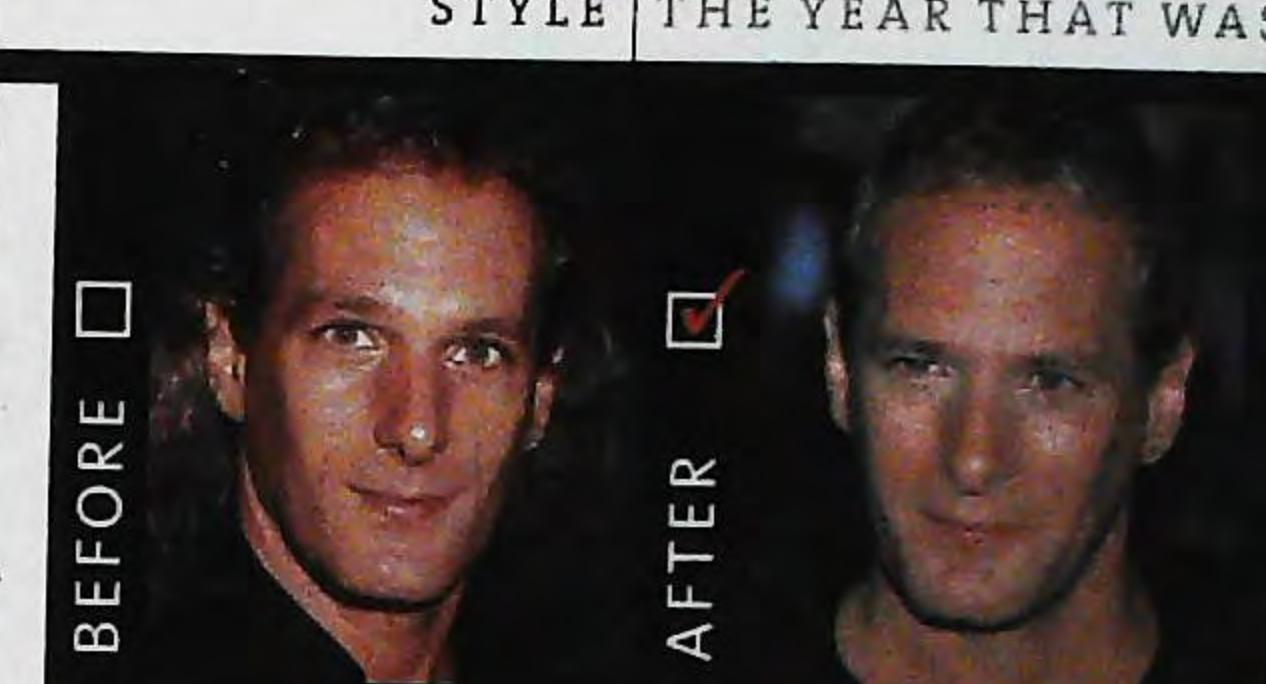
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▲ **BEST MOVIE LOOK**  
Those lips! Those eyes! That hair! Playing a Veronica Lake look-alike in *L.A. Confidential*, Kim Basinger mostly lounges around in slinky nightgowns. But her clothes tell the story. At the film's end, she appears in a yellow sundress so Doris Day, you know she'll live happily ever after. **RUNNER-UP:** The lilac and midnight blue gowns of *The Wings of the Dove*'s Helena Bonham Carter and Alison Elliott (right). **WORST MOVIE LOOK:** Demi Moore's bald dome in *G.I. Jane*.



BEFORE

◀ **MOST REVILED FASHION AD** Indulging in bathroom humor for Candie's shoes didn't help Jenny McCarthy's image, but the campaign hasn't hurt the company: Sales zoomed from \$45 million in 1996 to an estimated \$93 million in '97. Nothing like the sweet smell of success.

**BEST NEW MAKE-UP** Celebs suddenly have more shimmer, courtesy of body glitter (note Mariah Carey at VH1's Fashion Awards). And thanks to Urban Decay, which packages glitter in a roll-on tube, we can all take a shine.



**THE BOBBIEST TWINS** Months before their breakup, Brad Pitt and Gwyneth Paltrow were doppelgängers at his *Devil's Own* premiere. Ellen DeGeneres and Anne Heche wore matching hair and color-coded outfits to the Emmys, taking the "same" of same-sex coupledom too far.



STYLE | THE YEAR THAT WAS

# Diana

## {Let Us Count the Ways}

- Peak number of U.S. households tuned in to CNN's coverage of Princess Diana's Sept. 6 funeral: **4 MILLION**
- Number tuned in to CNN's coverage of Mother Teresa's Sept. 13 funeral: **540,000**
- Estimated number of Americans who watched a live broadcast of Diana's funeral: **33 MILLION**
- Number of people who attended Diana's funeral in Westminster Abbey: **2,000**
- Number of A-list Hollywood celebs inside the abbey: **4** (Tom Cruise, Tom Hanks, Nicole Kidman, Steven Spielberg)
- Number of hours after fatal Aug. 31 Paris car crash it took celebs to complain about paparazzi: **APPROXIMATELY 3** (Cruise called CNN in Atlanta)
- Number of stars who invoked Diana's name during the MTV Video Music Awards: **7** (Puff Daddy, Madonna, LL Cool J, Chris Rock, Elton John, and two Spice Girls)
- Time it took Bernie Taupin to rework Elton John's "Candle in the Wind": **90 MINUTES**
- Worldwide sales figures for "Candle in the Wind 1997": **MORE THAN 34 MILLION COPIES**
- Copies sold per hour in the

- U.S. during the single's first week of sale, ending Sept. 28: **20,833** (according to SoundScan) Per second: **5.8**
- Number of rock stars who publicly criticized John's musical eulogy: **2** (Keith Richards and Noel Gallagher)
- Number of albums with the words *Diana* and *Tribute* in the title currently available: **4**
- Number of hours in 1997 A&E dedicated to Diana before her death: **1** Since: **21**
- Stories in 1997 mentioning Diana in *The Wall Street Journal* before her death: **10** Since: **63**
- Number of times "People's Princess" appears in newspaper headlines since her death: **236** (according to Nexis database)
- Cost of one-year membership in "adults only" website featuring photos of the crash: **\$16.95**
- Number of memorial Web pages dedicated to Diana retrieved through Yahoo!: **105**
- Number of memorial pages dedicated to Kurt Cobain: **6**
- Number of people who've responded to a pledge not to buy a tabloid for one year on a Diana memorial website: **20,000**
- Number of dresses on display in the worldwide "Exhibition of

- the Dresses of Diana, Princess of Wales": **16**
- Number of tickets sold during exhibit's first stop in Tampa: **9,761**
- Estimated 20-day gross in Tampa: **\$100,000**
- Estimated value of Christmas card signed by Diana: **\$8,000**
- Estimated value of Christmas card signed by Jackie Onassis: **\$300-400**
- Estimated number of U.S. companies currently offering Princess Diana collectibles: **36**
- Sales of \$350 limited-edition Diana memorial porcelain roses offered by New Jersey-based Boehm galleries: **2,000**
- Sales of \$350 limited-edition Dodi al Fayed memorial Egyptian lotuses by Boehm: **300**
- Number of countries that issued commemorative stamps for Diana's 21st birthday in 1982: **54** Since her death: **27**
- Estimated number of ad campaigns delayed or scrapped due to Diana's death: **9** (foremost, a Sarah Ferguson Weight Watchers ad noting that dieting is harder than "outrunning the paparazzi")
- Number of times the word *bulimia* appears in Andrew

- Morton's revised edition of his *Diana: Her True Story*: **32** In the original 1992 edition: **14**
- Bulimia references in *Princess Diana: Once Upon a Time...*, a Topps comic book: **0**
- Copies in print of the revised *Diana: Her True Story*: **850,000**
- Days elapsed between Earl Spencer's funeral speech and the start of his nasty divorce hearing (with tabloid-ready allegations of chronic infidelity): **79**
- 1997 sales by Globe Photos of this Patrick Demarchelier image (right) before her death: **0** Since: **12**
- Stories on Jody Williams, the land-mine crusader, after she won the Nobel Peace Prize that also mention Princess Diana: **82** (according to Nexis)
- Number of completed drafts of Kevin Costner's *Bodyguard* sequel, written to star Diana: **2**
- Number of days it took the palace to deny reports of Diana going Hollywood: **1**
- Number of days next summer that Diana devotees will be able to visit her ancestral home, Althorp Estate, where she is buried: **61**

—Compiled by Suna Chang, Anna Holmes, and Degen Pener



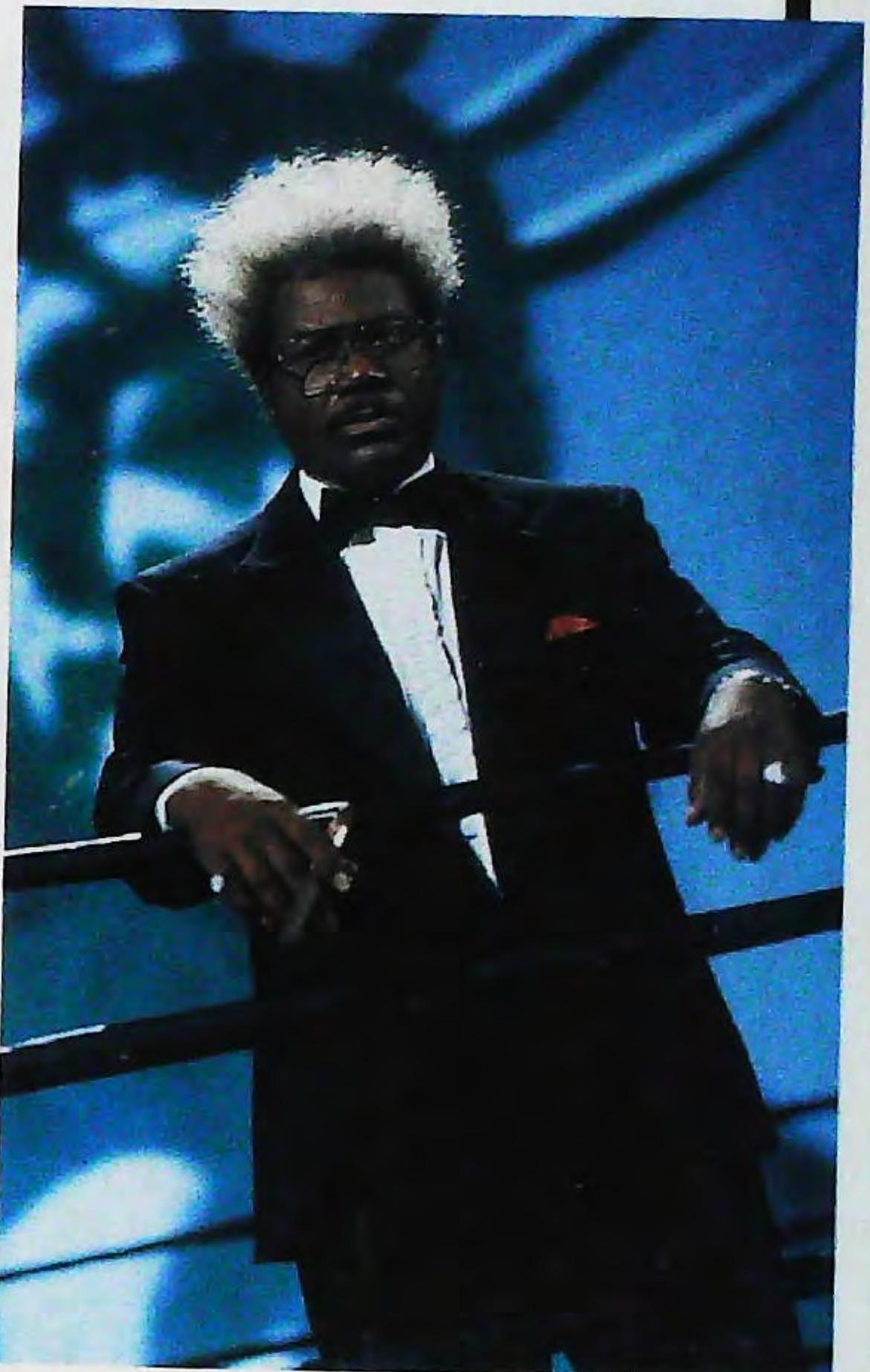
Memorable moments from STAGE &amp; SCREEN

# performances

## The WOMEN of LILITH

SORRY, GUYS, BUT WOMEN rockers have learned all too well how to practice exclusionary tactics. And so the wildly popular Lilith Fair tour left boys on the side with its all-female lineup—and in the process left machismo-heavy competing tours like Lollapalooza in the festival dust. Lilith's revolving-door bill may have been short on truly edgy female acts, but this Estropalooza had a surfeit of softer riches. Tracy Chapman had 'em talkin' about a revolution within formerly gynephobic radio formats. Fiona Apple showed that even teenage sisters are doin' it for themselves. And Sheryl Crow and Joan Osborne added color with their raunch & roll blues base. Best of all was organizer Sarah McLachlan's ethereal closing set—less a headlining star turn than a sweet benediction.

RIGHT GRRRLS Seated from left: McLachlan, Crow, and Osborne, with Apple in back, beat the boys fair and square. And they did it in heels.



VING RHAMES

AT THE END OF HBO'S KNOCKOUT biopic *Don King: Only in America*, Ving Rhames, wearing a salt-and-pepper fright wig, declares, "If you didn't have Don King, you'd have to invent him." Rhames practically reinvents the infamous boxing promoter with his eerily dead-on portrayal, then goes one better. The actor nearly rehabilitates King with a performance infused not only with malapropisms and jive bluster but with surprising doses of humanity as well.



Russell CROWE



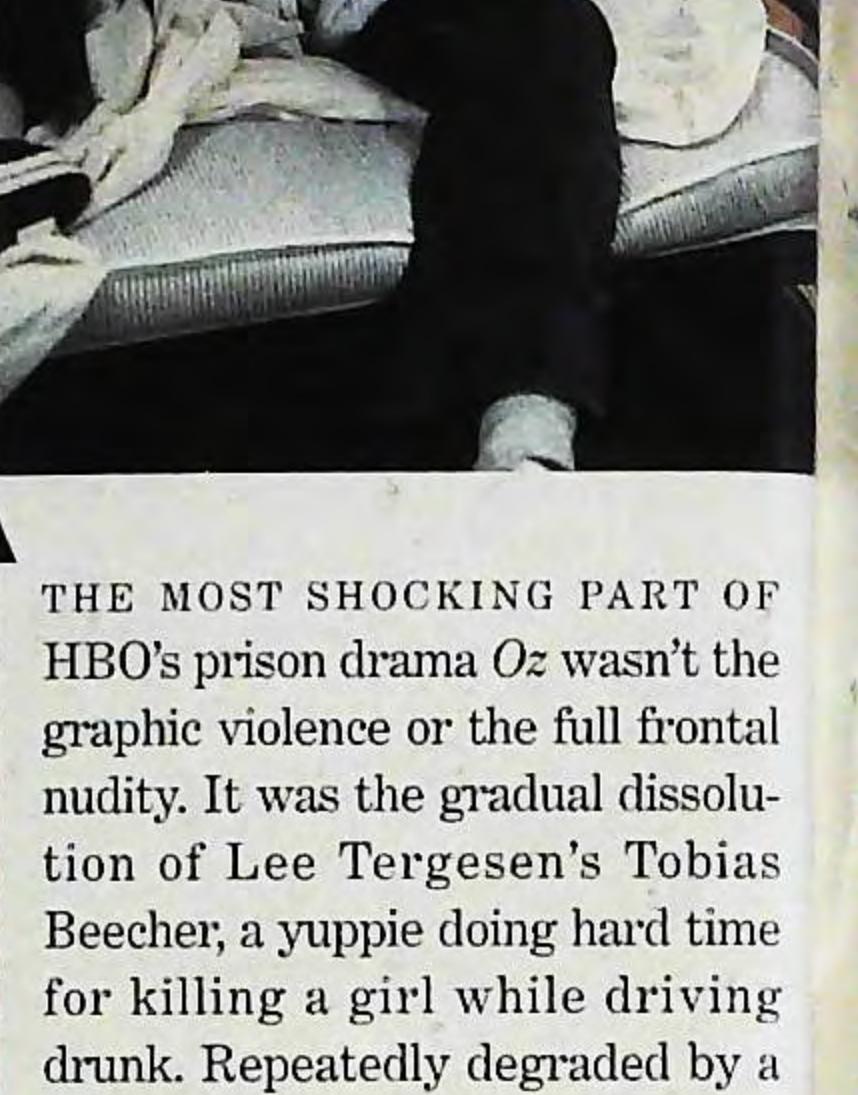
Ian HOLM



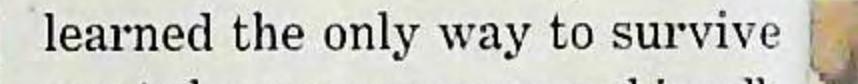
Sarah POLLEY

RUSSELL CROWE'S BUD WHITE is a foot soldier in the 1950s Los Angeles Police Department—thuggish and combustible, a Mark Fuhrman in the making. But as *L.A. Confidential* uncoils its Byzantine web of deceit, he rises above the muck, revealing himself to be a wounded knight with an unquenchable thirst for justice, proving that even Sin City's roads can be paved with redemption.

THE MOST SHOCKING PART OF HBO's prison drama *Oz* wasn't the graphic violence or the full frontal nudity. It was the gradual dissolution of Lee Tergesen's Tobias Beecher, a yuppie doing hard time for killing a girl while driving drunk. Repeatedly degraded by a neo-Nazi (JK Simmons), Beecher learned the only way to survive was to become as savage as his cellmates. Tergesen's hauntingly tragic turn was, in a word, captivating.



Lee TERGESSEN



## Helena BONHAM CARTER

THE DRAMATIC STYLES OF British blue blood Helena Bonham Carter and American chameleon Jennifer Jason Leigh couldn't be more different. And yet, their respective portrayals of Henry James heroines were each absolutely fabulous. The classic complexities of a James girl took shape both in Bonham Carter's voluptuous, modern interpretation of a poor realist who knows she needs to marry a rich man in *The Wings of the Dove* and in Leigh's demure evocation of a rich idealist prepared to marry a poor man in *Washington Square*. And they found their form as vividly as if the wily old bachelor had written his masterpieces just yesterday.



Jennifer Jason LEIGH



Parker POSEY

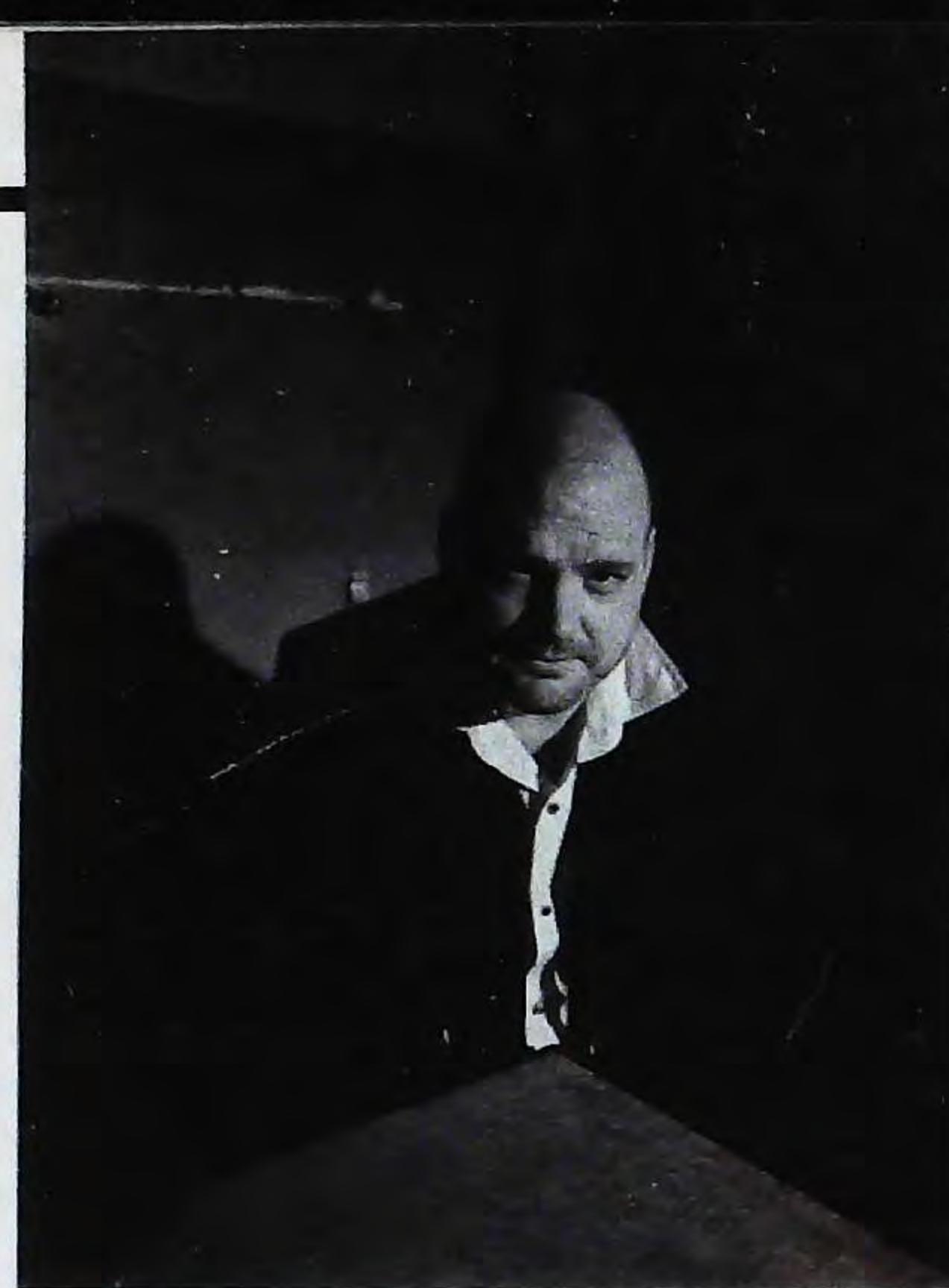
IN HER OTHER HUNDREDS (or is it thousands?) of indie films, you sense Parker Posey biting her barbed tongue a little. Not so in *The House of Yes*. Posey is so frighteningly lovable as a Jackie Kennedy-adoring, gun-wielding dysfunctional family member that when she plots to draw her incestuous brother away from (what competition!) Tori Spelling, you secretly beg him to say...*Yes*.



Paul GIAMATTI

RADIOHEAD:  
*Neither Stern  
nor Reni Santoni  
can hold  
Giamatti back*

IT TAKES A GIFTED actor to turn a character named Pig Vomit into a tour de force. As the radio-station exec who tries to short-circuit shock jock Howard Stern in *Private Parts*, Paul Giamatti created the movie's most indelible figure. No small achievement, considering his costars included the sausage-swallowing "Kielbasa Queen."



## Pruitt Taylor VINCE

THEY WERE THE TV SEASON'S MOST MEMORABLE murderers, and each one slayed us in a different way. On NBC's *Homicide: Life on the Street*, Erik Todd Dellums gave drug kingpin Luther Mahoney the silky grace of an Alvin Ailey dancer gone bad. *Heavy* star Pruitt Taylor Vince played a *real* heavy on ABC's *Murder One*—and deservedly won an Emmy as a searily rational serial killer. And in the ABC miniseries *Stephen King's The Shining*, Steven Weber took over the role made infamous by Jack Nicholson. More subtle but just as creepy as Jack, Weber showed more range in six hours of *The Shining* than he did during eight seasons on *Wings*.



## Steven WEBER



SURE, SCREENWRITER PAUL RUDNICK IS NO slouch when it comes to one-liners, but it was Kevin Kline who took the surprise comedy hit *In & Out* to hilarious depths. As Howard Brackett, the small-town schoolteacher who's ousted on the eve of his nuptials to Joan Cusack, Kline took our tidy, tortured, Streisand-loving hero to a wrenching emotional crossroads (or, as Howard might say, an "Intersexual...homosection...intersection!"). Still, Kline stepped lively—and found enough joy to dance infectiously along the way.

## Kevin KLINE

## Erik Todd DELUMS

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impression? Was it what you expected? Was it truly appealing? Was it tasty and satisfying?

Did you like it? If so, raise your glass, "To the Peat in the hills of the Highlands."

And most importantly, always blend a jigger of restraint in with the malts to fully enjoy your Scotch. It's not possible to appreciate what the blenders blend when you've had too much of their work.

Slainte!

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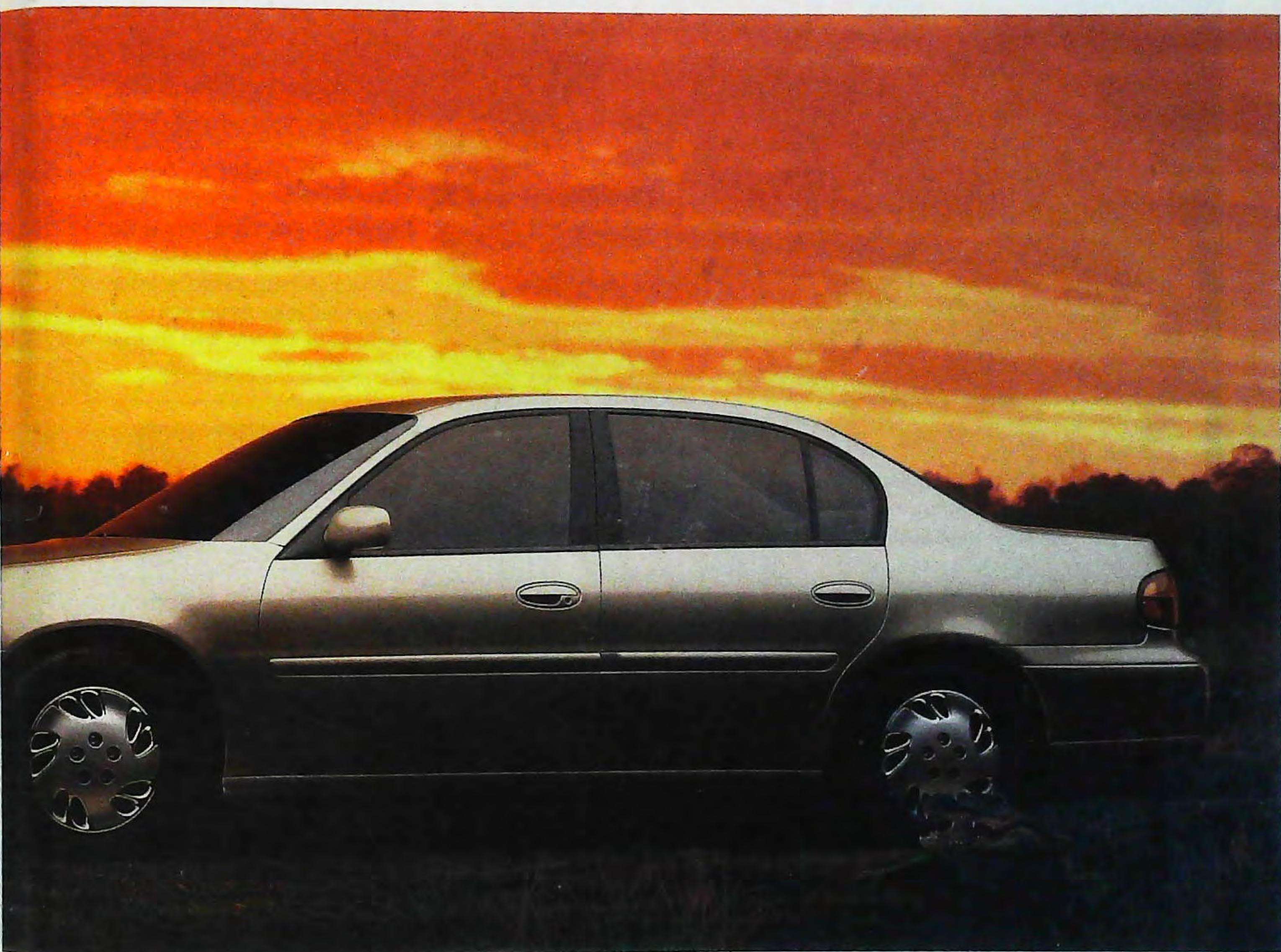
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Mike MYERS

IF GOD IS IN THE DETAILS, then Mike Myers has found religion with his riotous swingin' super-spy alter ego *Austin Powers*. Fetid teeth, nerdy horn-rim specs, a patch of overgrown chest hair, a dated arsenal of lascivious Carnaby Street come-ons like "I bet she shags like a minx"—by mixing such particulars, Myers served up a '60s cocktail so refreshing and potently kitschy it would reduce James Bond to an uncontrollable giggle fit.



Sarah Michelle GELLAR

ANYONE WHO WATCHED GELLAR's thrillingly nasty turn as *All My Children*'s vituperative Kendall Hart knows this girl can hurl fightin' words. But as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*'s glib savior Buffy Summers, Gellar shows us a tough side that's angry, funny, and forlorn all at once. She also gives the sassy teen touching maturity—when she isn't kicking major undead butt.



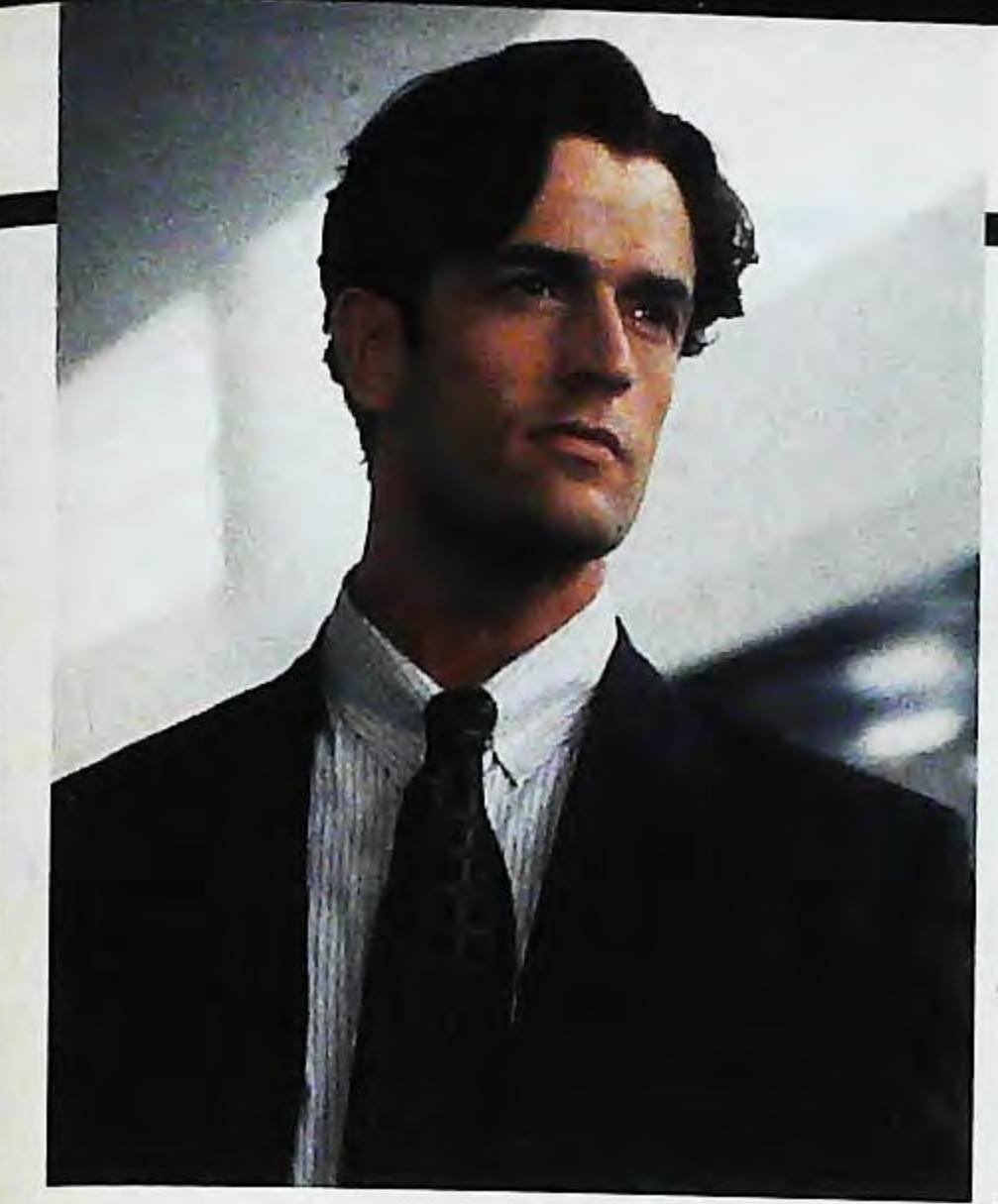
Gary SINISE

WE'D SEEN HIM PLAY A PARAPLEGIC (*Forrest Gump*) and a politician (HBO's *Truman*) before. Still, we weren't quite prepared for Gary Sinise's fiery work as TNT's *George Wallace*. He didn't make us like the segregationist governor, but he did make us understand the blind ambition that led Wallace to embrace racism. Don't be surprised if Sinise wins an Emmy.



AL PACINO'S GONE OVER THE top so much, it's been easy to forget what a mesmerizingly subtle actor he can be when he lightens up on the *hoo-ahhh!* As *Donnie Brasco*'s low-level wiseguy Lefty Ruggiero, Pacino gives voice to the sad and seamy flip side of the traditionally glorified movie mobster. So touching is his final scene as he prepares to get whacked that no one's likely to *fugeddaboudit*.

Al PACINO



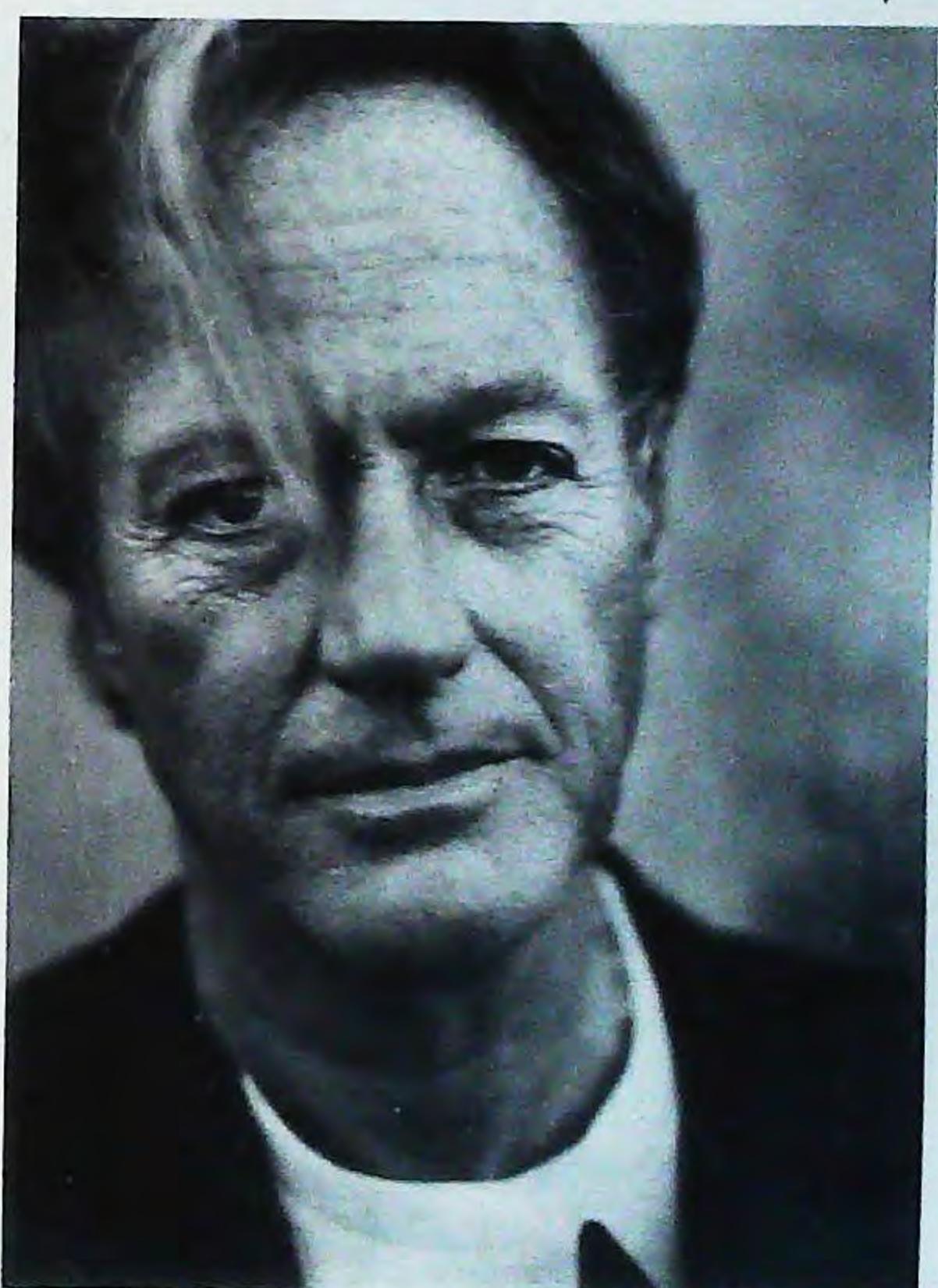
Rupert EVERETT

HOW CAN JULIA ROBERTS not getting the guy of her dreams still qualify as a happy ending? When she ends up with the real catch instead. With his outrageous turn as Roberts' co-scheming gay buddy in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, Rupert Everett added bitchiness and heart to an otherwise run-of-the-mill love triangle. He was by far this *Wedding*'s most memorable guest.



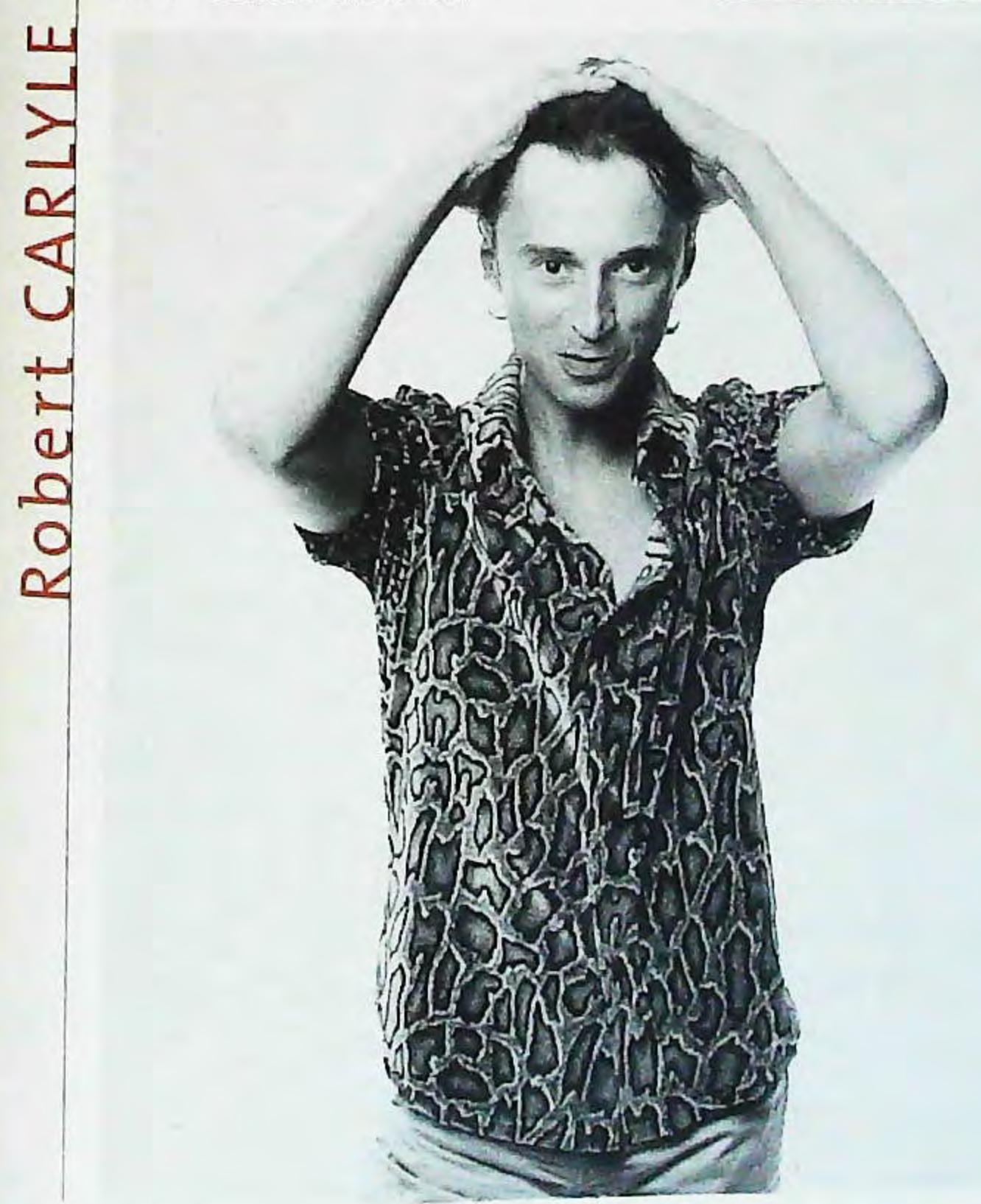
Mark ADDY

IF HOLLYWOOD EVER HANDS out medals for courage in the line of duty, we nominate Robert Carlyle and Mark Addy, the pasty, fearless Brits who dropped their trousers in *The Full Monty*, the out-of-nowhere hit about out-of-work steelworkers who turn to stripping. It was their scenes—Addy wrapping his belly in cellophane, Carlyle bonding with his son—that gave *Monty*'s slapstick its sweetness and soul.



Peter FONDA

DOG OWNERS EVENTUALLY resemble their pets, and the same holds true for Ulee Jackson, Peter Fonda's ornery bee-keeper in *Ulee's Gold*. He quietly harvests honey until strangers (criminals) mess with his hive (family). Once provoked, he's not afraid to sting. Fonda's stoicism stirs up fond memories of his late father, Henry. No wonder he's generating such strong Oscar buzz.



Robert CARLYLE



PUG from Men in Black

FORGET EVERYTHING YOU'VE read. The greatest performance of the year belongs to *Men in Black*'s tough-talking Chinese pug. Some credit should go to Eric Brevig, *MIB*'s visual-effects supervisor, but the alien-inhabited canine, Frank, damn near stole the show from Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones. And to anyone who disagrees: "Kiss my furry little butt."

## OLD FRIENDS

1908

James  
STEWART

born 1908

WHEN JAMES STEWART DIED LAST summer at 89, we didn't just lose another legend. We lost the last, and most beloved, of Hollywood's great leading men.

Virtually alone among his peers in the pantheon—Gable, Grant, Bogart, Tracy—Stewart found fame not from larger-than-life stature, but from life-size appeal: that aw-shucks awkwardness, that raw-boned vulnerability, that all-American innocence. Frank Capra once called Stewart “the uncommon common man,” and in over 50 years of film roles, that essence never changed. “People identify with me,”

with his small-town Pennsylvania roots, his heroics as a World War II bomber pilot, his 45-year marriage to one and only wife Gloria.

And although his persona grew darker and edgier over the years—as he played bitter cowboys in Anthony Mann Westerns (*Winchester '73*, *The Naked Spur*) and tormented modern heroes in Hitchcock thrillers (*Vertigo*, *Rear Window*)—Stewart's kinder, gentler image endures. That's partly because of his relatively mellow late performances (*Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation*, *Airport '77*) and partly because of what we glimpsed of the off-screen Stewart, stammeringly accepting countless career-achievement awards or reading his folksy poetry on *The Tonight Show*.

But mostly, it's because of the deep impact he made with those earlier roles: idealistic congressman Jefferson Smith, refusing to cave in to Capitol Hill cynicism and corruption (*Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, 1939); addled Elwood P. Dowd, having drinks with his best friend, an invisible rabbit (*Harvey*, 1950); George Bailey, gratefully gathering family and friends in front of the Christmas tree (*It's a Wonderful Life*, 1946).

It's a little hard to watch *It's a Wonderful Life* this year. That sentimental happy ending suddenly feels bittersweet. But we'll watch again next year, and all the years after that, giving thanks for Jimmy Stewart's eternal celluloid image, and for the illusion that our screen idols never really leave us. —Michael Sauter

he once allowed, “but they dream of being John Wayne.” He was right, of course. The proof lay in how we spoke of these two stars. We called Wayne the Duke; we called Stewart Jimmy. In real life, too, he reaffirmed our perception of him,

Where we say a final farewell to some



12/9/96 Patty Donahue, 40, lead singer of the Waitresses  
12/21/96 Margaret E. Rey, 90, writer, cocreator of *Curious George*  
▼ 12/30/96 Jack Nance, 53, actor (*Eraserhead*)



12/30/96 Keith Anthony Walker, 61, screenwriter (*Free Willy*)  
1/1 Townes Van Zandt, 52, folk-country singer-songwriter  
1/5 Burton Lane, 84, composer (*Finian's Rainbow* score)  
1/6 Catherine Scorsese, 84, occasional actress, *Martin's* mother  
1/8 Jesse White, 79, actor (the Maytag repairman)  
1/10 Sheldon Leonard, 89, actor, TV producer (*The Andy Griffith Show*)  
1/17 Nirvana, 3, Siegfried and Roy's white tiger  
1/19 Adriana Caselotti, 80, actress, voice of Disney's *Snow White*  
▼ 1/19 James Dickey, 73, poet, author (*Deliverance*)



1/21 Col. Tom Parker, 87, Elvis' longtime manager  
1/21 Irwin Levine, 58, songwriter ("Tie a Yellow Ribbon...")  
1/23 Richard Berry, 61, songwriter ("Louie, Louie")  
1/25 Jeanne Dixon, 79, renowned astrologist  
1/27 Michael Braun, 60, film and stage producer  
2/1 Herb Caen, 80, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist  
2/1 Marjorie Reynolds, 79, actress (*The Life of Riley*)  
2/2 Sanford Meisner, 91, seminal acting instructor



## Robert MITCHUM

born 1917

HE GOT TO PLAY MORE BAD GUYS THAN MOST movie stars, and that was no small part of his mystique. With his rugged sensuality, heavy-lidded gaze, and baby-I-don't-care cool, Robert Mitchum, who died July 1 at 79, could be just as convincing on either side of the law. Yet his true gift was the way he handled the murkier moral middle ground, playing cynics and rebels with nonchalant disdain: from the P.I. who goes south in *Out of the Past* (1947) to the moonshiner antihero of *Thunder Road* (1958). But good, bad, or in between, all the characters seemed to come easily to Mitchum. That too was part of the mystique. Along with his hard-living, hell-raising reputation (only burnished by a 1948 marijuana bust), his natural ease helped blur the distinction between the on-screen and off-screen Mitchum. Apparently unimpressed by success—he often dismissed his film career with a flip "It sure beats working"—Mitchum sauntered through four decades of leading-man roles, as if getting by on sheer presence.

Yet no less an expert than Charles Laughton, who directed him in *The Night of the Hunter* (1955), called Mitchum "one of the best actors in the world." Then again, Laughton got one of Mitchum's great performances. As a homicidal

preacher, his eyes glinting with intent to kill, Mitchum evoked more terror singing his eerie hymns than most movie slashers muster swinging a machete.

In fact, Mitchum was so good at being bad that when he played a nice guy, such as the schoolmaster in *Ryan's Daughter* (1970), it seemed a waste. It was the surly, sloe-eyed, smoldering edge that made Mitchum such a singular hero—and such a memorable villain. —MS

## Gianni VERSACE

born 1946

FASHION DESIGNERS HAVE ALWAYS clamored to dress stars already known for their elegance. Gianni Versace was braver; he was the first to embrace a different breed of celebrity, rock & roll royalty, a bold species that shared his disdain for carefully considered taste. His brash creations—first seen in his



1978 show in Milan—made fans of Sting, Prince, Elton John, Madonna, George Michael, and Courtney Love. Versace was even a starmaker. When Elizabeth Hurley wore his revealing black dress, held together with safety pins, to the London premiere of *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, she garnered more attention than her boyfriend, the film's star Hugh Grant.

Of course, Versace not only dressed his star clients but befriended them, inviting them to his palazzi in Italy, New York, and Miami, and

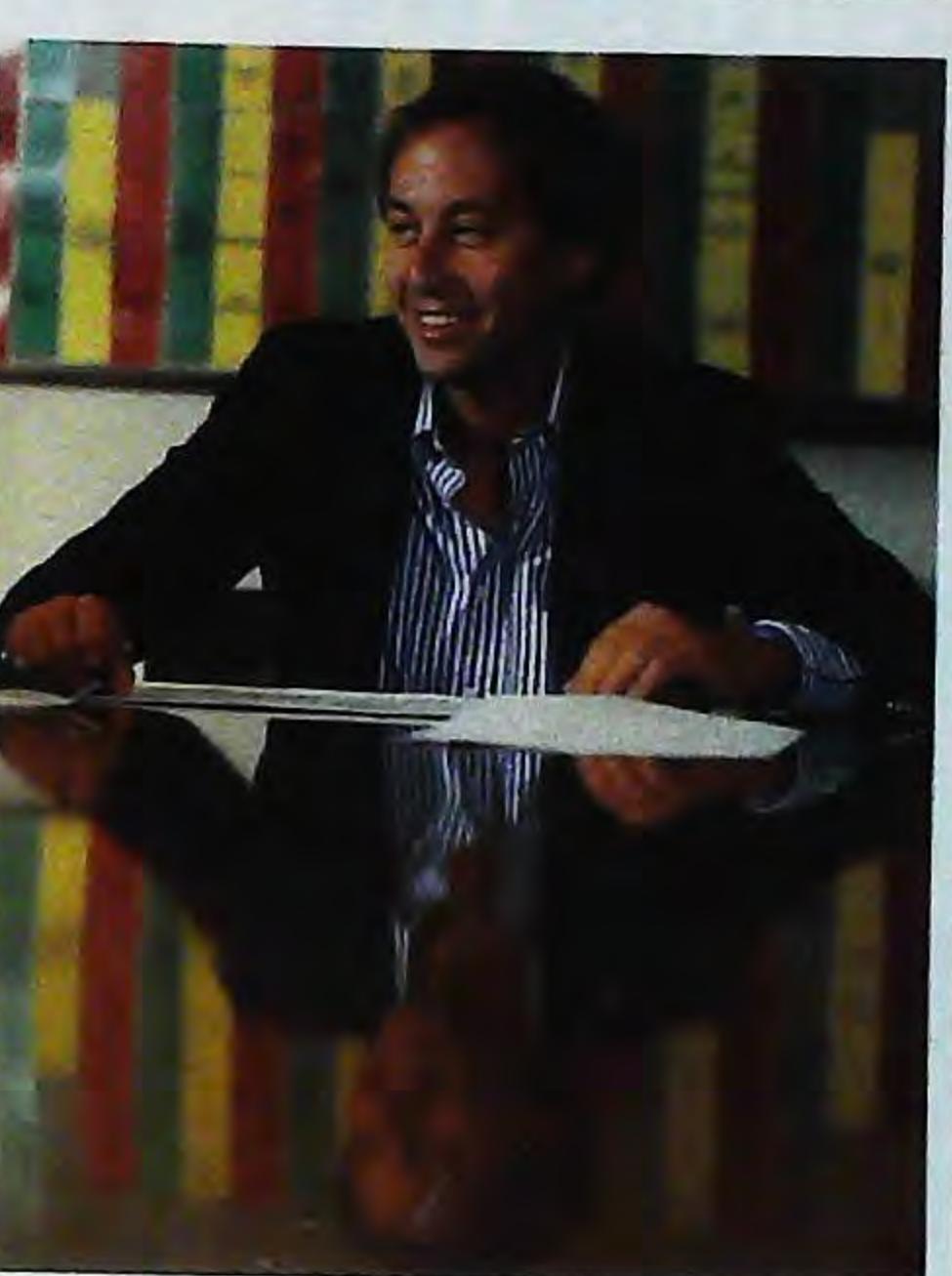
throwing glittering parties. Sure, celebrity connections helped to hype his clothes, but Versace sincerely seemed to enjoy the company.

Beyond the glare of his famous friendships, however, lies a sure legacy. Versace was a true innovator. He turned punk and S&M into haute couture; his magical molding of tough chain metal into slinky dresses has never been paralleled. Though a fame-starved serial murderer gunned the 50-year-old Versace down July 15 outside his Miami home, he remains front and center as one of the most joyous and gifted designers the world has ever known. —Degen Pener

## John DENVER

born 1943

FOR A SHORT, INTENSE PERIOD, WE SORT OF needed John Denver. In the '70s, the former Henry John Deutschendorf Jr. sang of mountain ranges, country roads, and the power of sunshine. It was corny, old-fashioned Americana, but it worked: Denver's sunny demeanor, clear-as-a-stream tenor, and folksy hits (which included "Annie's Song" and "Sunshine on My Shoulders") made him a calming influence during the post-'60s comedown. Denver soon was ubiquitous on radio and TV and in the movies (1977's *Oh, God!*). After his moment passed—a combination of changing tastes, a drop in the quality of his records, and the removal of his granny glasses, which left him with a harder, sterner look—Denver made news only for his two drunk-driving arrests. His legacy, though, isn't simply the rugged opening chords to



BOWING OUT | THE YEAR THAT WAS

2/8 Robert Ridgely, 65, actor (*Philadelphia*)  
2/10 Brian Connolly, 52, glam-rocker (with Sweet)  
2/11 Don Porter, 84, actor (*Gidget's father*)  
2/19 Frank Delfino, 86, actor (*McDonald's "Hamburglar"*)  
2/22 Robert Sarnoff, 78, NBC president, TV pioneer

▼ 2/26 David Doyle, 67, actor (*Bosley on Charlie's Angels*)  
2/26 Larry Stewart, 66, TV director (*Fantasy Island*)

3/7 Frank Pacelli, 72, director (*The Young and the Restless*)  
3/8 Alexander Salkind, 75, film producer (*Superman*)  
3/10 LaVern Baker, 67, legendary R&B belter  
3/13 Robert Saudek, 85, TV producer (*Omnibus*)

► 3/14 Fred Zinnemann, 89, director (*High Noon, The Day of the Jackal*)  
3/15 Gail Davis, 71, actress (*Annie Oakley*)  
3/20 V.S. Pritchett, 96, critic, author of 40-plus books  
3/21 Wilbert Awdry, 85, author (*Thomas the Tank Engine*)  
3/21 Fred Spielberg, 90, songwriter (over 900 titles)

3/24 Martin Caidin, 69, sci-fi novelist (*Cyborg*)  
3/24 Harold Melvin, 57, singer (*Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes*)  
3/30 Jon Stone, 65, Emmy-winning writer-producer

4/2 Tomoyuki Tanaka, 86, Japanese producer, *Godzilla* creator  
4/5 Allen Ginsberg, 70, Beat founder and poet (*Howl*)  
4/8 Mae Boren Axton, 82, singer, songwriter ("Heartbreak Hotel")  
▼ 4/11 Michael Dorris, 52, author (*The Broken Cord*)



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**James MICHENER**  
born 1907

"A STORYTELLER," FIGURED JAMES MICHENER, "is somebody who's going somewhere." And, boy, did he go places. The tireless workhorse of the historical epic, Michener spent most of his 90 years galloping the globe, personally conducting the legwork for his 40-odd books. Many were exhaustively detailed 1,000-page sagas with names like *Poland*, *Hawaii*, and *Space*, and together they amassed over 75 million copies in print. Yet the author and philanthropist—who died of kidney failure Oct. 16 after wearyly choosing to end four years of dialysis—was probably best loved for his first novel, *Tales of the South Pacific*, which won the 1948 Pulitzer Prize but didn't become a best-seller until Rodgers and Hammerstein set it to music. No screen version of Michener's work would ever equal *South Pacific*'s success, but his material's panoramic sweep would prove ideal TV-mini-series fodder (ABC's 1995 *Texas*). Some critics scoffed that his volumes were about only that—volume. But the nomadic author took the carping in stride and never strayed far from his readers' hearts. —Alexandra Jacobs

**Laura NYRO**  
born 1948

MAYBE LAURA NYRO NEVER HAD A HIT record, but everyone else who sang her songs seemed to shoot to the top of the charts. From Barbra Streisand ("Stoney End," No. 6 in 1971) to Three Dog Night ("Eli's Coming," No. 10 in 1969) to the Fifth Dimension ("Stoned Soul Picnic," No. 3 in 1968), her peers knew what too few record buyers realized: This girl—who sold her first ballad at 17—was a brilliant songwriter. She was a pretty damn good singer, too.

Her music was an innovative concoction of soul, jazz, folk, blues, Broadway, and Tin Pan Alley. No wonder it appealed to such diverse performers. Yet nobody did it like Nyro: keening through moods and octaves, hitting gospel heights, always swooping back down to that warm, caressing croon. It wasn't just that she had great pipes; she also had great passion, infusing her confessional lyrics with deep emotion.

Feeling "like a commodity," Nyro walked away from the business in 1972, and in the last 25 years of her life, she made music all too infrequently. But when she died April 8 from ovarian cancer, at 49, the artist who eschewed the lime-light left a bright afterglow. —MS

**Charles KURALT**  
born 1934

UNLIKE YOUR AVERAGE TV JOURNALIST, CHARLES Kuralt had no use for a blow-dryer. His baldness, his rumpled appearance, his casual mien—he used his 13 Emmys as hat racks—made him One of Us. And it was us he took for his subject matter, logging over a million miles *On the Road* to celebrate commonplace America. Kuralt, who was 62 when he died July 4 of lupus-related complications, knew how to stop and sniff the cornflowers—not to mention how to meet the gas-station poets, the singing mailmen, and the water-ballet-per-

BOWING OUT | THE YEAR THAT WAS

4/15 Donald Bexley, 87, actor (*Sanford and Son*)

4/20 Jean Louis, 89, Oscar-winning costume designer

► 4/24 Pat Paulsen, 69, political satirist, presidential candidate

4/25 Nancy Claster, 82, *Romper Room* cocreator

5/1 Bo Widerberg, 66, film director (*Elvira Madigan*)

5/2 Eugene Vale, 81, screenwriter, author, playwright (*The Dark Wave*)

5/4 Alvy Moore, 75, actor (*Hank on Green Acres*)

5/5 Walter Gotell, 72, actor (*Alexis Gogol in Bond films*)

5/11 Howard Morton, 71, actor (*Gimme a Break!*)

► 5/14 Harry Blackstone Jr., 62, magician and illusionist

5/24 Edward Mulhare, 74, actor (*Knight Rider*)

5/28 Sydney Guilaroff, 89, Hollywood hairdresser (for Marilyn Monroe and others)

5/29 George Fenneman, 77, TV announcer (*You Bet Your Life*)

6/2 Doc Cheatham, 91, jazz trumpeter

6/3 Dennis James, 79, TV emcee (*The New Price Is Right*)

6/4 Ronnie Lane, 51, rock bassist, cofounder of Small Faces

6/5 J. Anthony Lukas, 64, Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter, author (*Common Ground*)

6/14 Richard Jaeckel, 70, actor (*The Dirty Dozen*)

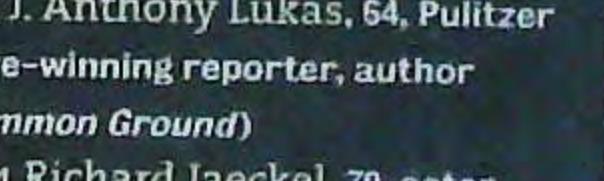
6/20 Lawrence Payton, 59, singer (*the Four Tops*)

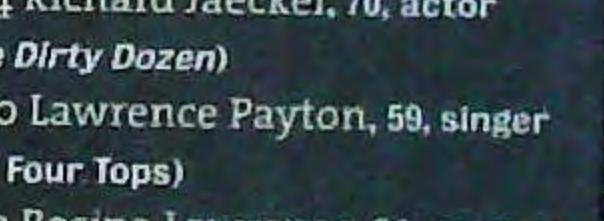
6/23 Rosina Lawrence, 84, actress (*Miss Lawrence in Our Gang*)

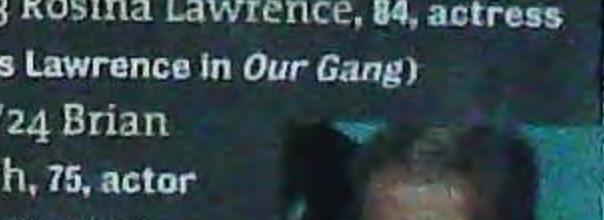
► 6/24 Brian Keith, 75, actor (*Family Affair*, *Hardcastle & McCormick*)

6/29 William Hickey, 69, actor (*Prizzi's Honor*), drama teacher

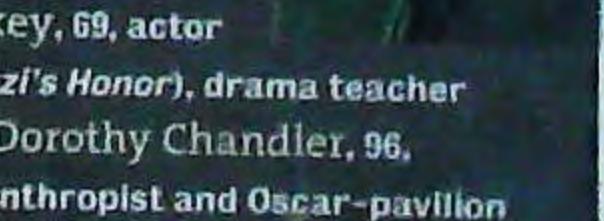
7/6 Dorothy Chandler, 96, philanthropist and Oscar-pavilion namesake



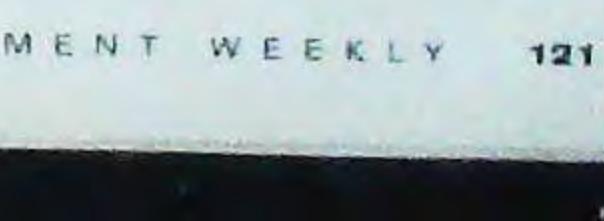
































































































































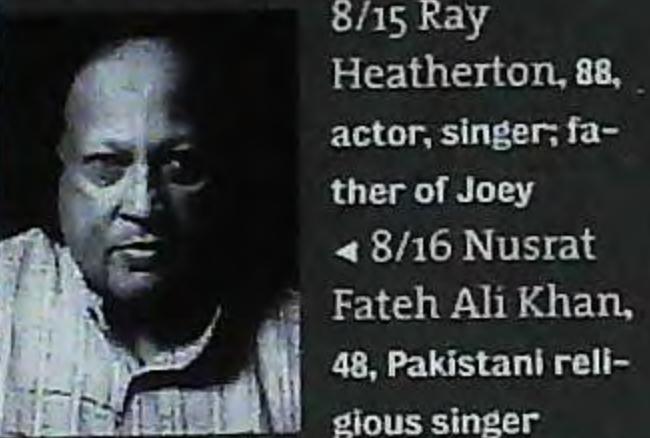




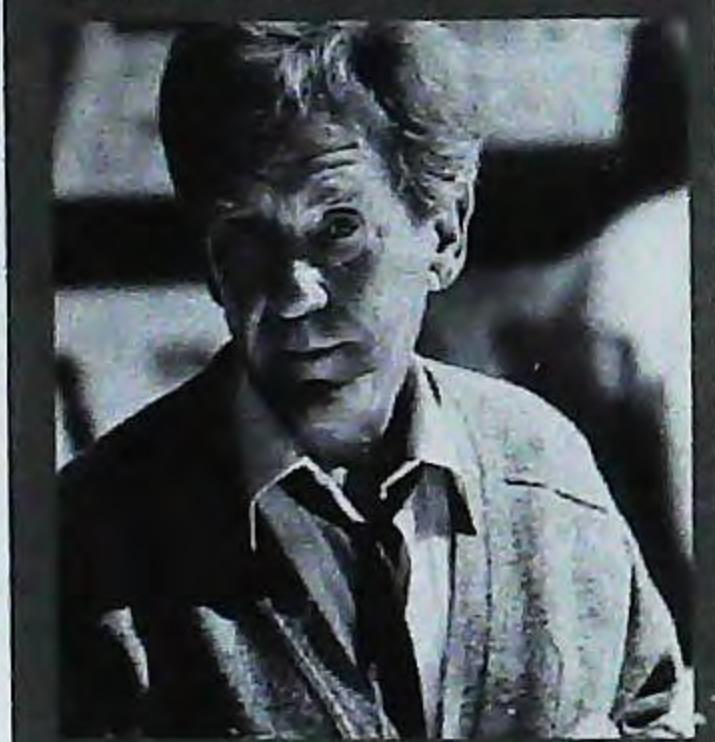


<img alt="Small photo of the Oscar

7/8 Max E. Youngstein, 84, former United Artists cochair; film producer  
7/14 J. David Jones, 61, aerial-stunt coordinator (*Apocalypse Now*)  
7/16 William Reynolds, 87, film editor (*The Sound of Music*)  
7/20 Linda Stirling, 75, actress (*Zorro's Black Whip*)  
7/31 Edith Fore, 81, commercial actress ("I've fallen, and I can't get up")  
8/2 Fela Anikulapo Kuti, 58, Nigerian Afrobeat superstar



8/15 Ray Heatherton, 88, actor, singer; father of Joey  
▲ 8/16 Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan, 48, Pakistani religious singer  
8/19 Robert "Jeep" Swenson, 40, wrestler, actor (*Batman & Robin*)  
8/20 Leo Jaffe, 88, former Columbia Pictures president  
8/27 Sally Blane, 87, actress (*The Silver Streak*)  
9/2 Sir Rudolf Bing, 95, Metropolitan Opera general manager  
9/5 Georg Solti, 84, Grammy-winning classical conductor  
9/7 Derek Taylor, 65, author, Apple Records publicist  
▼ 9/10 Burgess Meredith, 88, actor (*the Rocky films*, TV's *Batman*)



9/10 George Schaefer, 76, former Directors Guild president  
9/12 Stikkan "Stig" Anderson, 66, manager of ABBA, rock promoter  
9/13 Georges Guetary, 82, singer, actor (*An American in Paris*)  
9/18 Jimmy Witherspoon, 74, blues eminence  
9/19 Rich Mullins, 41, contemporary Christian singer  
9/20 Nicholas Traina, 19, punk singer (*Knowledge*)  
9/23 Shirley Clarke, 77, early indie filmmaker



forming pig. For 15 years, his cozy, Pall Mall-thickened voice chronicled art and nature on *CBS News Sunday Morning*. And he displayed his old-school newsmen's writing flair in best-sellers *On the Road With Charles Kuralt* (1985) and *A Life on the Road* (1990). "You can close your eyes and stick a pin on the map of the world and find interesting stories," said Kuralt. Under that shiny pate, of course, his eyes were wide open. —AJ

## William BURROUGHS

born 1914

IF "CREATIVITY COMES FROM A SERIES OF shocks," as William S. Burroughs once said, then the Beats' elder statesman had creativity down. The pistol-packing author, who was 83 when he died of a heart attack Aug. 2, spent much of his career hooked on heroin. In 1951, he accidentally killed common-law wife Joan while trying to shoot a whiskey glass off her head William Tell-style (he served 13 days in a Mexican jail). Most notable among his works was 1959's *Naked Lunch*, a collection of stream-of-consciousness dispatches from deep within his drug-addicted brain, and the source for some choice phrases in musical history

("heavy metal," "Steely Dan"). With his "cutup" technique of randomly juxtaposing texts, Burroughs acted as informal muse to the avant-garde, from rockers David Bowie and Patti Smith to filmmaker Gus Van Sant—in whose 1989 film *Drugstore Cowboy* he played an unrepentant junkie. And who could have predicted that this antiestablishment bad boy would appear in...a 1994 Nike ad? Shocking. —AJ

## Biggie SMALLS

born 1972

BROOKLYN-BORN EX-CRACK DEALER Christopher Wallace (a.k.a. Biggie Smalls, a.k.a. the Notorious B.I.G.) rose to prominence by rapping about what he knew best: drugs, crime, and violence, which he detailed with unflinching bluntness ("[I'm] a big bad motherf---er on the wrong road," he asserted on 1994's *Ready to Die*). The 300-pound, 24-year-old rapper was already a commercial behemoth when he was killed in a still-unsolved March 9 drive-by shooting in L.A. Yet even in death, B.I.G.'s voluminous shadow looms:

His second album, *Life After Death*, went multi-platinum, while "I'll Be Missing You"—Puff Daddy and Faith Evans' musical tribute—spent months in heavy MTV rotation. With another posthumous album on the way, B.I.G. is likely to keep living large on the charts. —Tom Sinclair



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—Vin Diesel  
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BOWING OUT | THE YEAR THAT WAS

**Michael HUTCHENCE**  
born 1960

VIDEO MAY HAVE KILLED THE RADIO STAR, BUT it worked wonders for INXS frontman Michael Hutchence. In the '80s, the Australian band brought outback rock to the world, thanks to its proficient white-boy funk and Hutchence's bacchanalian swagger and unruly mane. Unlike many of his peers, Hutchence took instantly to the new form called music video, leaping into it (and the patented rock-star high life) with a roguish zest. The '90s, though, were far rockier. INXS' record sales fell way off; they were mocked by a new generation of musicians (members of Oasis publicly derided them as has-beens); and Hutchence's relationship with Paula Yates, former wife of Bob Geldof, landed him in a vicious real-life soap. The latter problem may have been a factor in the 37-year-old singer's apparent suicide, by hanging, in a Sydney hotel room Nov. 22. In one of those dark ironies that seem to occur only in pop, Hutchence was supposed to have been at a recording studio to promote a series of 20th-anniversary INXS concerts—a tour with the now-mordant title *Lose Your Head*. —DB

**Red SKELTON**  
born 1913

HE COULDN'T HELP BUT BE A FUNNYMAN—it was the family business. The son of circus clown Joseph Skelton, Red knew from the time he was doing pratfalls as a tot in a traveling medicine show that all he wanted to do was “sing, dance, and above all, make people laugh.” Throughout his six decades in vaudeville, movies, radio, and TV, Skelton’s comedy was peopled with characters like seedy Freddie the Free-loader and yokel Clem Kadiddlehopper. All along, Skelton’s style remained wholesome—even when it cost him. In 1970, his unhip insistence on clean slapstick

comedy led CBS to cancel his 17-year-old *The Red Skelton Show*. (The clown got the last laugh, though: In 1989, Skelton was inducted into the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences Hall of Fame.) Well into his 70s, the comedian continued to take his show on the road for a series of personal appearances. He was 84 when failing health forced his final exit Sept. 17. Good night, Red, and God bless. —KB



**Jeff BUCKLEY**  
born 1966

WHEN JEFF BUCKLEY WADED INTO A Memphis harbor and accidentally drowned May 29, the world lost more than a 30-year-old rocker with killer cheekbones. It lost a virtuoso guitarist, a songwriter whose soul-searching hymns suggested a budding Van Morrison or Joni Mitchell, and, most of all, a singer capable of angelic delicacy and demonic fire. It was Buckley's heart-stopping tenor that rose above the din of New York City folk clubs in the early '90s, when he landed a deal with Columbia Records. Like his father—folksinger Tim Buckley, who had died of a 1975 drug overdose at 28—Jeff Buckley sang like a hopeless romantic. Mysterious and brave, his music is best described by the 1994 title of his only full-length album: *Grace*. —Jeff Gordinier



9/26 Dorothy Kingsley, 87, screenwriter (*Pal Joey*)  
► 9/29 Roy Lichtenstein, 73, Pop-art pioneer  
10/3 John Ashley, 62, actor, producer (*The A-Team*)  
10/3 Millard Lampell, 78, screen and TV writer (*Rich Man, Poor Man*)  
10/6 Robert H. O'Brien, 93, former MGM president  
10/13 Joyce Compton, 90, actress (more than 200 films)  
▼ 10/14 Harold Robbins, 81, author (*The Carpetbaggers*)



10/14 Hy Averback, 76, actor, TV director and producer (*M\*A\*S\*H*)  
10/16 Adam Kennedy, 75, novelist and actor (*Gunsmoke*)  
10/16 Audra Lindley, 79, actress (*Mrs. Roper on Three's Company*)  
10/18 Nancy Dickerson, 70, CBS' first female TV reporter  
10/23 Luther Simjian, 92, inventor (*TelePrompTer*)  
10/25 George Vicas, 71, documentary film producer  
10/28 Paul Jarrico, 82, screenwriter, producer (*Salt of the Earth*)  
11/3 Wally Bruner, 66, TV personality and ABC news correspondent  
11/4 H. Richard Hornberger, 73, author (*M\*A\*S\*H*)  
11/5 Louise Campbell, 86, actress (*The Buccaneer*)  
11/11 William Alland, 81, producer and actor (*Citizen Kane*)  
11/15 Saul Chaplin, 85, Oscar-winning film composer (*West Side Story*)  
11/16 George O. Petrie, 85, radio, film, and TV actor (*Mad About You*)  
11/20 Robert Palmer, 52, rock critic and musician  
11/23 Robert Lewis, 88, acting coach  
11/24 DeVallon Scott, 87, screen and TV writer  
11/25 Charles Hallahan, 54, stage and TV actor (*Hunter*)  
12/1 Stéphane Grappelli, 89, jazz violinist, composer  
12/2 Michael Hedges, 43, New Age/folk guitarist, composer

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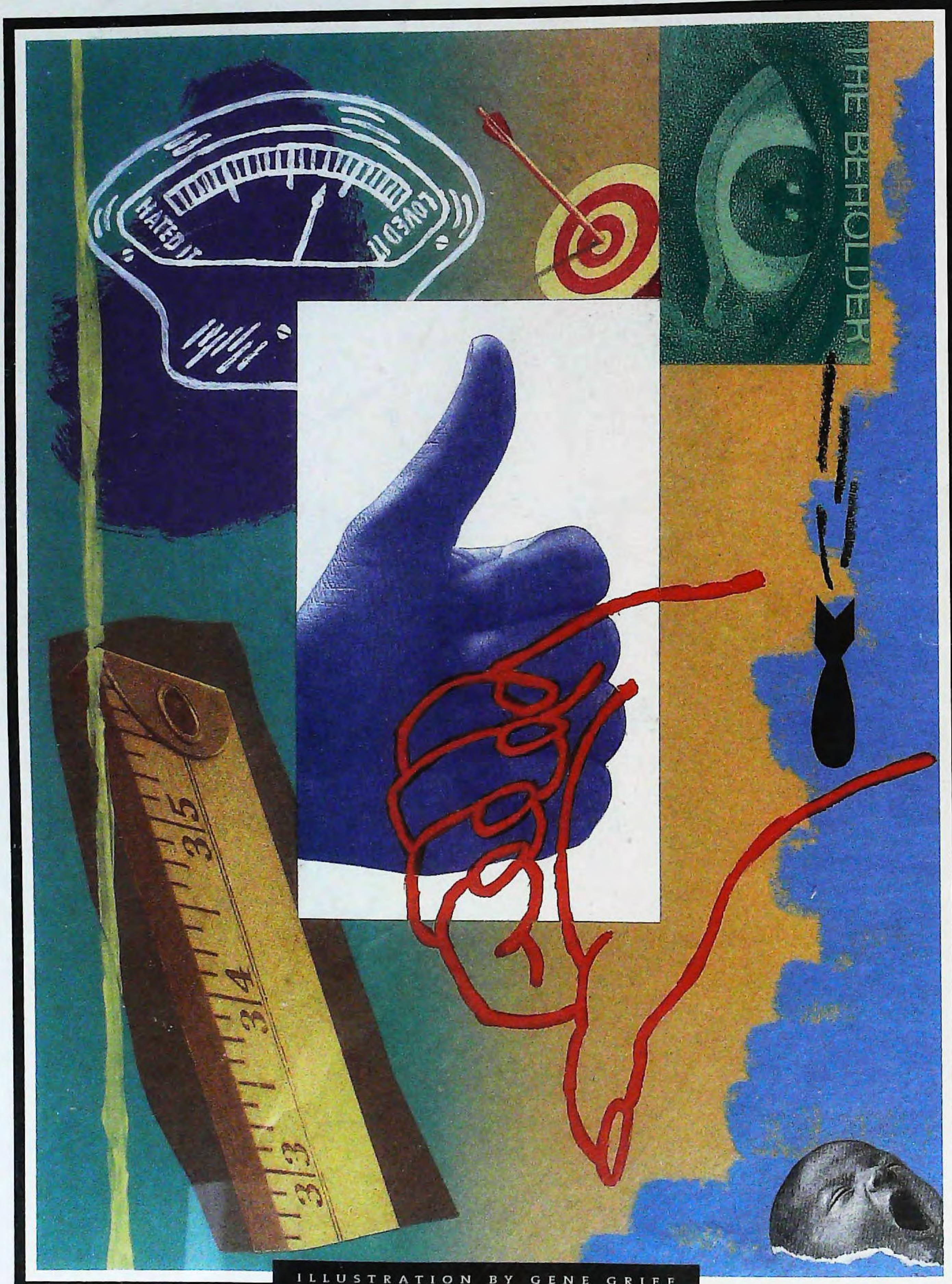


ILLUSTRATION BY GENE GRIEF

# Best & Worst

As **Teddy Roosevelt** once said, "It is not the critic who counts." But that hasn't stopped us. On the following pages, ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY's opinionated pop pooh-bahs provide a guide to the year's best and worst movie, book, TV, CD, and multimedia offerings. Looking for stocking stuffers? You can't go wrong with **Radiohead**, **Hanson**, the **Spice Girls**, or **John Coltrane**. Need a good book to read while traveling during the holidays? Keep in mind **Julia Child** and **Mia Farrow** but leave **Whoopi Goldberg** and **Dick Morris** on the shelf. Haven't seen ***LA. Confidential*** yet? Get thee to a multiplex! Still haven't seen ***Boogie Nights***? Hurry! Missed ***The Saint***? Lucky you. Maybe you'll agree with us, or maybe you'll think Teddy was on to something. But in 1997, at least one thing was certain: Absolutely *everybody* loved **Raymond**. ~*Jess Cagle*



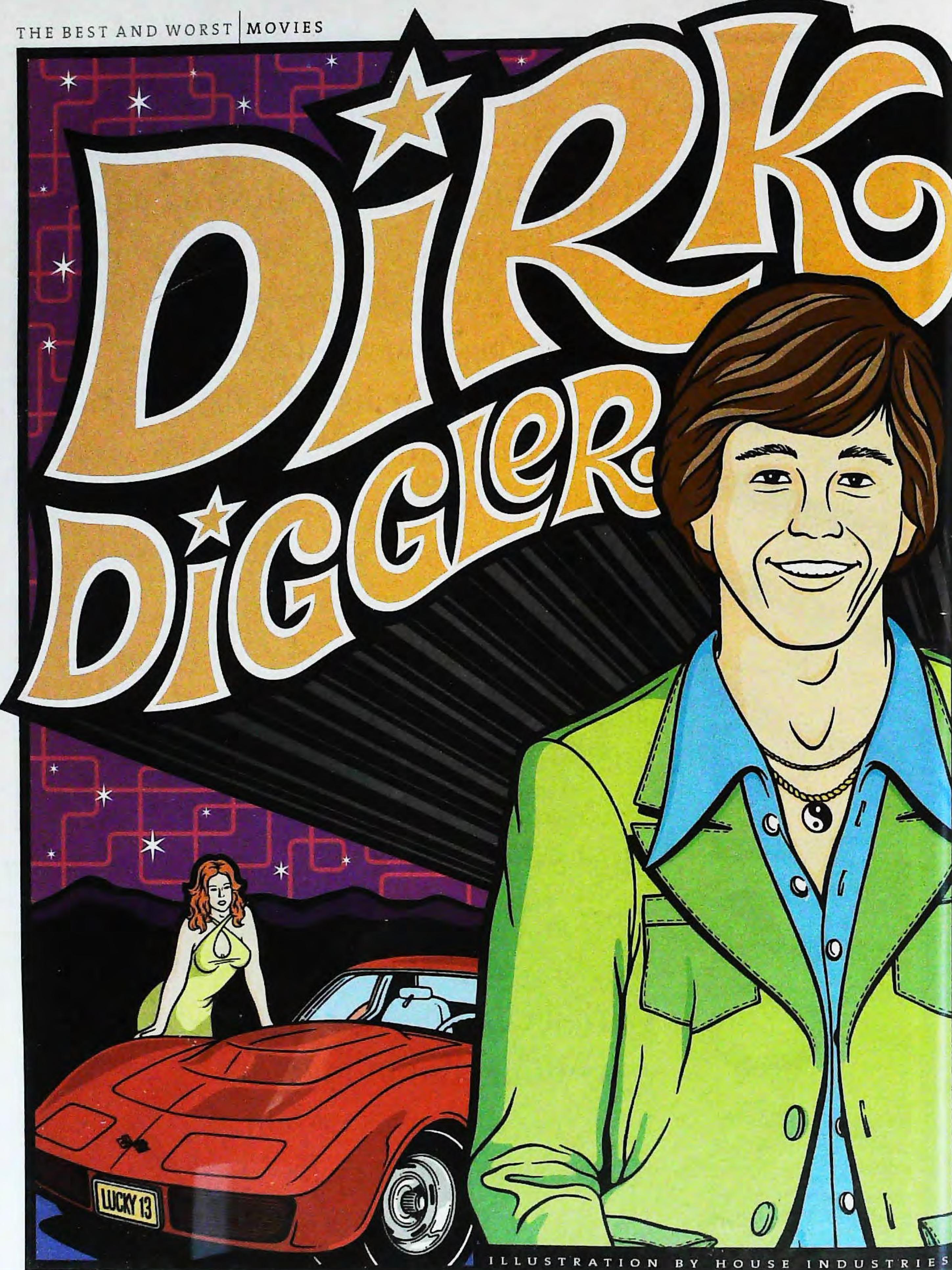


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## 1

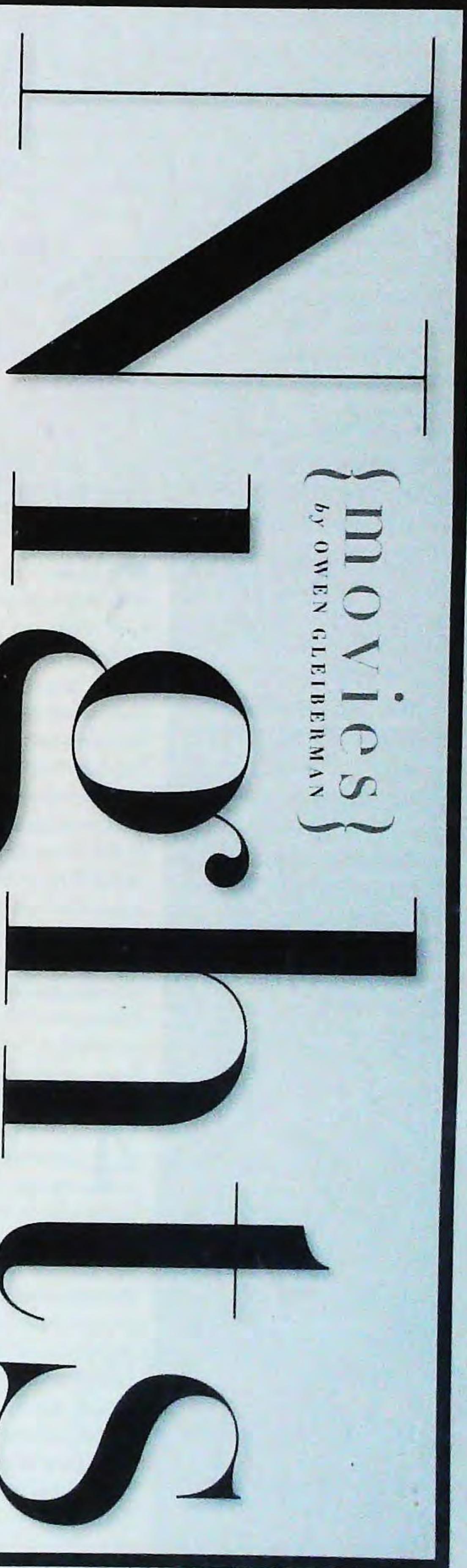
**BOOGIE NIGHTS** Paul Thomas Anderson's delirious porn-world epic is the most sheerly pleasurable movie I saw all year, and what makes it such a kicky and resonant experience is that its very subject is pleasure. Tracing the rise and fall of Dirk Diggler, a triple-X superstar who rides the waves of post-counterculture hedonism until he can't stand up anymore, Anderson roots his movie in a definitive re-creation of the funky, bedazzled, cocaine-and-disco '70s, an era that is only just beginning to enter the realm of pop mythology because it now seems like the last moment in American life when people simply did what they wanted. Anderson embodies that ecstatic, shoot-the-works spirit in the gleeful freedom of his filmmaking. You feel, at every moment, that he's in love with what he's showing you, whether it's Mark Wahlberg, as Dirk, flashing his beautiful gaze of macho innocence as he dreams of becoming a "big bright shining star"; the high comedy of on-set porn shoots that play like *Ed Wood* without clothes; the cocky desperation of Burt Reynolds' fleshpot auteur saying "sexy!" in the

back of a limo as he "directs" a gruesomely unerotic hardcore video; the ferocity of Heather Graham's Rollergirl removing her cheerleader mask to reveal the scary rage beneath; or—the year's most indelible scene—the thrill-happy dementia of Alfred Molina's motormouth addict merging himself with the chorus of "Sister Christian," a song that, in *Boogie Nights*, becomes a heavy metal requiem, a shrine to the eternal, unholy American quest for the next high.

## BOOGIE

**2 THE SWEET HEREAFTER** In this hypnotic modern fairy tale set in the snowy desolation of British Columbia, writer-director Atom Egoyan proves a master of rapturous emotional storytelling. The puzzle-obsessed gamesmanship of his previous work hasn't gone away, though. It's there in the teasing, lapidary brilliance with which he structures this adaptation of Russell Banks' novel about the aftermath of a fatal school-bus accident. Egoyan, like a postmodern Hitchcock, reveals the details of the disaster only gradually, until it seems to have emerged from a disturbance in the universe. *The Sweet Hereafter* is a hymn to parental bereavement, yet you haven't fully taken in the movie if you think it's simply about the calamity of lost children, the impotent love with which questing attorney Ian Holm regards his homeless druggie daughter, or the incestuous relationship between a local teenager and her father. A work of spellbinding mysticism, *The Sweet Hereafter* is about the elusive connection between all those things—about a world in which darkness spreads invisibly, only to be checked by an equally ineffable voice of light.

{ movies }  
by OWEN GLEIBERMAN



**Best Ad Campaign**  
 >> Thought-provoking posters for the designer-gene sci-fi flick *Gattaca* offered "Babies Made to Order."

**Most Abused Taboo**  
 >> Incest reared its ugly head in *The Devil's Advocate*, *Eve's Bayou*, *Going All the Way*, *The House of Yes*, *The Locusts*, *The Myth of Fingerprints*, *The Sweet Hereafter*, *A Thousand Acres*, and *U-Turn*.

**Strongest Proof That Charlie Sheen Needs A New Agent**  
 >> *Money Talks* and *Shadow Conspiracy*

**Worst Hair (Head)**  
 >> Tie: Nicolas Cage (*Con Air*) and Gary Oldman (*The Fifth Element*)

**Most-Impressive Body Hair (Fake)**  
 >> Mike Myers (*Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*)



L.A. LAW: Camera-sly Spacey (center) on the job

**3 TITANIC** A miraculous entertainment that proves the magic of Hollywood is far from gone. In his haunting disaster epic, writer-director James Cameron orchestrates the kind of lush, old-style, grander-than-life spectacle that you thought no one made anymore. Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet bring a cunning and playful sensuality to their opposite-sides-of-the-tracks love story, and the film invites us to revel in everything about their relationship that might, in the wrong hands, have devolved into winsome cliché. Where *Titanic* becomes a genuinely great movie—indeed, a film unlike any other—is in its mesmerizing final hour, where Cameron stages the sinking of the *Titanic* with an awe-inspiring realism unimaginable before the era of contemporary special effects. He puts us right on board that ship, creating a poeticized vision of 20th-century doom—clear-eyed, terrifying, impossibly romantic.

**4 L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** The screen just about glows with corruption, with the sleazy vitality of dirty deeds. The first crime thriller in more than two decades that truly earns comparison with *Chinatown*, Curtis Hanson's smoldering adaptation of James Ellroy's underbelly-of-Los Angeles-in-the-'50s novel has a plot as twisty and treacherous as a nest of vipers. The cast is led by three extraordinary actors: Guy Pearce, his mind as vivid as some people's fists, as a noble cop who has to learn to get down in the muck; Russell Crowe, his hunky glower



WINGS OF DESIRE: Elliott, Alex Jennings, and Bonham Carter

finally coming into star focus, as a brutal cop who has to raise himself out of it; and Kevin Spacey, that genie of acerbic nonchalance, who, as a cynical celebrity officer, finds a grace note of tragedy within in the tabloid effervescence.

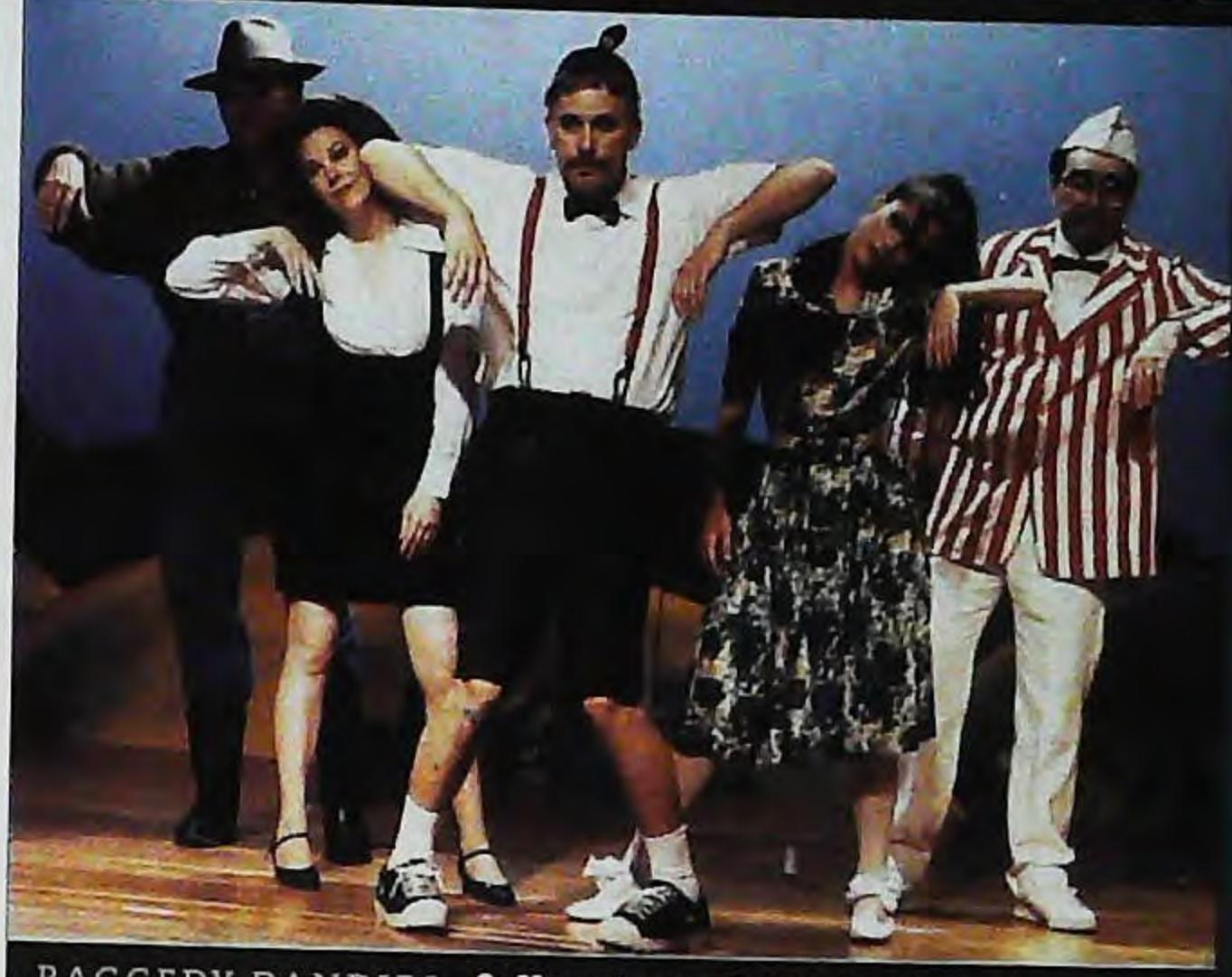
**5 THE APOSTLE** Robert Duvall plays Sonny, a Pentecostal minister who's a family man, a skirt-chasing sinner, a moonstruck narcissist, and also one of the most profoundly religious characters ever put on a movie screen. Duvall, who wrote, directed, and financed *The Apostle*, makes you feel, with an almost physical force, the cleansing intensity of Sonny's faith, the way it inflames the air around him. Sonny is a transcendent preacher, in part because he revels in his own power nearly as much as he does God's. The movie is about the fall and redemption of a good but deeply flawed man, and Duvall, in the greatest performance of the year (indeed, the performance of his life), makes that journey feel as hot as blood, as tender as tears.

**6 THE WINGS OF THE DOVE** At last, a literary period piece that's about something more than the conflict between aristocratic repression and sensual liberation. Director Iain Softley finds the sublime heart of Henry James' 1902 novel about a clandestine couple (Helena Bonham Carter and Linus Roache) in turn-of-the-century London who have already figured out the sensual-liberation part. The trouble is, they don't have any money, so they repress their moral judgment to go through with a disquieting plan—the seduction of a dying heiress (Alison Elliott) who, they hope, will leave them her fortune. Dazzlingly photographed and thrillingly acted, especially by Bonham Carter,

who shows a new complexity and womanly radiance, *The Wings of the Dove* comes as close as anyone has to getting James, in all his lyrical ripeness, on screen.

**7 WAITING FOR GUFFMAN** Comedy should lift the soul, and my soul still hasn't come down from seeing *Waiting for Guffman*, the most exquisite rib tickler in years. Directed and cowritten by its star, Christopher Guest, who filmed it in the same mockumentary style as *This Is Spinal Tap* (this one, though, is even funnier), it follows the hapless residents of Blaine, Mo., as they write, squabble over, and finally perform, in their very own high school gymnasium, an all-singing, all-dancing, all-excruciating musical homage to their beloved hometown. If there were any justice, Guest's performance as Corky St. Clair, the town's flaming theatrical "genius" ("I hate you and I hate your *ass face!*"), would be on its way to an Oscar nomination.

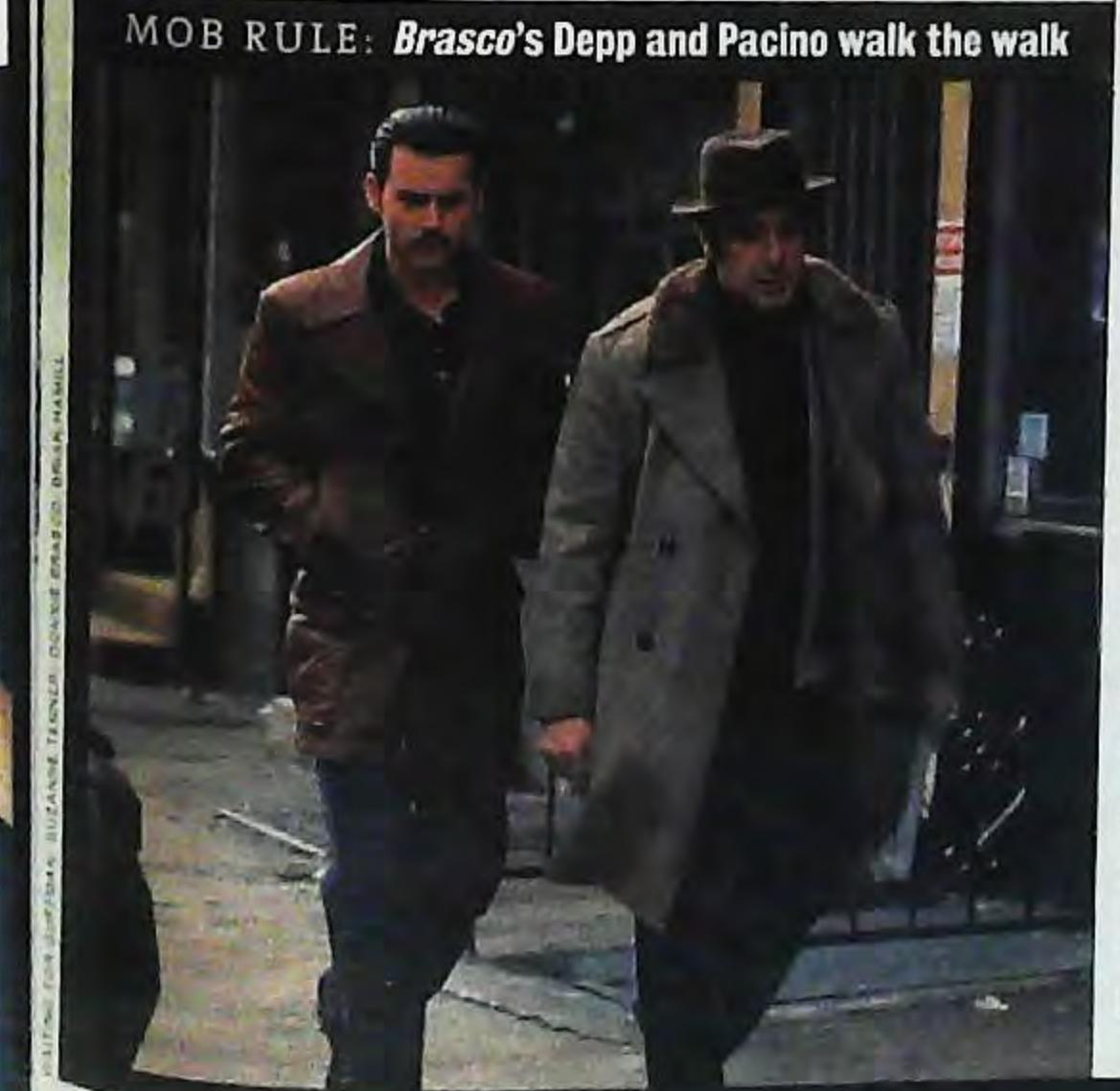
**8 SICK: THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BOB FLANAGAN, SUPERMASOCHIST** Bob Flanagan was a self-lacerating performance artist who suffered from cystic fibrosis. He martyred his flesh in order to master his pain. (He also did it because it turned him on.) In Kirby Dick's brilliant, unsettling documentary, Flanagan emerges as one of the richest, strangest, most heroic film presences of the year, a witty alchemist of psychosexual torment who turned his



RAGGEDY DANDIES: *Guffman* troupe, led by Guest, set the stage

own body into a hideous work of art. *Sick* proved too extreme to win many viewers, but it's an extraordinary vérité parable, a portrait of how far one man will go to spit at the forces that spawned him.

**9 DONNIE BRASCO** New York Italian mobsters in the mid-1970s. An aging hitman. A young FBI agent who goes undercover and befriends him. Sound like things you've seen before? You have. But in the hands of Paul Atterton, who may be the last classical screenwriter in Hollywood (he must feel like an undercover agent himself), *Donnie Brasco* fashions its familiar elements into a nimble and intricate true-life tale of crime, deception, and torn loyalty. For the first time, Johnny Depp, who plays the agent, succeeds in making his cool-hand reserve zing in a normal-guy role, and Al Pacino, as the gangster who doesn't realize he's run out of time, is surprisingly moving. He's the wiseguy as Willy Loman.



MOB RULE: Depp and Pacino walk the walk

**10 IN THE COMPANY OF MEN** A movie that's this heady a conversation piece runs the risk of seeming little more than a conversation piece. But Neil LaBute's joyously savage drama of corporate misanthropy only pretends not to have a soul. Its riveting tale of two glib white-collar drones who decide to woo, then dump, a beautiful deaf assistant is really a study in how far some men will go to downsize their emotions in order to preserve their distance from each other. Aaron Eckhart's performance is mean, funny, and layered. Look closely, and you'll see that the trick of the movie is that he really does fall in love with his deaf victim. The horror of the movie is that even that's not enough to make him care.

**Most-Impressive Body Hair (Real)**  
 >> Tie: Bart the Bear (*The Edge*) and Dan Hedaya (*Alien Resurrection*)

**Best Bad Title**  
 >> *8 Heads in a Duffel Bag*

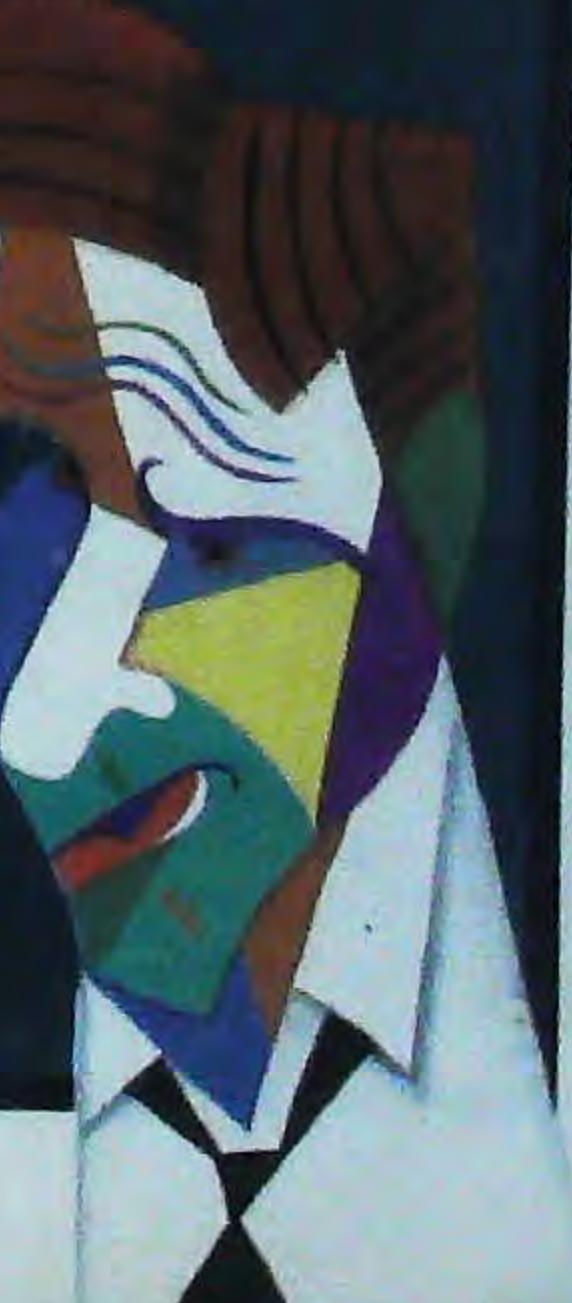
**Worst Bad Title**  
 >> *Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets*

**Silliest Shtick**  
 >> Both Mr. Bean and Austin Powers pretend to disappear down stairs that aren't there.

**Best Catchphrase**  
 >> "Fugeddaboutit." (*Donnie Brasco*)

**Worst Catchphrase**  
 >> "Talk to the hand." (*The Beautician and the Beast*)

**Worst Trailer Tag Line**  
 >> Tie: "There's nothin' more thrilling than nailin' an insurance company." (*John Grisham's The Rainmaker*)  
 "Get off my plane!" (*Air Force One*)



# A Second Opinion



GOLD RUSH: A touching Fonda minds his own beeswax

Bullets, a beekeeper, and the bayou make the grade on Lisa Schwarzbaum's list of the year's best films

**1 L.A. CONFIDENTIAL** So this is what happens when everything comes together—subject matter and style, plot and script, performance and cinematography, and the confidence of director Curtis Hanson to take on James Ellroy's complicated, pungent novel about 1950s Hollywood lowlife. You get an award-worthy 1990s Hollywood movie—a model of flawless cinematic storytelling.

**2 TITANIC** When people talk about the magic of the movies, they mean this—James Cameron's huge, impeccably produced epic in which every single shot is dedicated to telling a big story in a way that doesn't just fill our eyes with grandeur but also stirs our souls with awe.

**3 IN THE COMPANY OF MEN** Two young salarymen hatch a plan to humiliate a woman, simple as that. But in this stunning fable (beautifully written and acted, economically made), first-time writer-director Neil LaBute taps into a wellspring of rage, misogyny, and all-purpose misanthropy so hot the work singes our nerves.

**4 ULEE'S GOLD** No camera tricks, no special effects, no pretty boys angling to be the Next Big Thing. Victor Nuñez's graceful, soft-spoken story about an aging Florida beekeeper is old-fashioned storytelling at its most assured. It's also an opportunity for Peter Fonda (a former Next Big Thing) to do his best work in decades.

**5 FACE/OFF** John Woo's masterfully daredevil style of filmmaking—old news for fans of his classic Hong Kong productions—is a dazzling discovery for everyone else in this, his best American movie. This action thriller weaves haunt-



SWEET EMOTION: Stephanie Morgenstern and Ian Holm

ing set pieces of elegantly choreographed violence, unusually nuanced character development, and joyful performances from John Travolta and Nicolas Cage into an intensely satisfying experience.

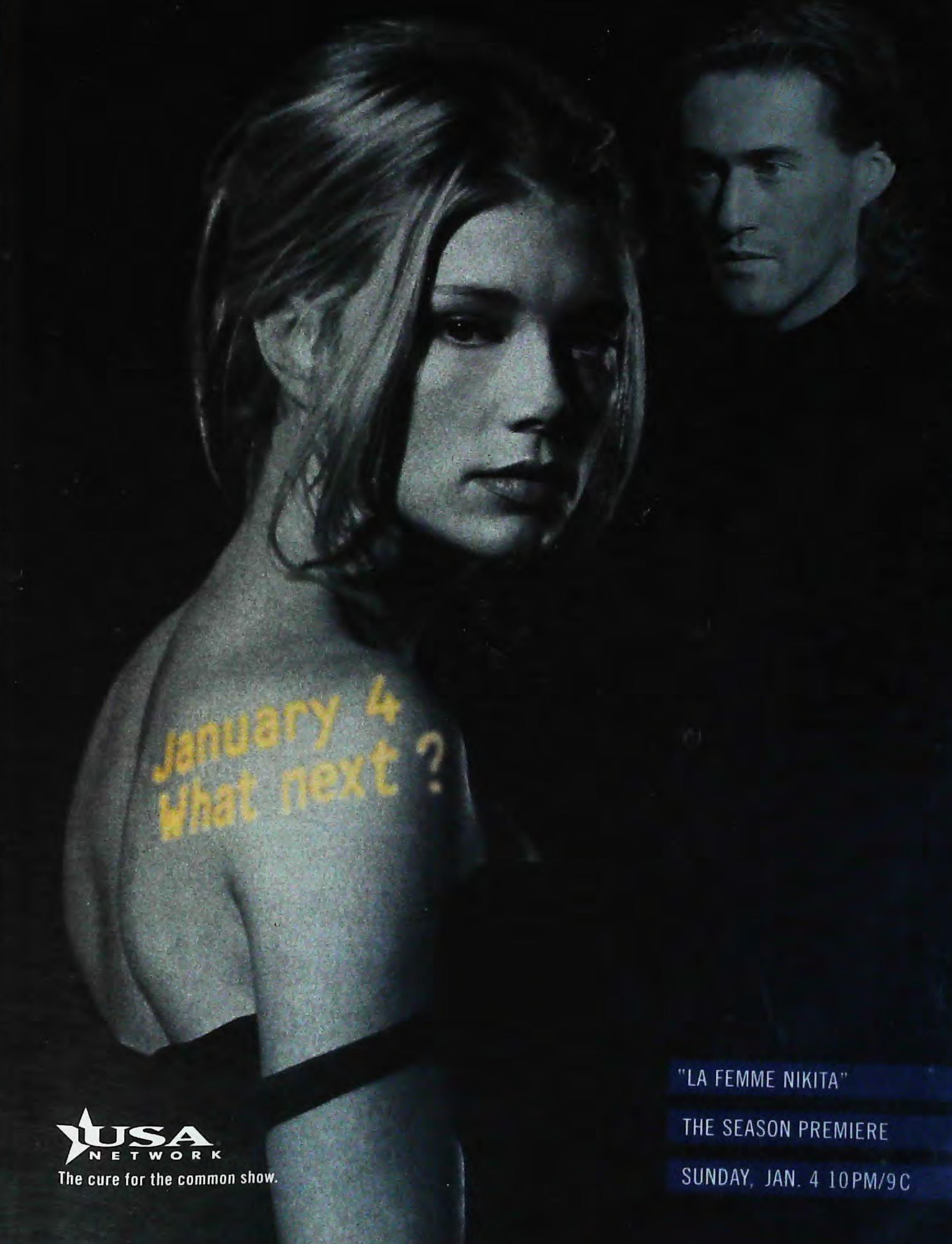
**6 THE SWEET HEREAFTER** Atom Egoyan's interpretation of Russell Banks' fine novel about tragedy (children in a small Canadian town drown when their school bus sinks), grief, and the ways folks make sense of the senseless is as crystalline-pure as cold northern air.

**7 IN & OUT** A sophisticated mainstream American comedy about modern, untroubled homosexuality? That turns minority gay sensibility into a majority virtue? That makes you laugh out loud? Well, yes. This gem from writer Paul Rudnick and director Frank Oz proves that a comedy about homosexuals doesn't need to be loud to be proud.

**8 PONETTE** A child's-eye view of heartbreak in a drama about the death of a parent that's nearly unbearable in its intensity—yet absolutely gripping. In guiding the extraordinary performance of Victoire Thivisol (then 4 years old), French director Jacques Doillon is rewarded with honest vignettes of childhood at its most vulnerable.

**9 EVE'S BAYOU** The ghost of Tennessee Williams hovers over Kasi Lemmons' moss-draped story of sisters and their daddy in a Louisiana backwater. But the first-time writer-director creates a dreamy style entirely her own in this fluid, feminine, African-American, Southern gothic yarn—one that covers a tremendous amount of emotional territory with the lightest of steps.

**10 THE APOSTLE** Robert Duvall inhabits the soul of a flawed Christian who is also a great evangelist. He propels the drama (as producer, director, and writer) with the force of his own passion. And he blazes on screen in a hell-for-leather performance. Somebody say *Amen*.



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 >> Al Pacino in *The Devil's Advocate*

Worst Overacting  
 >> Jon Voight in *Anaconda*

Creepiest Role  
 >> *Crash's* car-wreck fetishist (Elias Koteas)

Most Natural Segue  
 >> After his psychosexual thriller *Lost Highway*, David Lynch directed a commercial for ClearBlue Easy One Minute, a home pregnancy test.

**1 THE SAINT** It sounded like a fun idea: Val Kilmer as a globe-trotting espionage bucko who's a master of disguise. Unfortunately, the movie never gets around to showing you how he changes into his disguises, *why* he changes into his disguises, or what it is, exactly, that he's doing. An effusion of plot holes so dense it seems to be unfolding in another dimension, *The Saint* is the apotheosis of the new incoherence. Not that Val Kilmer minds. Vamping madly beneath his wigs, as if in homage to the worst performances of Marlon Brando, he's like a new kind of drag king: a male male impersonator.



IRMA BOMBEST: Woman in black Maggie Cheung

**2 IRMA VEP** Why don't French films matter anymore? Quite simply, because most of them suck. This was easily the worst of the year, an unbearably turgid, "structuralist" *Day for Night* that wowed some of the more gullible members of the fashion-victim set because it played as a compendium of Hong Kong chic, comic-book chic, dominatrix chic, and how-disaffected-are-we? chic. The movie is so disaffected it barely exists.

**3 A LIFE LESS ORDINARY** It was inevitable, perhaps, that the wild-boy Scottish creators of *Trainspotting* would come to America. What was less predictable is that they would do so to make a raucous yet "sweet" fable about an heiress, the Marxist janitor who kidnaps her, a pair of gun-toting angels, and, in a scene that makes you want to outlaw karaoke bars, Cameron Diaz and Ewan McGregor singing along with Bobby Darin's "Beyond the Sea." Back to Scotland, boys; may the weather clear your heads.

**4 THE DESIGNATED MOURNER** The playwright Wallace Shawn was a good writer until he started hectoring us about the demise of Western Civilization. In this egregiously overcooked diatribe, Mike Nichols stars as Shawn's mouthpiece, a jaded intellectual who feels so guilty about not reading books anymore that he proceeds to excoriate the rest of us for not reading books anymore. Nichols' performance, a singular feat of emphatic whining, makes you understand the high suicide rate among therapists.

**5 SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL** This time, a giant ocean liner stays afloat—it's the movie that sinks. How could an action wizard like Jan De Bont have agreed to direct a sequel to *Speed* that's set entirely aboard a cruise ship? You can't do speed on a cruise ship. Why? *Cruise ships aren't fast*. But you can certainly submerge the careers of Sandra Bullock and Jason Patric. —OG

# Critical Mass

A SAMPLING OF 50 NOTABLE MOVIES FROM 1997—HITS, FLOPS, CRITICS' FAVES, AND A FEW SLEEPERS—AS GRADED BY AUDIENCES AND SELECTED REVIEWERS

CINEMASCORE  
 Audience scores 1-100  
 ROGER EBERT  
 Screenings of 1997  
 GENE SISKEL  
 Screenings of 1997  
 JAMES BERNARD  
*Entertainment Weekly*  
 CARRIE RICKEY  
*Entertainment Weekly*  
 MIKE CLARK  
*Entertainment Weekly*  
 ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY  
 CRITICS' AVERAGE

	CINEMASCORE	ROGER EBERT	GENE SISKEL	JAMES BERNARD	CARRIE RICKEY	MIKE CLARK	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
THE SWEET HEREABOUT	—	A	A-	A	A	A-	A	A
TITANIC	—	A	B+	A-	—	A	A	A-
BOOGIE NIGHTS	C	A	B+	A	B	A+	A	A-
L.A. CONFIDENTIAL	A-	A-	B+	A	B+	A-	A	A-
IN THE COMPANY OF MEN	—	A	B+	—	B	A	A	A-
«FACE/OFF	B+	B	B+	A+	B-	B	A	A-
IN & OUT	B	B	B+	A-	A-	B-	A-	B+
DONNIE BRASCO	B+	B+	B	B+	B+	B+	A-	B+
THE WINGS OF THE DOVE	—	B+	B	B	A-	C+	A	B+
THE APOSTLE	—	A-	B	B	—	B	A-	B+
«HERCULES	A	B	C+	A-	B	A-	A	B+
THE FULL MONTY	A-	B	A-	B+	B	B+	B	B+
CONTACT	A-	B+	B	B-	A-	B-	B+	B
WELCOME TO SARAJEVO	—	C	B+	B+	—	B	A-	B
MEN IN BLACK	B+	B-	B+	B+	B+	B+	C+	B
CHASING AMY	—	A-	B	B-	B	B-	B+	B
SCREAM 2	—	B-	B	B+	B	B-	A-	B
AIR FORCE ONE	A	C+	B	B+	C+	B	A	B
ABSOLUTE POWER	B+	A	C+	A	B-	C	C	B
«THE GAME	B-	B+	C+	B+	C+	B+	B+	B
STARSHIP TROOPERS	C+	C-	B	B+	C+	A	B+	B
ANASTASIA	A-	B+	B-	B-	B	B	B-	B
CONSPIRACY THEORY	B+	C+	B-	A	B-	B	C+	B
BREAKDOWN	B	B-	C+	C	B	B+	A-	B
GROSSE POINTE BLANK	B	D+	C+	B+	B+	B	A-	B
AUSTIN POWERS: INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY	B-	B-	B	C+	B-	A-	B	B-
THE DEVIL'S OWN	B-	C+	B+	C+	C+	B-	B+	B-
JOHN GRISHAM'S THE RAINMAKER	A-	B	B	B	B	B-	C	B
THE FIFTH ELEMENT	B	B-	B+	A-	C+	C	B-	B-
ANACONDA	B-	B+	B	B	C-	B	B-	B-
«SOUL FOOD	A+	B+	B-	C+	B	C+	B-	B-
G.I. JANE	A-	B	B	B-	B	C	B-	B-
AMISTAD	—	B	B+	B	B	C	C	B-
THE LOST WORLD	B+	C	B-	B	B-	B	B-	B
THE PEACEMAKER	B+	C	B+	B+	C+	B-	C+	B-
«COP LAND	B-	C	B+	C	B	B	B-	B
THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE	B	C+	B	C+	C+	B-	B	B-
MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING	A-	B-	B	B+	C	C-	C+	B-
MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL	C+	C	B+	B	B	D+	C+	B-
ALIEN RESURRECTION	B-	C-	C+	B-	B-	B	B+	C+
LOST HIGHWAY	—	C-	C	G	—	B-	B-	C+
DANTE'S PEAK	A-	C	C+	C	C	C+	C+	C+
BATMAN & ROBIN	C+	C	C	C	—	C+	C+	C
CON AIR	B+	B	B-	D	C	C	C	C
KISS THE GIRLS	B+	B+	C	D	C	C	C	C
VOLCANO	B+	D+	C+	B	C-	D	B-	C
SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL	B-	B	B	C	D+	D	D+	C
«I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER	B-	D	F	B-	—	C+	B-	C-
THE SAINT	B+	C-	C+	B-	C	D+	F	C-
FLUBBER	B+	F	C	D	C+	D-	B-	D+



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ILLUSTRATION BY TIM BOWER

{television}  
by KEN TUCKER

# King of the Hill

1

It was a good year for new cartoons, but I'll take *King of the Hill*'s bracing openheartedness over *South Park*'s clever but monotonous heartlessness any time. TV's most original, complicated new character was Hank Hill—middle-class Texan, political conservative, social libertarian, Willie Nelson fan—who exploded every white-guy small-screen stereotype in place since Archie Bunker. Best supporting players: son Bobby, TV's most lovable new child star; and Hank's sweetly shrewd wife, Peggy (voiced by Kathy Najimy, doing a great job with better lines than she gets on *Veronica's Closet*). Series creators Mike Judge and Greg Daniels use the cartoon format to commit creative murder: No live-action show would have gotten away with the constipation episode (in which Hank's colon serves as a window to his soul) or a plot about the use of crack as fish bait. Well, *ER* might have tried the colon-soul one, but it would have been really *grrr-ooosss*.

Program  
of the  
YEAR

2

**EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND** (CBS) Not only did this superlatively old-fashioned sitcom become a solid success (by moving to Mondays), it also became a better show. I hate to compliment a guy for deftness when his funniness depends on seeming awkward, but really, Ray Romano is doing more with a deadpan and a drone than many other TV actors do with years of theater-honed technique. This is the only family show right now that gets as much of its humor from silence (the exquisite slow burns that Romano, Patricia Heaton, and Brad Garrett each deploy to convey their individual comic agonies) as from punchlines. A classic in the making.

3

**BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER** (The WB) By contrast, there's nothing classic about *Buffy*—its pleasure derives from the way it so giddily leeches off the pop culture of the moment. Tapping into the market for teen horror that he himself helped create, writer-producer Joss Whedon mingled post-*Clueless* slang with *Scream*-like sangfroid to come

Most Imaginative Use of a Cardboard Box  
 >> *The Drew Carey Show's* cheeky take on *The Full Monty*

The Baby? What Baby? Award  
 >> *To Melrose Place*, for cleverly disguising (and brazenly ignoring) Heather Locklear's pregnancy. Hunter Tylo who?

Best New TV Theme  
 >> *The Refreshments' King of the Hill* instrumental (with Nerf Herder's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* jam a close second)

Best Use of Nudity  
 >> *NewsRadio's* Andy Dick stripping to his skivvies on *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*

Worst Use of Nudity  
 >> The gratuitous overexposure of Jimmy Smits and Kim Delaney that seems to end every episode of *NYPD Blue*



GOOD CLEAN FUN: *Raymond's* Romano (left) and TV dad Peter Boyle

up with one groovy hour, week after week. Years from now (heck, probably one year from now), its in-jokes and silly scares will seem as stilted and rococo as Jack Kerouac's hipster lingo—or *Clueless*—does now.

**4** *OZ* (HBO) One of the only artists working in pop culture this year who pushed the boundaries of his medium, writer-producer Tom Fontana is also the only person in the history of television to accomplish this in part with a really artistically shot defecation/torture scene. This harrowing look into prison life featured extraordinary acting combined with stories that frequently managed to be horrific, hilarious, and bone-shakingly moving all in the same episode. Describing an edition of *Oz* to a non-HBO subscriber frequently gave new usefulness to Jack Paar's old catchphrase "I kid you not."

**5** *THE SIMPSONS* (Fox) "I say there are some things we don't want to know—*important* things!" Thus spake Ned Flanders, deeply spiritual nitwit, once again embodying *The Simpsons'* perennial target: all-American dim-bulbedness. Television's most gleeful satire featured an especially strong Halloween episode this year, and some of its best plots managed to make little Lisa's existence more complicated and poignant; unlike everyone else on the show, she *wants* to know all the important things in life.

**6** *THE X-FILES* (Fox) I'm hearing complaints from fans about how the "mythology" episodes have become glacially paced, niggling in the amount of new info dispensed. But

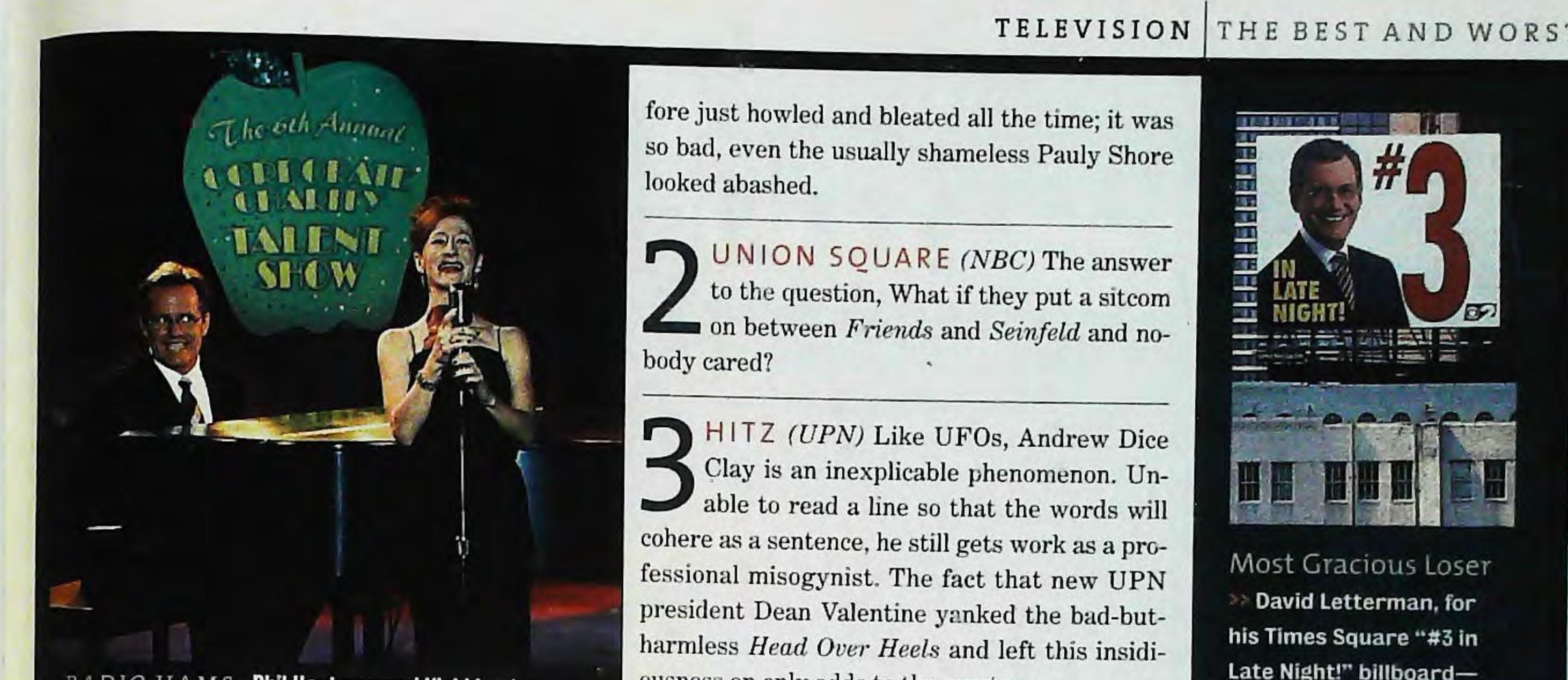
as the series proceeds, I realize that I (and, dare I presume, creator Chris Carter?) have always been in it for the richness of the emotional, not the science-fictional, payoffs. Which is to say, Scully's cancer remission was handled with a lovely restraint that has led to a renewed dramatic energy: *The X-Files* has become, in an almost classical sense, a romantic quest. The "monster" episodes (such as the lyrical Frankenstein/Cher/Jerry Springer entry) now carry more human resonance, as do

the dry, sarcastic comments Mulder and Scully make to each other to stave off the boredom of work and the disaster of an affair.

**7** *LAW & ORDER* (NBC) The equivalent of reading a good police procedural and a solid courtroom thriller every week—an unbeatable prime-time accomplishment. Special credit to Sam Waterston for being so willing to play Assistant DA Jack McCoy as a distracted, sad, grumpy, work-obsessed jerk.

**8** *ER* (NBC) The most popular drama on television refuses to become complacent. No, I didn't like the live episode either,

REMISSION ACCOMPLISHED: *X's* Anderson (r.)



RADIO HAMS: Phil Hartman and Vicki Lewis

but that one aside, *ER*'s undiminished energy is impressive, its layered subplots engrossing. More kudos to an actor opting to play unsympathetic: I never thought I'd be caught up in Anthony Edwards' Mark Greene character until he turned petulant and snarky.

**9** *NEWSRADIO* (NBC) Television's most intricately clever sitcom seemed, if anything, even more shrewd this year, as creator Paul Simms and his writers used the show's low network visibility to their advantage, moving characters around like chess pieces (let's fire Andy Dick's Matthew! Let's demote Dave Foley's character! Khandi Alexander wants to leave? We'll kiss her off in style!). The result is something sitcoms rarely prove to be: surprising.

**10** *DHARMA & GREG* (ABC) Unnoted by critic-fans intent on celebrating her bodaciousness is Jenna Elfman's ability to do what so many women playing ditzy girls have failed at: She has proved to possess a real range of emotions within the limits of that ditzy-girl comic creation. Thomas Gibson is one of the best straight men TV has seen in years, and if the hippie jokes for Dharma's parents are getting as thin as Alan Rachins' ponytail, the funniness of Susan Sullivan's soul-dead grande dame just keeps getting deeper.

>> THE WORST <<

**1** *PAULY* (Fox) It was so bad, the howling, bleating studio audience could not recognize the illiterate punchlines, and there-

fore just howled and bleated all the time; it was so bad, even the usually shameless Pauly Shore looked abashed.

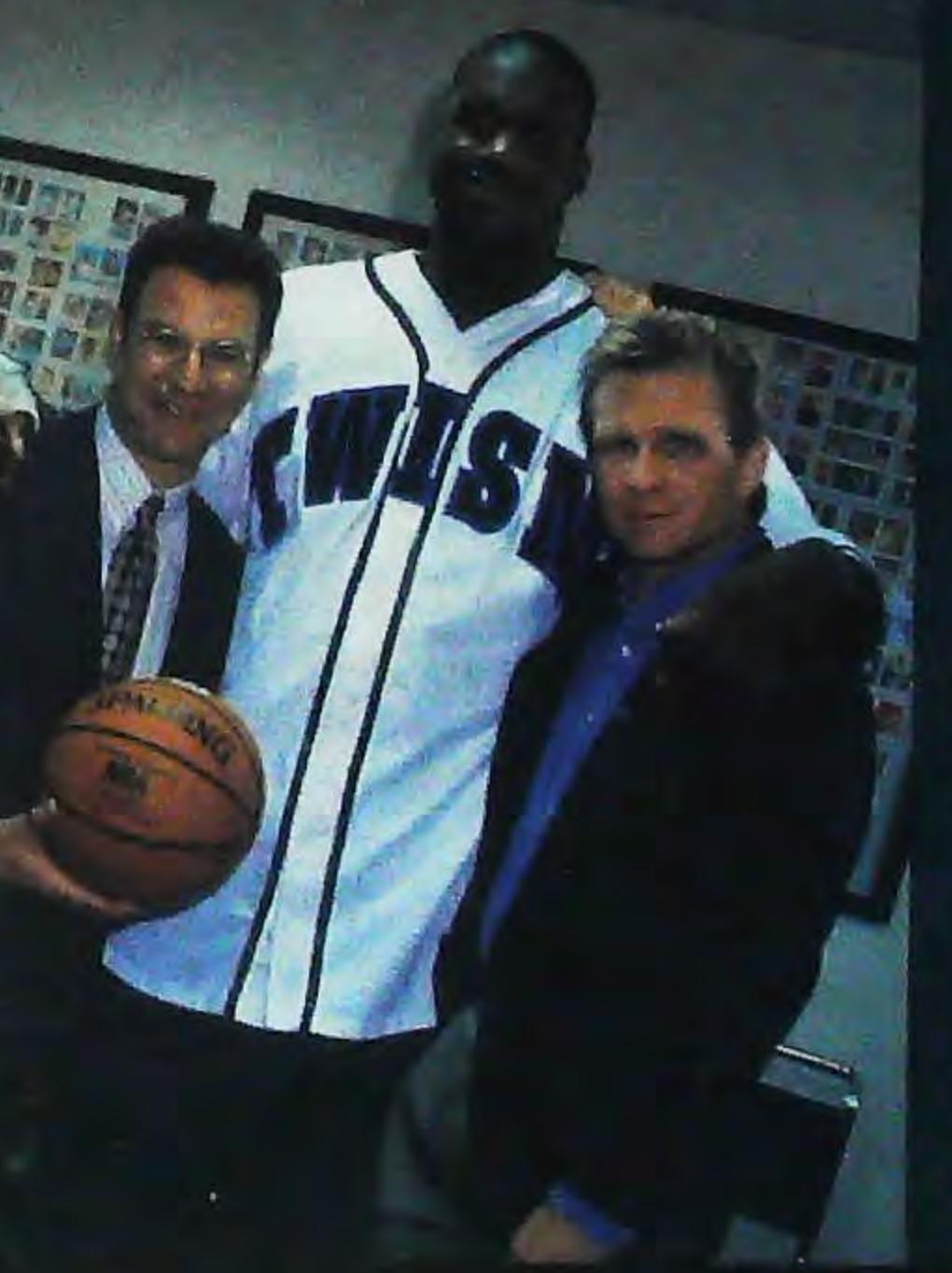
**2** *UNION SQUARE* (NBC) The answer to the question, What if they put a sitcom on between *Friends* and *Seinfeld* and nobody cared?

**3** *HITZ* (UPN) Like UFOs, Andrew Dice Clay is an inexplicable phenomenon. Unable to read a line so that the words will cohere as a sentence, he still gets work as a professional misogynist. The fact that new UPN president Dean Valentine yanked the bad-but-harmless *Head Over Heels* and left this insidiousness on only adds to the mystery.

**4** *UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER* (The WB) Filling the Sunday-night vulgarity void left by *Married...With Children*, this stupidly written sitcom exists primarily to force the actually not-bad actress Nikki Cox to prance around in tiny dresses and spike heels, amid catcalls from the audience. Cruel, pandering, creepy; please cancel so I can stop watching every week.

**5** *ARLI\$\$* (HBO) A sentimental (un-)favorite, with added bitterness this year: Robert Wuhl's mirthless sports rip-off of *The Larry Sanders Show* was a reminder that we endured without any new *Larrys* since February.

SHAQ'D UP: Despite star cameos, *Arli\$\$* fell flat



Most Gracious Loser

>> David Letterman, for his Times Square "#3 in Late Night!" billboard—right down the block from Jay Leno's "#1 in Late Night!" sign

Least Gracious Winner

>> *The X-Files'* Gillian Anderson, for not mentioning costar David Duchovny in her Golden Globe or her Emmy acceptance speeches

Best Guest Spot

>> Emma Thompson on *Ellen*. We knew all along that accent was fake.

Worst Guest Spot

>> *Homicide's* Detective Munch (Richard Belzer) traveled needlessly from NBC to Fox's *The X-Files* to interrogate a Lone Gunman.

Most To-Die-For TV Character

>> Angel (David Boreanaz), *Buffy*'s vampire boyfriend

Best Catchphrase

>> *South Park*'s delightfully subversive "Oh, my God, they killed Kenny! You bastards!"

# A Second Opinion

Straight-up cops, locked-up cons, and stand-up comics top Bruce Fretts' can't-miss TV list

**1** **HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREET** (NBC) and **OZ** (HBO) TV's finest writer, Tom Fontana, explores both sides of the law in these groundbreaking series. *Homicide* hit a new high with an epic investigation of a murder within a wealthy African-American family. And freed from network censors, the grim prison drama *Oz* demolished almost every remaining TV taboo—without seeming exploitative for a second.

**2** **EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND** (CBS) Ray Romano's family sitcom delved deep into sub-urban dysfunction. No sitcom enjoyed a better batting average: Every episode has been a home run.

**3** **NEWSRADIO** (NBC) The sly office satire has taken a surreal turn this year, with the entire ensemble following in superspaz Andy Dick's slapstick footsteps. Even with Khandi Alexander's exit, the cast continue to be a nearly peerless comedy troupe.

**4** **FRASIER** (NBC) After more than 100 half hours, the new episodes of Kelsey Grammer's saucy farce still stand proudly alongside its syndicated reruns. Wish I could say the same for *Seinfeld*.

**5** **ELLEN** (ABC) The "coming out" episode was a pop-culture miracle: a media circus that lived up to its hype. Ever since then, Ellen DeGeneres' sitcom has radiated with the sheer joy of creative freedom.

**6** **BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER** (The WB) The genius of Joss Whedon's teen screamer is its treatment of supernatural combat as just another

high school nightmare. Sarah Michelle Gellar's heroine balances dating dilemmas with demon destruction.

**7** **THE CHRIS ROCK SHOW** (HBO) Rock this: The bitingly brilliant stand-up packs more attitude into his half-hour-a-week talk show than Dave, Jay, Conan, and Keenen do in 20 hours *combined*.

**8** **THE GREGORY HINES SHOW** (CBS) Who knew the hoofer would step so smoothly into TV dad-dom? The jokes can be predictable, but gifted costars Brandon Hammond, Wendell Pierce, and Bill Cobbs ground them in genuine familial affection.

**9** **GEORGE & LEO** (CBS) God-among-funny men Bob Newhart is at his best among a cast of crazies, and his new series has plenty, including Judd Hirsch, Jason Bateman, and the deliciously dry Darrell Theirse as Newhart's underpaid bookstore employee.

**10** **THE DAILY SHOW** (Comedy Central) This mock newscast's anchor, Craig Kilborn, reigns as TV's supreme smartass—and the logical heir to *SNL*'s Norm Macdonald, who seems increasingly uninterested in doing "Weekend Update."

CRIMINAL MIND: Fontana (r) pens *Oz* and *Homicide* (l.)



She failed to complete her last mission. She's still alive.

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# Sound Bites

A ROUNDUP OF THE YEAR'S MOST QUOTABLE

"Siskel or Ebert?" —Mulder (David Duchovny), upon finding a severed thumb, on *The X-Files*

"I'm so Farrah right now...." —Janeane Garofalo, after losing her train of thought, on *Late Show With David Letterman*

"It never entered my mind that I'd be considered a distinguished film actress, like Courtney Love." —Debbie Reynolds, accepting her American Comedy award

"I could do *Homo Improvement* with you." —Elton John, to fellow guest Tim Allen, after Jay Leno suggested he star on a sitcom, on *The Tonight Show*

"Well, you've got your work cut out for you, then." —David Letterman to Harrison Ford, who'll costar with Ellen DeGeneres' girlfriend, Anne Heche, in an upcoming romantic comedy, on *Late Show*

"You are an idiot." —Bill Maher to Pauly Shore, on *Politically Incorrect*

"I can't believe you of all people are gonna Scully me." —Buffy (Sarah Michelle Gellar), to her atypically skeptical mentor Giles (Anthony Stewart Head), on *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

"He's disabled. Plus, he's the President. Can you imagine the parking spot this guy has?" —Norm Macdonald, on Clinton's knee injury, on *Late Show*

"Shut your pretty-girl hole." —Cranky dominatrix Geri Turner (Debra Christofferson) to Diane (Kim Delaney), on *NYPD Blue*

"The media should take a cue from [Gianni] Versace's clothes—cover the key parts, but leave a lot uncovered." —Bernard Kalb, criticizing the media frenzy over the designer's murder, on *Reliable Sources*

"Ellen DeGeneres is angry about this she was speechless. So at least something good has come out of it." —Jay Leno, on Frank Gifford's affair, on *The Tonight Show*



"I was stunned—I thought I was the only one who went to bed wearing Nikes and a purple shroud." —David Letterman, about the Heaven's Gate mass suicide, on *Late Show*

"I'm not your type. My breasts are real." —Paula (Janeane Garofalo), after Larry (Garry Shandling) asked her out, on *The Larry Sanders Show*

"Lisa, when you get a little older you'll learn that Friday is just another day between NBC's Must See TV Thursday and CBS' Saturday-night crap-o-rama." —Bart on *The Simpsons*

"The First Lady is in Amsterdam and visited the house of Anne Frank, where she, just out of habit, shredded the diary." —Bill Maher on *Politically Incorrect*

"I could've eaten a box of Alpha-Bits and crapped a better interview." —Frank (Peter Boyle), after Ray (Ray Romano) bombs on a talk show, on *Everybody Loves Raymond*

"Famed anthropologist Mary Leakey died at the age of 83. Leakey was buried near her home, where she will rest in peace, until some nosy anthropologist digs her up." —Norm Macdonald, on *SNL*

"Barbie now is getting a bigger waist and a smaller chest.... Not surprisingly, Ken announced he wants to start seeing other dolls." —David Letterman on *Late Show*

"Our top story tonight: Kenny G blows." —Craig Kilborn, after the sax man held a note for a record 45 minutes, on *The Daily Show*



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# Gold Mountain

BOOK  
of  
the  
YEAR

**1** Charles Frazier (*Atlantic Monthly*, \$24) It was a banner year for adventure stories of all kinds, but the remarkable thing about this one—an unabashedly literary first novel set during the Civil War—is that it throws the “coming home” part of adventure into sad, stark relief. A loose refashioning of the classic Odyssean myth, *Mountain* trails, in exquisitely researched detail, the treacherous 300-mile journey of a wounded Confederate deserter named Inman—back to the brilliant, cultured outsider Ada whom he doesn’t quite dare believe will become his wife. There is enough weapon clanging to satisfy all but the most bloodthirsty Civil War buffs, yet Frazier lavishes equal narrative weight on Ada’s trials and ravaged psyche as she watches and waits, struggling to tend her dead father’s farm. Thick with dusted-off Southern Appalachian lore, almost musical in its prose, this National Book Award winner is a thoroughly modern love story.

BOOKS  
by ALEXANDRA JACOBS

**2** DAUGHTER OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA // Jacki Lyden (*Houghton Mifflin*, \$24) It takes more than a *really crazy* mother to hoist a memoir above the trampling memoir herd. Not that this author’s wasn’t a doozy (Marie Antoinette was but one identity she occasionally adopted). But NPR senior correspondent Lyden doesn’t just string together the heartbreakingly funny anecdotes of her mom’s manic depression—she weaves them into a skein undergirding her own peripatetic life, with a graceful self-awareness that few in this trendy genre have mustered.

**3** INTO THIN AIR // Jon Krakauer (*Villard*, \$24.95) When *Outside* magazine sent Krakauer to report on a guided trip up Mount Everest in May 1996, he thought he’d be filing a piece about the summit’s increasingly routine surmountability. By expedition’s end, the mountain had claimed six lives, and Krakauer had enough material for a book—one he would have given anything not to write. A horrifying, lucid survivor’s account by the author of *Into the Wild* (EW’s 1996 Book of the Year).

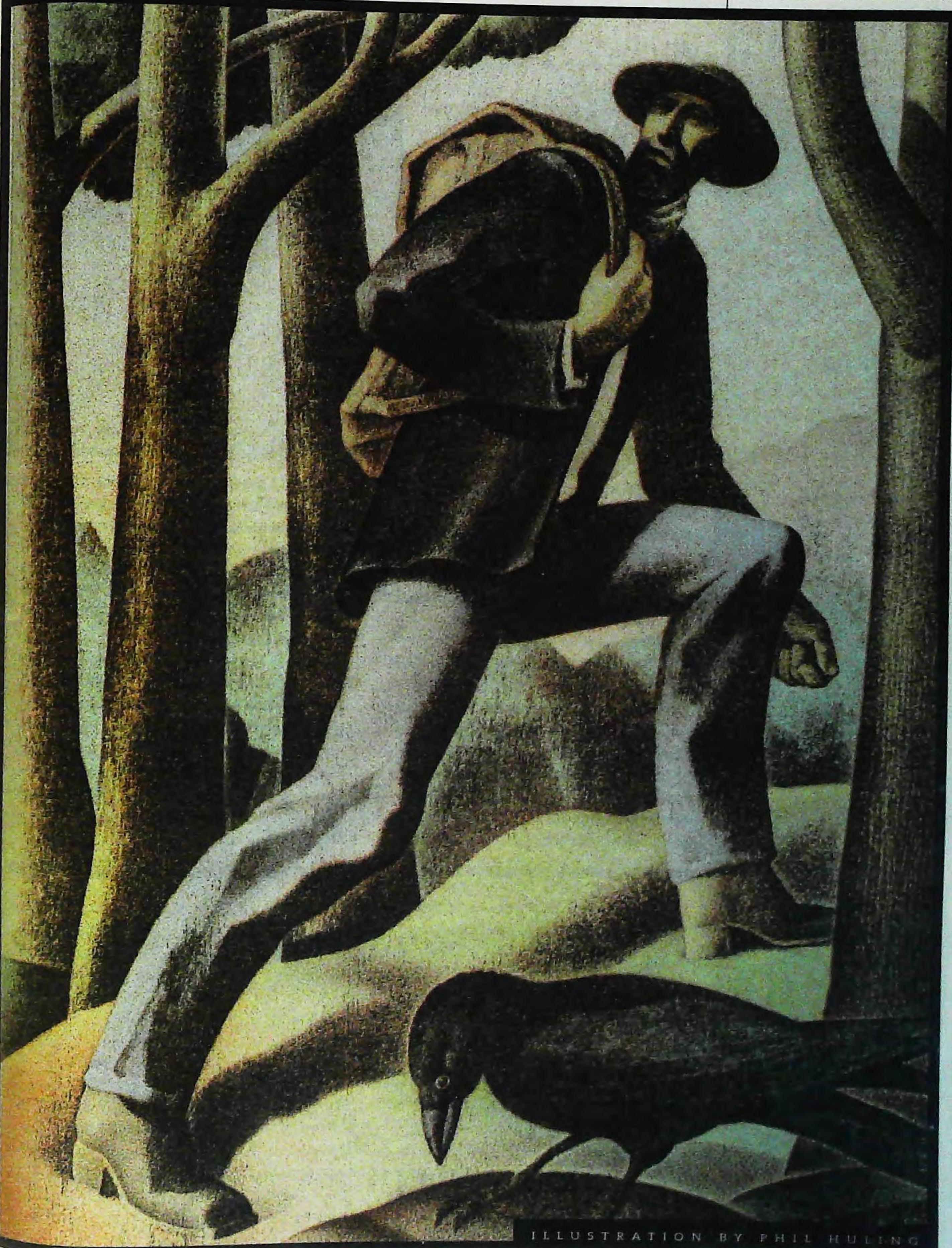


ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL HULING

Best Sequel  
 >> *Bridges of Madison County* author Robert James Waller's wife filing for divorce

Best Cheesy Celeb Memoir  
 >> Jenny McCarthy's, wherein she admits to hating her breast implants

Worst Cheesy Celeb Memoir  
 >> Erik Estrada's, wherein he consistently refers to himself in the third person (e.g., "Who is Erik Estrada?")



# THE COBRA EVENT

RICHARD PRESTON  
*The Hot Zone*

The deaths happened very quickly. The disease is unknown. It is explosive in its effects on people. I think we have a problem in New York.

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## 4 ALL OVER BUT THE SHOUT-IN' // Rick Bragg (Pantheon, \$25)

Nominally, this is the first-person story of how *New York Times* national correspondent Bragg went from his poverty-stricken Alabama beginnings to a 1996 Pulitzer Prize for feature writing. But it's really more of a poem disguised as a memoir, a gift from a son to his mother, as well as a primer on good reporting. Bragg shows a flair for the unexpected metaphor, and compassion for his subjects.

## 5 APPETITE FOR LIFE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF JULIA CHILD // Noël Riley Fitch (Doubleday, \$25.95)

Though it's certainly disturbing to discover that Julia Child ever lusted after anything racier than, say, a glass of wine, our beloved "lady of the ladle" threw open her entire life's chest of drawers—diaries, letters, falsies—to a scholar who previously chronicled erotic diarist Anaïs Nin, so stand forewarned, there are some naughty bits. But what complete access mixed with zero interference from the Hearty One yields is a meaty, well-told life. *Bon appétit*, indeed.

## 6 UNDERWORLD // Don DeLillo (Scribner, \$27.50)

After he lost to Frazier at this year's National Book Awards, DeLillo walked around passing out his habitual note cards: "I don't want to talk about it." Even if he had, surely his powers of language were exhausted with this gargantuan opus, which spans five decades and the entire Cold War. Less a political novel than a dark, unflinch-



COMING CLEAN: Farrow purges demons in her memoir

## 7 WHAT FALLS AWAY // Mia Farrow (Doubleday, \$25; paperback Bantam, \$7.50)

In one of the many priceless anecdotes packing this grim fairy tale of an autobiography, French matinee idol Charles Boyer tells the 10-year-old Farrow, "Your life will be a wonderful one, but difficult I think." And how! Pile the polio bout, the Sinatra and Previn marriages, the Beatles friendship, the dozen or so kids, *l'affaire Woody* onto a couple acting jobs, and it's amazing that the onetime *Peyton Place* waif can actually write. But she can—and well. Maybe it's the Irish in her.

## 8 THE PERFECT STORM // Sebastian Junger (Norton, \$23.95)

For once, it wasn't Stephen King behind the Most Nightmarish Passage of the Year. The honor goes instead to Junger, for his excruciating description of the sensation of drowning. Worse, this is nonfiction—the harrowing reconstruction of swordfishing boat *Andrea Gail*'s engulfment by a freak convergence of three storms in 1991. Ferociously dramatic, vividly told—and thoroughly tragic.

## 9 CROOKED LITTLE HEART // Anne Lamott (Pantheon, \$24)

The bookish heroine of Lamott's much underappreciated 1983 novel *Rosie* has grown into a 13-year-old cheating tennis champ who, ruffled by the wayward ways of those around her (pregnant doubles partner, preoccupied mother, and a possible pervert named Luther), still mourns her idealized, long-dead dad. Set in the author's familiar, convivial, 12-step Northern California world, this beautiful, warbling sequel squeezes as much poetry as could possibly be extracted from a difficult adolescence.

## 10 HERE ON EARTH // Alice Hoffman (Putnam, \$23.95)

For 20 years, Hoffman has spun stories that flit effortlessly between serious literature and pop fiction—often overlaid with the dreamy gauze of magic. This, her 12th novel, is no exception. It begins with a fortysomething woman revisiting her hometown for a funeral, stirs in many troubled characters, and ends a darkly complicated, *Wuthering Heights*-esque brew of abuse, familial love, and female identity. Oprah, are you listening?

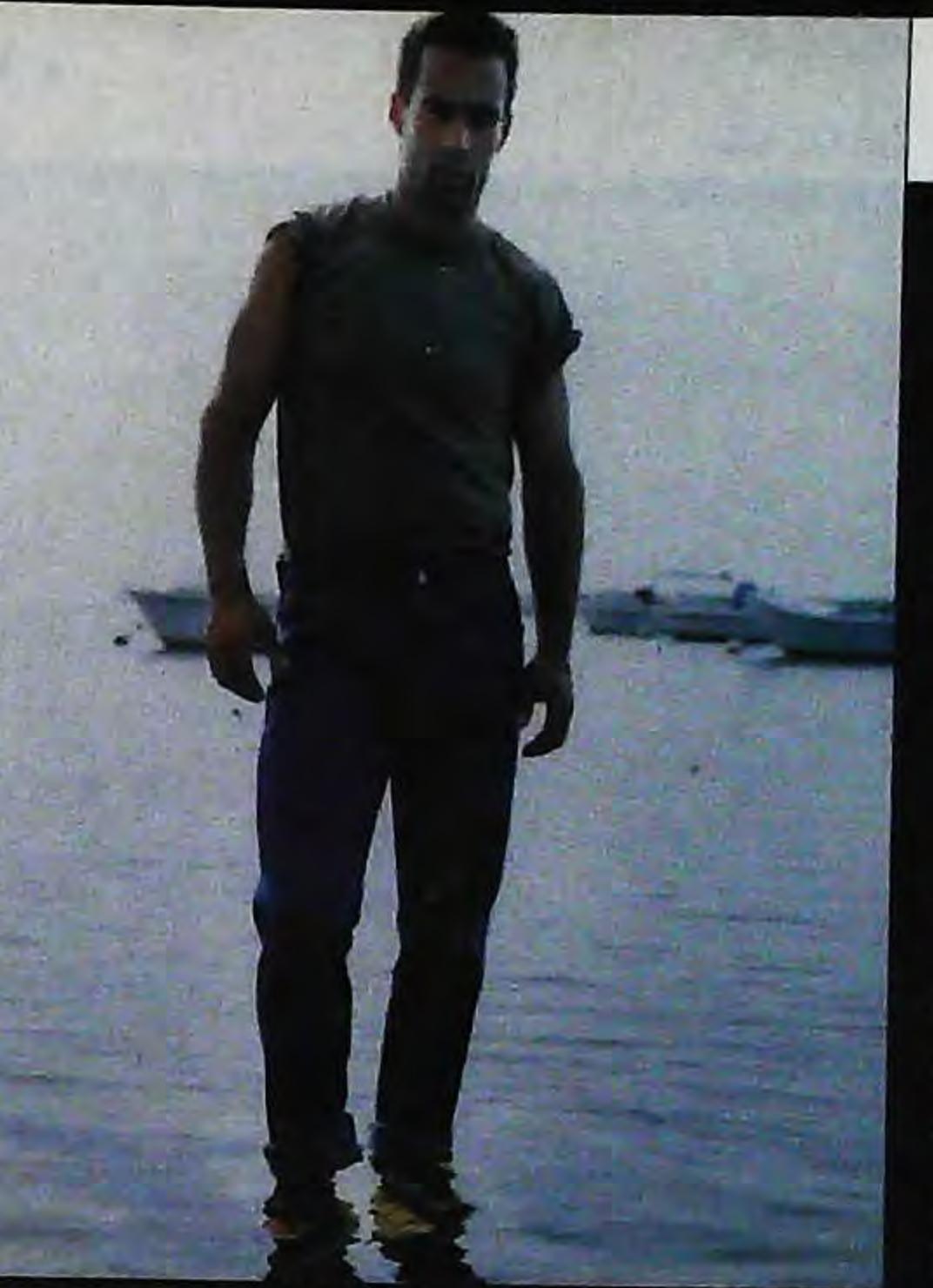
### >> THE WORST <<

## 1 MEG // Steve Alten (Doubleday, \$22.95)

Wistfully, one recalls the licentious preppies who rolled around in the sand—and were duly punished—in *Jaws*. Their '90s counterparts: grim, Crichton-esque lab coats, whom one is not really sorry to see gobbled by the great white shark's fearsome ancestor, *Carcharodon megalodon*. A draining would-be *Jurassic Shark*.

## 2 HORNET'S NEST // Patricia Cornwell (Putnam, \$25.95)

Give the superselling crime queen credit for risking a novel sans the heroine who made her famous. Okay, now take it back. *Hornet's Nest* could have used Dr. Kay Scarpetta. It could have also used a less



BAIT ME: Junger lured readers with his sea tale

clichéd setup (bright cub reporter paired with tough-talkin' deputy chief), fewer gross stereotypes (mincing gay sexual predator; manipulative Jewish banker), and a far sterner editing hand. One wonders whether this was written, or dictated on the run.

## 3 BOOK // Whoopi Goldberg (Rob Weisbach, \$22)

You get a whiff of what you're in for (bromides, scatology) with the following apologetic item of jacket copy: "This book doesn't suck." (Hey, don't put words into our mouths!) But for a rumored \$6 million advance, is it so much to ask that a book do more than just not suck?

## 4 BEHIND THE OVAL OFFICE // Dick Morris (Random House, \$25.95)

Let this \$2.5 million, 346-page wonkfest plonk right down next to Marlon Brando's \$5 million autobiography in the mirthless category of Books That Sent Random House Chief Harry Evans Back to the Newspaper Business.

## 5 SON OF ROSEMARY // Ira Levin (Dutton, \$22.95)

God only knows what possessed Levin to birth this sequel to *Rosemary's Baby* (could it be...Satan?), but the result is most distressing—a kind of what-the-hey millennial cross between *The Kiss* and a certain infamous *Dallas* episode. Too bad the master of urbane horror (*The Stepford Wives*, *Deathtrap*) has finally sold his soul.

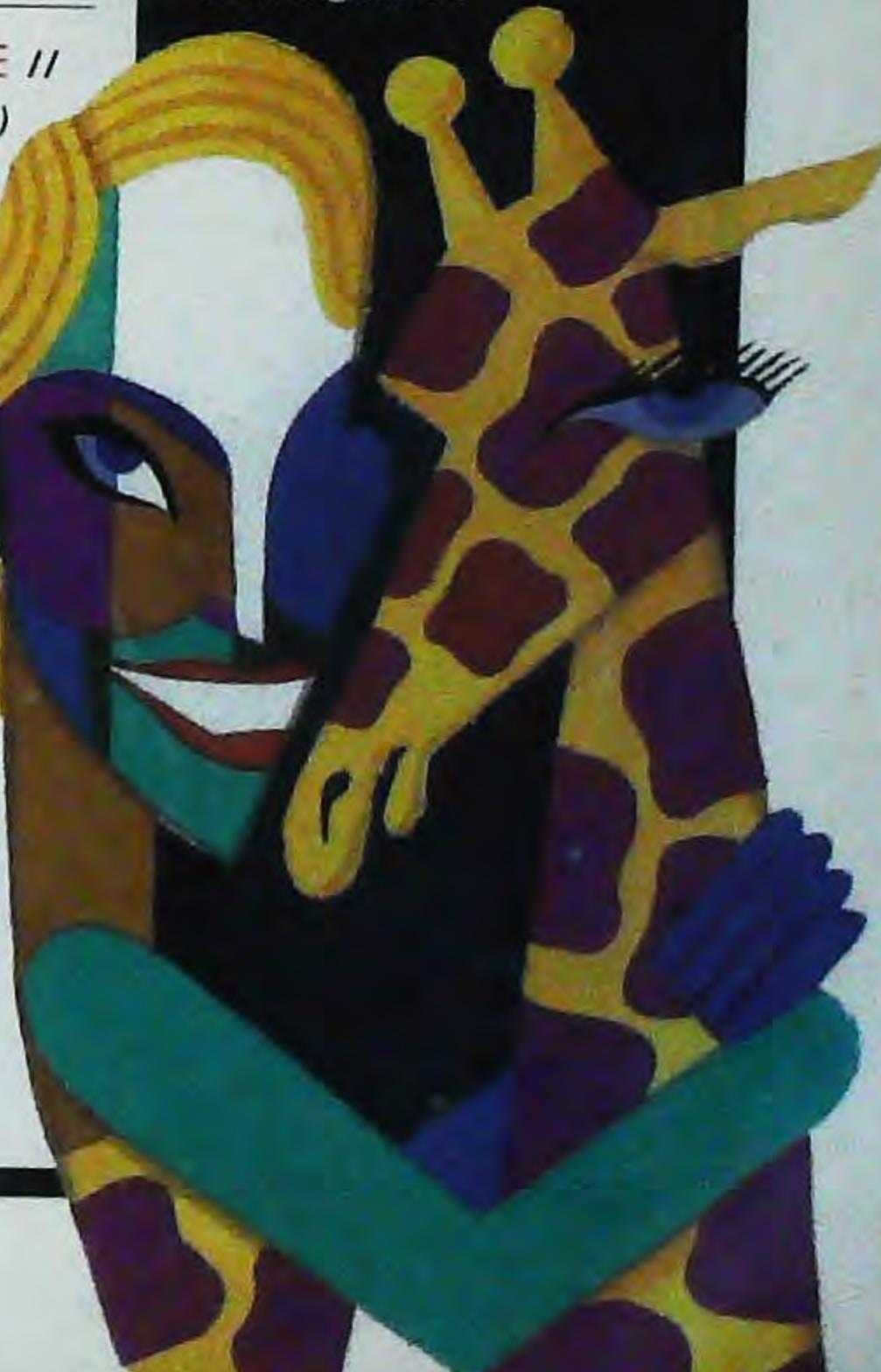
Lam-basting of the Year  
 >> Jerry Oppenheimer's savory unauthorized biography of Martha Stewart, *Just Desserts*

More Than We Needed to Know  
 >> "My father pushes his tongue deep into my mouth: wet, insistent, exploring..." From Kathryn Harrison's *The Kiss*

Bright Lights, Not So Pretty  
 >> Jay McInerney's wife, Helen Bransford, penned *Welcome to Your Facelift* after hubby returned from interviewing Julia Roberts, reassuring his wife he'd told the star "everything about you...everything but your age."

Most Bodacious Blurbist

Sharon Stone for *Tall Blondes*, ABC correspondent Lynn Sherr's book about...giraffes



ALBUM  
of the  
YEAR{ music }  
by DAVID BROWNE

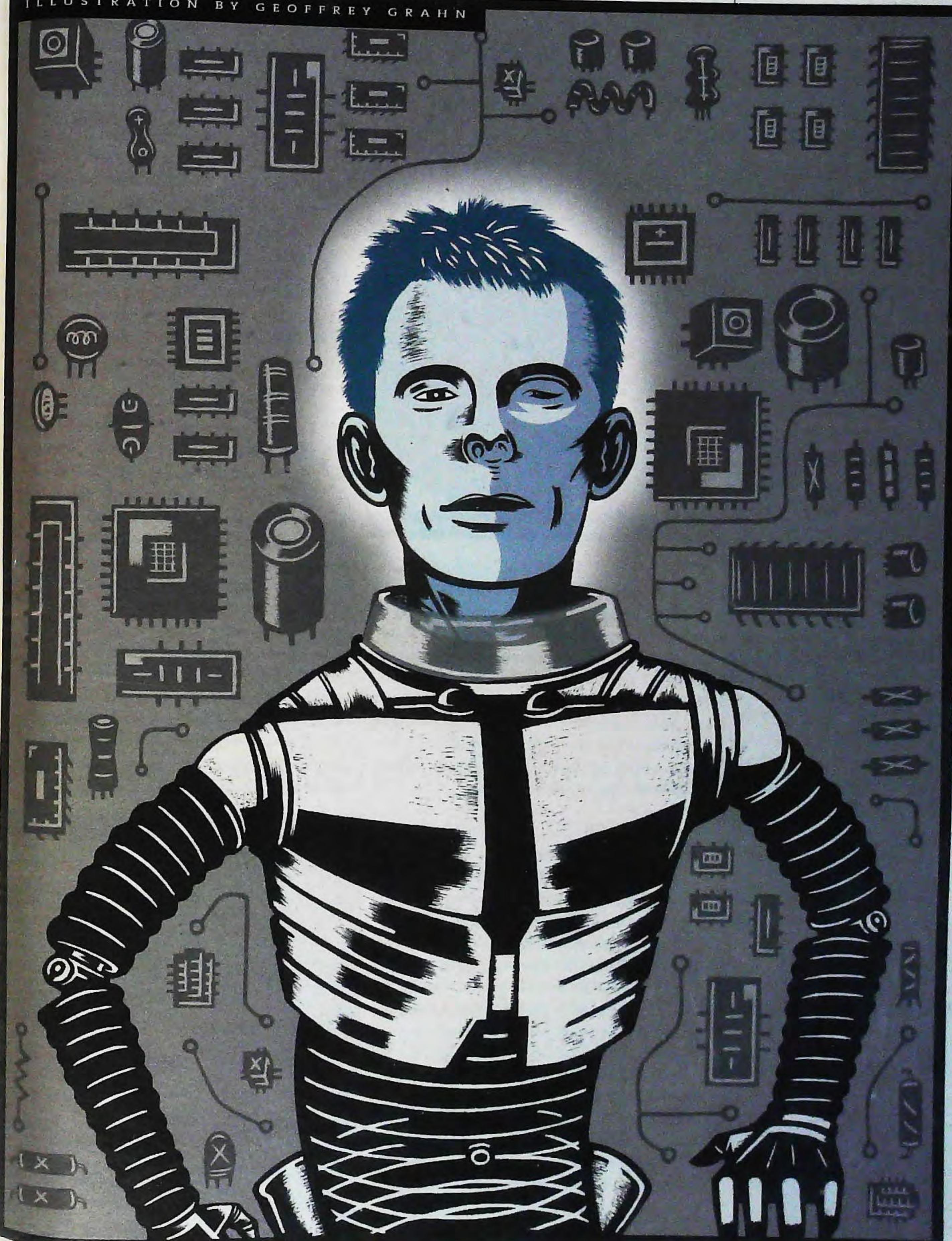
1

**OK COMPUTER** (*Capitol, album*) Contemplating the world around him through squinty eyes, Thom Yorke, lead singer and songwriter of Radiohead, would rather tune himself out. In his songs, all he sees are cynical politicians and excessively regimented lifestyles, and he'd prefer to wait for aliens to scoop him up for an intergalactic ride. Weary of the draining intensity of modern life, Yorke is in search of "no alarms and no surprises," as he sings in one of his cryptic lyrics, and he's looking for a higher ground, a fresh start. On Radiohead's most ambitious album, he's found it. When we first heard from them some four years ago, Radiohead were egregious grunge clones—and from England at that. Three albums on, they've come into their own on this subtly resplendent opus. Wafting, swelling, and subsiding in billowy bursts, the songs aren't rock or electronica, but a celestial place somewhere in between. As each song segues gracefully into the next, *OK Computer* becomes a cohesive album—remember those?—with Yorke's frail sigh, which glides to a falsetto before inevitably crashing down, providing the glue. No other piece of music this year so eloquently captured fin de siècle wariness, the gnawing sense that a new, scary, and potentially enlightening world may be only two years away. Until the UFOs arrive, the sullen grandeur of *OK Computer* will have to suffice for Yorke, and the rest of us, too.

## HEAD

**2 DIG YOUR OWN HOLE** // The Chemical Brothers (*Atomworks/Caroline, album*) On stage, Tom Rowlands and Ed Simons are the first techno act to make like rock stars: Lurching their computers back and forth, they look like Butt-head and Garth partying in a cybercafé. Their kinetic, incessantly inventive second album makes like rock too. Capturing the rave-new-world intensity of their concerts, *Dig Your Own Hole* is a series of relentless, playful romps that merge the futuristic grind and caffeinated break beats of techno with the walloping power of rock (and the occasional human voice, like that of Oasis' Noel Gallagher). No, electronica didn't conquer the charts in 1997, but albums like *Dig Your Own Hole* accomplished something more important than breaking sales records: They challenge accepted notions of song structures and dynamics while tapping into the same creativity and energy that once epitomized rock.

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFFREY GRAHN



Best Techno Cash-In  
 >> The *Saint* soundtrack (Orbital, Moby, Sneaker Pimps, etc.) sparked our hard drives.

Worst Techno Cash-In  
 >> *Hal* (Featuring Gillian Anderson's "Extremis"—the blech files

Saddest Cash-In, Any Genre  
 >> Pat Boone's desperate "metal" album, *No More Mr. Nice Guy*

Best Videos  
 >> "Wail," by Jon Spencer Blues Explosion; "The Rain (Supa Dupa Fly)," by Missy Elliott; "Karma Police," by Radiohead; "Champagne," by Chris Rock; "Smack My Bitch Up," by Prodigy

Worst Video  
 >> The 30-minute "Midnight in Chelsea," by Jon Bon Jovi (below), which was approximately 27 minutes too long

Creepiest Video  
 >> "Criminal," by Fiona Apple (below)



SUPA STAR: "Misdemeanor" did time on the charts

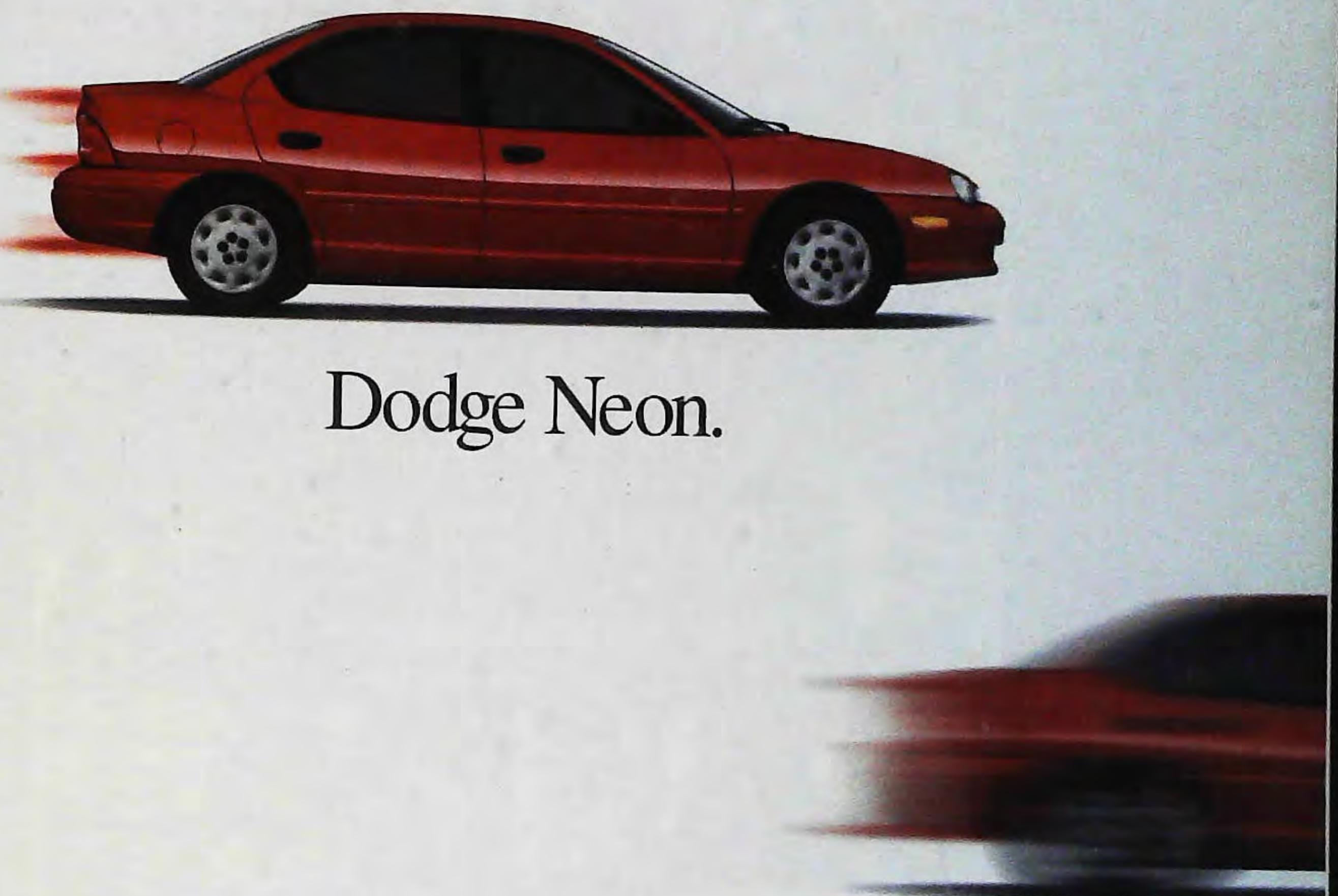
**3** "YOUR WOMAN" // White Town (*Chrysalis/EMI*, single) Is it the sexual ambiguity of the lyrics? The alluring clip-clop of the beat? Or the forlorn quality of that voice, which sounds like a bereft lover calling ultra-long distance? Whatever the reasons, what could have been a goofy dance-club novelty is instead a poignant dance-club romantic tragedy, courtesy of British one-man band Jyoti Mishra. Bonus points for sneaking the phrase "your highbrow Marxist ways" onto Top 40 radio.

**4** MIDDLE OF NOWHERE // Hanson (*Mercury*, album) You're a right to be sick of "MMMBop," but this summer's most refreshing musical water sprinkler is merely one of a dozen kicky treats on these Tulsa brothers' major-label debut. Christian milk imbibers who can sing, write, and play, they're no New Kids clones (that dubious honor goes to the Backstreet Boys) but rather a genuine oasis of pop soulfulness and melody. (Keep an eye, and ear, on Taylor.) From start ("Thinking of You," which sprouts wings and flies) to finish (the joyful teen grunge of "Man From Milwaukee [Garage Mix]"), *Middle of Nowhere* is the kind of pure, exhilarating pop no one seems to make anymore, and what a shame. In an mmmnop they might be gone, but when the music's this infectious, who cares?

**5** SUPA DUPA FLY // Missy "Misdemeanor" Elliott (*EastWest*, album) What makes this former behind-the-scenes rap songwriter fly on her own isn't just her voice—a loose, smooth instrument that swoops from singing to rapping with fluid ease and style. It's her knack for a hook. Spotlighting the work of producer Timbaland, these odes to self-reliance, self-worth, feckless men, and playing stewardess tug at your ear with deft samples and beats that flicker and simmer; "Beep Me 911" even tips its wool hat to electronica. Elliott's is inordinately tuneful, sensual hip-hop that outclasses every other rap album this year and squarely puts Virginia Beach on the pop map. Besides, "vroom" never sounded so sexy as when it comes from Missy's mouth.

**6** THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN Okay, follow closely: Members of R.E.M., Screaming Trees, and Luna form Tuatara, an alt-rock supergroup—yes, it has come to this—and record *Breaking the Ethers* (Epic), an album of alluring country-and-Eastern instrumentals. Tuatara then backs Mark Eitzel on *West* (Warner Bros.), providing the hangdog singer-songwriter with his most bracing musical support to date. Then the whole caravan, under the rubric the Magnificent Seven, hits the road for a series of inspiring shows. For all the talk of the return of cocktail music, this pairing—Tuatara's marimba-and-sax lounge noir and Eitzel's sulky, drink-saturated odes to self-loathing and wrenching excess—evokes the genre's spirit and its dimly lit bars better than, say, the soundtrack to *My Best Friend's Wedding*.

CHEMICAL REACTION: Rowlands (left), Simons



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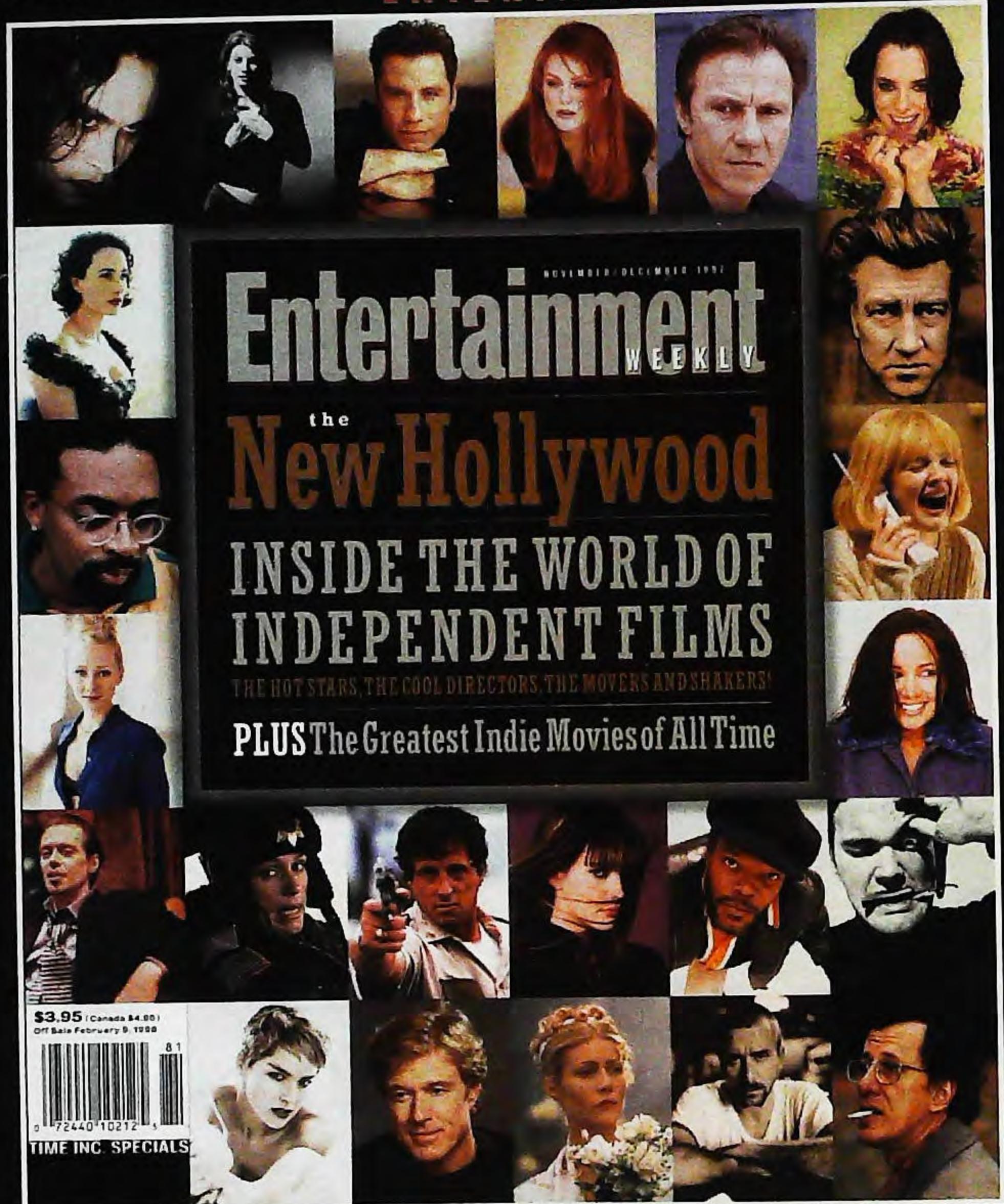
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from the editors of

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

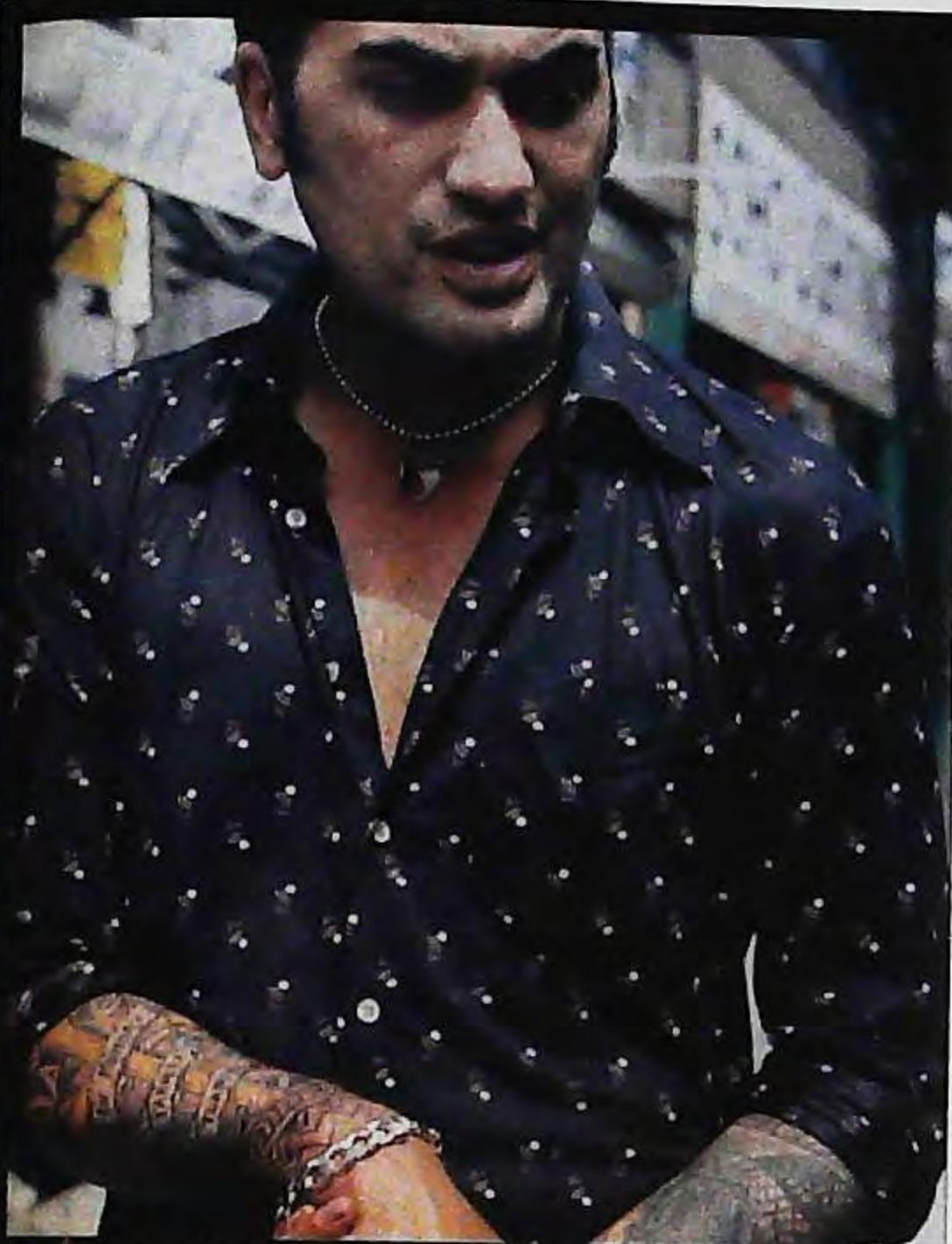


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KIWI'S BIG ADVENTURE: OMC VIP Fuema

and delectable female-chanted choruses, tossing in flamenco guitar and harmonica ("How Bizarre," New Zealander Pauly Fuema's sly ode to a couple on the lam) or swirling sitars and bagpipes ("Dream," former Beck collaborator Carl Stephenson's hash-brownie reverie). Chaos never sounded so inviting.

**10** "WANNABE" and "SAY YOU'LL BE THERE" // Spice Girls (*Virgin*, singles) Uncle.

&lt;&gt; THE WORST &lt;&lt;

**1** "BUTTERFLY KISSES" // Bob Carlisle (*Diadem*, single) We're glad you're proud of your little girl, Bob, but did you have to set those emotions to soft-focus music that makes us puke quicker than morning sickness? And then overremote in a way that makes Michael Bolton sound like a mumbler?

**2** "YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE" // LeAnn Rimes (*Curb*, album) The national anthem, "God Bless America," rote remakes of pop standards—a fine program for a state fair or a beauty-pageant contestant, but not a major-league act. The sloppiest excuse for a superstar follow-up since Vanilla Ice's live album, by a young woman with a whole lotta voice and a whole little sense of what to do with it.

**3** "SECRET SAMADHI" // Live (*Radioactive*, album) If this humorless, self-important twaddle is what rock has become, then maybe the genre is dead after all.

**4** "WE TRYING TO STAY ALIVE" // Wyclef Jean (*Columbia*, single) Say what you will about the Fugees, at least they record their own versions of oldies rather than resort to lazy sampling—or did, that is, until this needless Bee Gees retread.

**5** "YOURSELF OR SOMEONE LIKE YOU" // matchbox 20 (*Lava/Atlantic*, album) As if we need another reason to grouse about Counting Crows and Hootie: Their ascendance has led to a glut of grating young dandies like this. Let's hope the woman who inspired the line "I want to take you for granted" (from the creepy hit "Push") is long gone.

Best Softcore Pop

>> *Sex-O-Rama: Music From Classic Adult Films* and Janet Jackson's *The Velvet Rope*—a tie (pun intended)

Aging Gracefully Award

>> *Bowie turns 50; Stones keep rolling; McCartney is knighted*

Aging Not So Gracefully Award

>> *George Harrison*, for his crotchety rant against U2, the Spice Girls, and other post-Fab sprouts

Best Live Album, Funeral Division

>> *The complete recording of Princess Di's memorial became available for those looking to use excerpts of Earl Spencer's scathing eulogy on their answering machines.*

Hello/Goodbye Award

>> *Oasis*





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In the whirl according to Chris Willman, *Pop* was no lemon, Dylan proved *Timeless* and Ben Folds fine

**1** **POP** U2 (*Island*) That's *Pop* as in "Pop Muzik," and *Pop* as in Father: This may be the first party record about the absence of God. But fans and foes zeroed in more on the techno sprinklings around the rim than the *deus*-shaped hole at the CD's center, and while it's weird calling a U2 album "criminally underrated," this one's rep may require years of rehabilitation. All in good time. "Gone" in particular is a great, rapturous funeral song for the ages; thank heaven no one thought to spoil it by hitching it to Di's wagon.

**2 GUN SHY TRIGGER HAPPY** Jen Trynin (*Squint/Warner Bros.*) There's a breakup song for every occasion in the second album from the finest rock song slinger to arrive in these late '90s. Chrissie Hynde has had plenty of pretend heirs, but Trynin—marrying cautious strains of relational ambivalence to heedlessly cocky guitar pop—establishes a direct line of beautifully surly succession.

**3** FRANK SINATRA WITH THE RED NORVO QUINTET, LIVE IN AUSTRALIA, 1959 Frank Sinatra (*Blue Note*) What a windfall, to find Old Bloodshot Eyes still riding the crest of his mid-1950s peak in the early August of his years, set up well out of town with a well-suited jazz combo, regarding one of the century's most considerable canons like a lovely bender.

**4** OLE (THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY) Tonio K. (*Gadfly*) "Make it stop/Stop the clock forever," goes the opening chorus...and nope, it's not Dylan's celebrated meditation on mortality and time's ravages, but another treat one in that subgenre from cult figure K., turning temporality into rock-of-ages stuff.

**5 TIME OUT OF MIND** Bob Dylan (*Columbia*) Dylan seems determined to sound as ghostly in the present tense as his hero Jimmie Rodgers does decades distant. These are blues heard through a glass darkly, the faint hope of heaven only occasionally casting light on the year's most impressively depressing long-form lament.

## 6 SONGS FROM THE CAPEMAN

PRO BONO: U2 muscled into our good graces with *Pop*

rewarding to hear Simon working out his usual heady themes in middlebrow character...and in soaring doo-wop and salsa.

**7** **OK COMPUTER** Radiohead (*Capitol*)  
Sure, it's whiny. Sure, it's stunning. Karma police, promote this band!

**8 WHATEVER AND EVER AMEN** Ben Folds Five (*550 Music*) If any comer seems a smart bet to someday follow Simon onto Broadway, it's Folds, whose awesomely well-constructed, sober ballads are even better than his piano-pounding flights of bumblebee smart-aleckiness.

**9** THE CHARITY OF NIGHT Bruce Cockburn (*Rykodisc*) Paint it black: This perennially cerebral Canadian's folk-noir cycle affectingly found humankind's best of times and worst under cover of darkness.

**10** IN IT FOR THE MONEY Supergrass (*Capitol*) The perfect tonic for Oasis' aggressively mediocre bloat, Supergrass helped give Brit pop back its good name by spiritedly combining Supertramp with Super-glam-rock.

# THE ART OF LIVING

Guns N' Roses Use Your Illusion Award for Double CD Most in Need of Editing  
 > Wu-Tang Clan, *Wu-Tang Forever*

Worst Album Title  
 > Foo Fighters' *The Colour and the Shape*—final proof that grunge is dead

Tempting-Fate Award, Flop-Albums Division  
 > *Album of the Year, Faith No More; The Beauty Process*: *Triple Platinum*, L7

Truth-in-Packaging Award  
 > *Return of the One-Hit Wonder*, Young MC

Garth Brooks Commemorative Fake-Humility Award  
 > John Mellencamp for titling his greatest-hits set *The Best That I Could Do*

Titles So Good We Didn't Need to Hear the Song  
 > "Gangstas Need Love," Master P; "Satan Rejected My Soul," Morrissey

Most Promising Newcomers  
 > Jonathan Fire\*Eater; Belle and Sebastian; Beth Orton; Alana Davis

Our Worst Nightmare for the New Year  
 > "Puffy, the Magic Dragon," Puff Daddy, featuring a sample from Peter, Paul and Mary

# Honor Roll

## >> BEST COUNTRY ALBUMS <<

**1** **EL CORAZON** Steve Earle (Warner Bros.) On this mostly acoustic folk effort, Earle pays tribute to heroes Townes Van Zandt, Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, and Hank Williams in original songs written in their styles. "Taneytown," the unspoken confession of a black man who kills a white youth in self-defense, is simply unforgettable.



BERG'S-EYE VIEW: Matraca's beautiful South

**2** **LEE ANN WOMACK** Lee Ann Womack (Decca) If country had a breakthrough female this year (Deana Carter scored for '96), it was Womack, who combined Dolly's tremolo, Tammy's sob, and Reba's elongated vowels into a fetching tradition-based style. Her success—she's just gone gold—could help turn Nashville back to its hard-country roots.

**3** **SUNDAY MORNING TO SATURDAY NIGHT** Matraca Berg (Rising Tide) Songwriter and burgeoning artist Matraca Berg nearly stole the CMA Awards this year with her performance of "Back When We Were Beautiful," part of this Eudora Welty-ish song cycle of life in the small-town South. A soulful, sensuous pastiche of human loneliness. —Alanna Nash

TENOR VITTLES: A tasty 1961 set feeds 'Trane fans



## >> BEST JAZZ ALBUMS <<

**1** **THE COMPLETE 1961 VILLAGE VANGUARD RECORDING** John Coltrane (Impulse!) Could the best jazz of 1997 be music from 1961? Better question: How could a generation of Coltrane imitators compete with their master, captured on this four-CD set of mostly unheard recordings made at his accessible prime? In a field overflowing with artificial blood, Coltrane provides the pulse, the richness, and the life-sustaining magic of the real thing.

**2** **TERROR AND MAGNIFICENCE** John Harle (Argo) And how could somebody who's not even a jazz artist—the prolific classical saxophonist Harle—make it onto a list of best jazz albums? By combining classical, pop, and jazz elements in a commandingly original musical montage that belongs to no one genre, and to all. Besides, guest vocalist Elvis Costello sounds great—and Sinatra's not recording these days.

**3** **CAPETOWN FLOWERS** Abdullah Ibrahim (Enja) Rhythmic, spiritual South African music reduced, refined, and reduced and refined some more, then more, until it's the sheer essence of beauty. That may sound pretentious, but Abdullah Ibrahim never does. Simply the purest sounds around today. —David Hajdu

## WALLACE AND GROMIT TALKING RADIO/ALARM CLOCK

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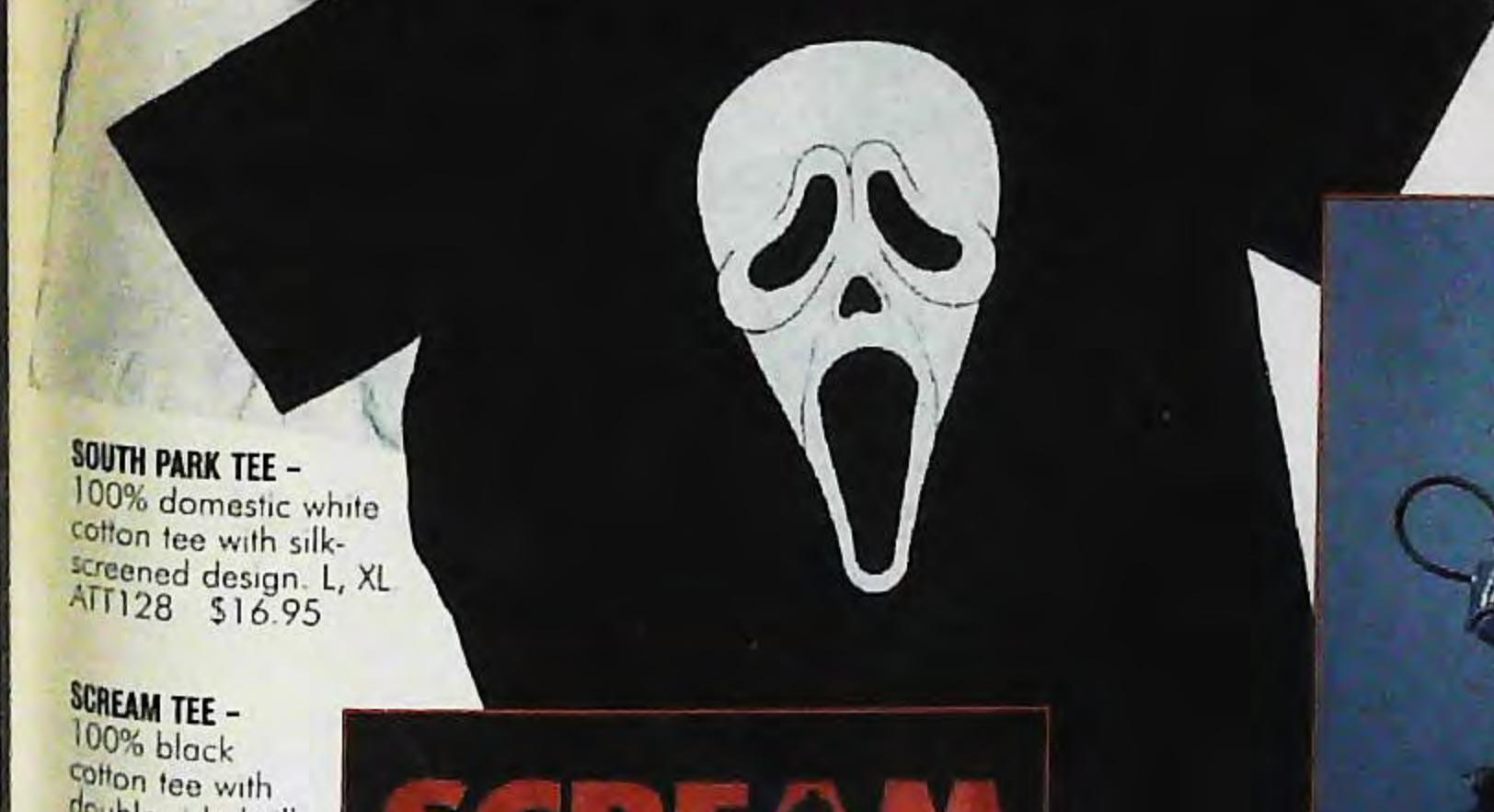


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ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIPPE LARDY

# CELINE & JULIE GO

1

(*New Yorker, unrated*) All right, it's a 23-year-old, 187-minute French film that makes *Seinfeld* look like it's about Something. But one of home video's continuing pleasures is the way it coughs up shimmering gifts from out-of-the-way corners of movie history. And simply put, there was no richer, sunnier, better video released this year than Jacques

Rivette's long-lost cult film about two women's journey down the rabbit hole of fantasy. ♦ The plot is as casual as a child's game of dress up. Julie (Dominique Labourier, red-haired and decisive) and Céline (Juliet Berto, sloe-eyed and dreamy) meet in lazy, off-season Paris and circle around each other like playful alter egos. Gradually, they stumble into a mystery: a quiet suburban house within which the same turgid melodrama plays out day after day, involving two frail sisters (Bulle Ogier and Marie-France Pisier), a hunky widower (*Reversal of Fortune* director Barbet Schroeder), and a doomed little girl. In short, this is a house of Fiction, and our

two heroines determine to bust open the cloistered narrative and rescue the child. It's a little as if *Thelma and Louise* had got stuck in *Groundhog Day* and were eyeing the exits with dangerous grins. ♦ It also unwinds slowly, so slowly as to exasperate moviegoing metabolisms weaned on MTV shock cuts. Stay with it, though—think of it as a daydream unreeling while you tan on a Montmartre bench—and you'll discover a tale that reflects back on the way we watch movies and a comedy wise enough to recharge your soul. Oh, and you'll never look at hard candy the same way again.

2 MESSAGE TO LOVE: THE ISLE OF WIGHT—THE MOVIE (Sony

Music, unrated) If *Woodstock* is the hippie utopia of '60s concert films and *Gimme Shelter* the bad-acid nightmare, then *Message* is the embarrassingly brain-dead reality. The last of the era's multi-day music happenings, 1970's Isle of Wight festival was a botch from the get go: Some performers refused to play unless paid in cash, the stage caught on fire, and a mob of radical groovers turned the event into an increasingly idiotic "people's festival." Yes, here's Jimi Hendrix scorching the strings 18 days before his death—plus the Doors, the Who, Joni Mitchell, and many others. More to the point, here's festival emcee Rikki Farr whining from the stage, "We put this festival on—you bastards—with a lot of love!" When your kids ask what the '60s were like, show them this—if you dare.

video  
by Tom Shales



Most Popular Tape You Never Rented  
 >> *Tommy and Pamela*  
 Anderson Lee's sex-filled home video

Most Independent Independent Film  
 >> *Schizopolis*, Steven Soderbergh's ultra-low-budget lark, has no opening titles, and the end titles are subliminal—search frame by frame to read them.

Guess She Said It All  
 >> The video sleeve for David Cronenberg's creepy *Crash* trumpeted a four-word blurb from *New York Times* critic Janet Maslin: "...sex and car crashes."

For a Change of Pace, Try Watching Them In Fast-Forward  
 >> The flashing feet of *Lord of the Dance* and *Riverdance*

Best Kids' Movie Without One Cutesy Moment  
 >> Even though the title character is a lovable beagle, *Shiloh* keeps sentiment at heel.



TAKE A GANDER: *Fly* girl Paquin makes way for goslings and pathos

**3** **LONE STAR** (*Columbia TriStar*; R) John Sayles makes movies that play like great, vivid novels—you can re-rent them the way you return to certain favorite books. In this one, Chris Cooper plays a sad-faced Texas sheriff whose discovery of a skeleton in the desert forces him to face down the ghosts of his hero-cop father (Matthew McConaughey) and his father's rival, a scorpion of a lawman played by a snarling Kris Kristofferson. Hollywood would have turned this into a thunderous showdown, but Sayles knows *Lone Star*'s real battle—between dead parents and living children—can't be resolved with blood squibs and explosions. Instead, he gives us a town's teeming characters and caps the film with a love scene that would shock if it weren't so calm with forgiveness.

**4** **PARADISE LOST: THE CHILD MURDERS AT ROBIN HOOD HILLS** (*Cabin Fever*, unrated) "To me, this place, as I stand, is like hell on earth." So says the stepfather of one of three young boys horribly murdered in 1993 in West Memphis, Ark. But it could, perhaps, have as easily been said by the three teenagers tried and convicted of the murders, whose only crime, this documentary by the makers of 1992's *Brother's Keeper* suggests, was their penchant for black clothes, Metallica records, and Wicca. Long, gris-

unsuitable for young kids, makes it beautifully uncondescending for older siblings and their parents.

**6** **STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN** (*Columbia TriStar*, PG) WWII pilot David Niven was supposed to die—he jumped without a parachute, after all—but his angel (fey Marius Goring) missed him in the fog, and now Niven's fallen in love and won't go to the pearly gates quietly. Another fever-dream classic from codirector Michael Powell (*Peeping Tom*, *The Red Shoes*),

NIVEN CAN WAIT: *Cheating Heaven* with Kim Hunter



ly, and unfathomably sad, *Paradise* cracks open the facade of small-town America and lets the demons loose.

**5** **FLY AWAY HOME** (*Columbia TriStar*, PG)

Remember *The Black Stallion*? Director Carroll Ballard and cinematographer Caleb Deschanel reunite for this shaggy-goose story of a girl mourning her mother's death (*The Piano*'s Anna Paquin, now a startlingly clear-eyed adolescent), her inventor dad (Jeff Daniels), and the flock of Canada geese that follow her everywhere—including into the sky when she teaches them how to migrate. It's fun, all right, but there's also a pained awareness of human and ecological mortality here that, while making *Fly*



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## Best Symbol Of Blockbuster's Travails

» Paramount sent retailers promotional tapes of *The Beautician and the Beast* in which a shot of a Blockbuster card was deleted and a line of dialogue changed to refer to "Rockbottom Video."

## Best Symbol of Corey Haim's Travails

» Five months before his July bankruptcy filing, the ex-child star appeared in a straight-to-tape comedy called *Busted*.

## Worst Timing

» Five videos—three documentaries and two TV movies—were left high and dry when the release of James Cameron's *Titanic* sailed from July to December.



1946's *Stairway* was finally given its video due this year with a print that restores its vibrant colors (for the earthly sequences) and crisp black-and-whites (for the vast heavenly scenes). Like all Powell films, it's clever, heartfelt, impeccably crafted—and just a little nuts.

**7 JERRY MAGUIRE** (Columbia TriStar, R) Yeah, it's last year's news, but it hit video this year, and it's still the most substantial and emotional comedy to come out of Hollywood in aeons. Does it finally prove that Tom Cruise is a great actor? Or does it merely provide him with the ultimate Tom Cruise role—deeper, funnier, and more accountable than ever? Doesn't matter: The real plaudits should go to writer-director Cameron Crowe, who shows us every stage in the humanization of Jerry the Jerk with grace, bemusement, and—most unheard of in Studioland—a willingness to listen to the characters.

**8 MISS EVER'S BOYS** (HBO, PG) This made-for-cable drama deals powerfully with a nasty chapter in U.S. history: the infamous Tuskegee study, in which black men with syphilis were denied treatment so their long-term symptoms could be noted. It's tightly directed, too, by veteran Joseph Sargent. But the reason to rent it is to watch one of the best actresses of our time—that would be Alfre Woodard—sink her teeth into the role of project nurse

Eunice Evers, a woman standing, paralyzed, at the intersection of complicity and compassion.

**9 GROSSE POINTE BLANK** (Hollywood, R) The concept seems off-puttingly high—Hitman Goes to High School Reunion—but the execution, appropriately, is spot on. John Cusack is broodingly chatty as the class cipher who returns 10 years later with a business in, um, removals, and a wuzzy case of the hots for his once-and-future prom date (Minnie Driver, giving as good as she gets). The movie's not perfect—Dan Aykroyd keeps dragging it toward slapstick as a rival killer—but *Blank* knows, and nails, the primal fear that only a 10-year reunion can engender.

MONEY MOVIE: *Maguire* showman Cuba Gooding Jr. vents



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## 2 HONEY, WE SHRUNK OURSELVES

(Walt Disney, PG) Disney found profits cloning its animated franchises for the video market—*Aladdin* and *Beauty and the Beast* have both spawned straight-to-tape sequels—but the low-budget chintz really shows in this purposeless attempt to "extend" a live-action franchise. It's hard to tell what's shrinking faster here: narrative inspiration or Rick Moranis' career.

## 3 THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU

(New Line, PG-13) How irredeemably bad is this latest version of the H.G. Wells novel? Start with the scene where Marlon Brando wears an ice bucket on his head for no discernible reason. Move on to the blender-size homunculus who accompanies him everywhere. Don't miss the scene where Val Kilmer does an endless Brando impression that's somewhere between genius and a party trick. In fact, don't miss this movie: Rent it with an Ed Wood film and watch the torch being passed.



CATHERINE THE GREAT: Romance unfurls for Deneuve in *Umbrellas*

## 10 THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG

(LIVE, unrated) One to separate the true romantics from the sentimentalists: a love story—about a shop girl (Catherine Deneuve, 20 years old and impossibly innocent) and a mechanic (Nino Castelnuovo)—that's completely sung to the swoony music of Michel Legrand. Thirty-three years on, the late Jacques Demy's bravura vision has aged with exquisite grace, and the new video release makes the bright, never-never-land colors seem more hyperreal than ever. This is the way young lovers see the world: privileged, melodic, and blissfully naive.

>> THE WORST <<

## 1 EVITA

(Hollywood, PG) Madonna is just fine in what may be her most emblematic film role to date, but, face it, it's a dreadful movie, and on video it's even worse, like watching a hyperactive historical tableau through the wrong end of the binoculars. There's no plot, just an endless parade of marches, explosions, chowderheaded lyrics ("Yeah, just one shell and governments fall like flies/Kapow, die"), and chilly star worship. Director Alan Parker's the fall guy here, coming off like Leni Riefenstahl drunk on Broadway sentiment.

## 5 VAMPIRELLA

(New Horizons, unrated) Tinkertoy sets, special effects by way of Radio Shack—yep, it's a Jim Wynorski movie. The auteur of *Sorority House Massacre 2* louses up the chance to make a good trashy/sexy flick out of the '70s pulp comic about a fanged babe from planet Drakulon. Star Talisa Soto's bikini shows more emotion than her performance, and as the lip-twitching villain, Roger Daltrey torpedoes what's left of his career.

Hell, We Spaced Out and Forgot to Watch...

*Leprechaun 4: In Space, A Nymphoid Barbarian in Dinosaur Hell*, and *Lone Wolf and Cub: Baby Cart to Hades*

Least Special Edition  
Garry Marshall added eight irrelevant minutes to *Pretty Woman* on laser.

Proof That Laserdisc Is Still Video's Classiest Format  
*The Lubitsch Touch*, a \$190 anthology of Ernst Lubitsch movies not available on tape or DVD

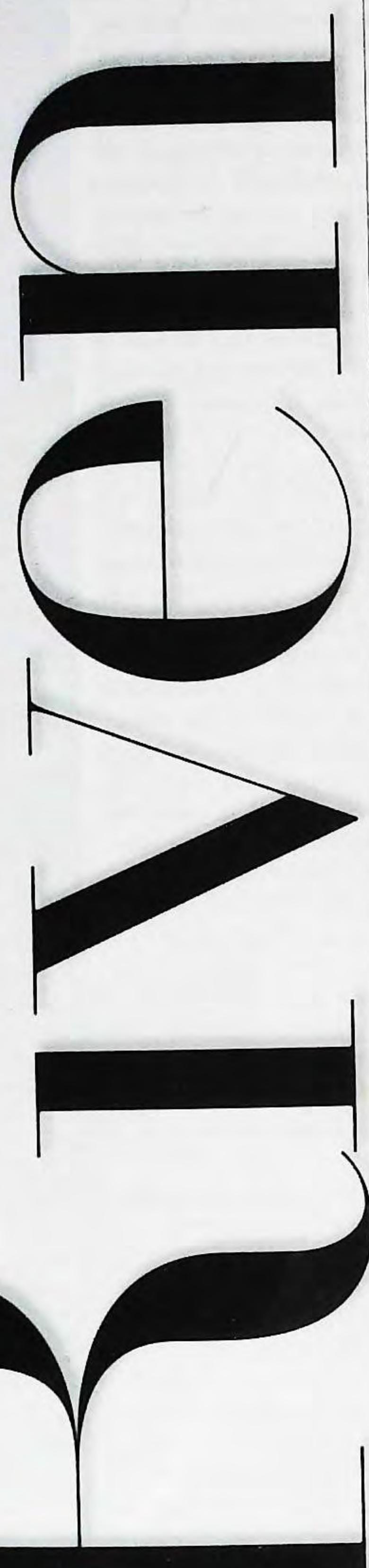
No-Shows of the Year  
The Video Software Dealers Association named Farrah Fawcett its national convention's "celebrity chair." She didn't show up. It lined up James Woods as a keynote speaker. He canceled.



CD-ROM  
of the  
YEAR

{ multimedia }

by TY BURR



## 1

The interactive industry is obsessed with the latest, the fastest, the shiniest. So why are we choosing as 1997's best a CD-ROM sequel that hews so closely to its 1993 forebear? Sure, *Riven* represents a technological advance on the original *Myst*—still the best-selling computer game of all time—but what's most impressive is that it dares to stick with what worked the first time around. Only in this case, it's *more* serene, *more* otherworldly—a bigger, better space in which to lose yourself. ♦ Brothers Rand and Robyn Miller, along with production designer and Disney refugee Richard Vander Wende, may have built *Riven* with SGI workstations instead of the garage-bound Macs that hatched *Myst*, but the upgrade is noticeable mostly in the details—in the birds soaring in the distance and the natives scurrying into the woodwork. Even the fantasy-based narrative you slowly uncover in your rovings is a secondary pleasure. The most striking thing here is the generosity of the experience—the stubby, old-world textures of the walls, the visual ingenuity of the puzzles, the leviathan secrets revealed by an underwater window. *Riven* is so richly imagined that it's very nearly a vacation, and it's soothing enough to qualify as therapy. Its grace shows up the multimedia industry's twitch-game mentality for the shallow adolescent posturing it is, and points the way toward virtual realities to come.

**2 VIRTUAL SPRINGFIELD** One of the reasons *The Simpsons* is arguably the most consistently brilliant show on TV is that every corner of every frame seems packed with a gag. Project that wisenheimer-smorgasbord sensibility onto a CD-ROM, and you have the exhaustive, exhausting *Virtual Springfield*, the closest you'll get to sticking your head inside the TV and poking through Mr. Burns' desk (or Marge's closet, or Apu's Kwik-E-Mart). Astounding in its bottomless variety of places to go and things to click, it's nirvana for *Simpsons* fetishists—and merely hilarious for everyone else.

**3 MARS PATHFINDER LANDING** The way boomers remember clustering around the TV when Neil Armstrong moon-walked and Gen-Xers recall the images of the *Challenger* explosion, today's kids may one day see the *Pathfinder* mission as their defining cultural event—and the Internet as the medium that gave it to them. You could catch the footage of the Sagan Memorial Station wastelands on CNN—but how much richer the experience was on the Web, via the NASA, CNN, and MSNBC sites or any of the smaller fan pages that provided scientific perspective and unscientific awe. It was as signal an event for cyberspace as for real space: the week the world turned to the Net for the real deal.



ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN STAUFFER



Worst Movie Website  
 >> *Men in Black* ([www.meninblack.com/main.html](http://www.meninblack.com/main.html)) An insipid, Java-bloated digital wreck that couldn't even be redeemed by the Will Smith target-practice Net game.

Best Movie Website  
 >> *Hercules* ([www.disney.com/Hercules](http://www.disney.com/Hercules)) Although Disney's animated hero didn't flex muscles at the box office, its companion Web home was a delightful, kid-friendly romp.

Enough. Already.  
 >> *Suck, Feed, Word, Slate, Nerve, Fray, Stim, Tongue, Rage, Launch...* Can someone please invent a webzine with a two-syllable name?

Ghosts In The Machine  
 >> *The Heaven's Gate* cultists may have gone to their reward, but sites created by their Higher Source design company linger on. Check out PR firm Kushner-Locke ([www.kushner-locke.com](http://www.kushner-locke.com)), the San Diego Polo Club ([www.sandiego-polo.com](http://www.sandiego-polo.com))—and the Christian site Keep the Faith ([www.keepthefaith.com](http://www.keepthefaith.com)).

**4** PALMPILOT Remember the deserved derision visited upon the Apple Newton, the first real personal digital assistant? Even Mike Doonesbury would have to change his tune now that 3Com's PDA has proved that a li'l dinky computer in your pocket really can replace address books, schedulers, notepads, E-mailboxes, Gameboys, and much more. The user-friendly genius of the PalmPilot is that anyone can customize software for it, and it easily synchs up with your PC or Mac, making it a snap to load up all the information you need to carry. The downside? The cultlike nature of its adherents: This may be the first PDA to inspire actual Public Displays of Affection.



PILOT LITE: 3Com's PalmPilot lends a hand

**5** PARAPPA THE RAPPER Too many videogames are grim, goal-obsessed obstacle courses, but not this bonkers Sony PlayStation title. A huge hit in Japan, *Parappa* has the regurgitated neon giddiness that marks many of that country's pop pleasures: Imagine the Banana Splits making like the Fresh Prince in a karaoke bar. The aim is to help a floppy-eared cartoon doggie learn to rap and thus win over his flower girlfriend, but it's the whimsical visual design (by gifted New York-based kids' author Rodney Alan Greenblat) and addictively cartoony rap songs that make this irresistible for parents and—oh, yeah—their kids.



**7** GOLDENEYE 007 One of the few Nintendo 64 games to take advantage of the platform's cinematic sweep, this James Bond game sticks remarkably closely to the basic plot outline of the Pierce Brosnan movie while tossing in fave Bondian bad guys from the past (Richard Kiel's Jaws, Grace Jones' May Day). In fact, with witty memos from stalwarts M, Q, and Moneypenny, this may satisfy 007 addicts more than the recent movies themselves. Slip into your tux, sip that martini—and duck.

**8** UN-CABARET ([www.uncabaret.com](http://www.uncabaret.com)) "WARNING: Some of these clips contain potentially offensive language. Others contain even more disturbing ideas. Welcome to planet Earth." After three years, this online extension of comic Beth Lapides' weekly alternative-yuks salon at L.A.'s Luna Park remains

Fat Al's serves a mean triple cheeseburger

Book a whitewater rafting trip

Bill Clinton

Some states approve medicinal marijuana

Buy lingerie for that special someone

How to raise capital from foreign investors

Excite

Travel DC restaurant reviews Shopping Quicken financial services Health news

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#### Digital Babes Of the Year

» Making a splash were Japanese virtual pop idol Kyoko Date ([www.dhw.co.jp/horipro/talent/DK96/index\\_e.html](http://www.dhw.co.jp/horipro/talent/DK96/index_e.html)) and video game heroine Lara Croft (*Tomb Raider II*, the U2 tour, and unofficial "Nude Raider" sites). What's weirder: that they exist—or that they get fan mail?

#### R.I.P.

» *The Spot*  
» CompuServe  
» Prodigy (well, on life support)  
» *The Communications Decency Act*

#### They Have Come For Your Children

» Your kids can use the PC to personalize Talk With Me Barbie's vocabulary (and—eyeww—her lips move). Or they can plug in the transmitter and listen to the interactive Barney doll talk back to select TV shows or PC games featuring the big guy. Or they can find a friend who's not a creepy high-tech golem.

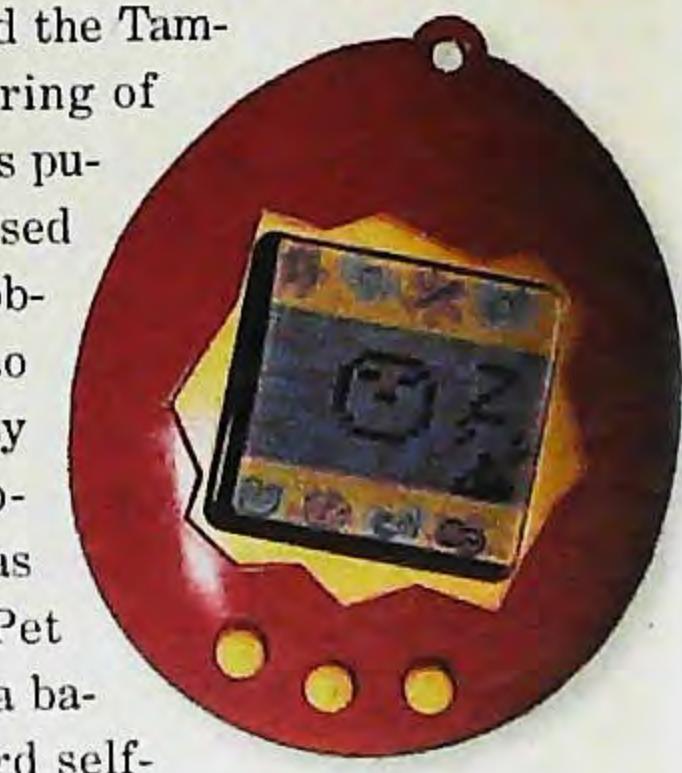
dicier and funnier than many other supposedly cutting-edge showcases. *Saturday Night Live*? Puh-lease. Both Julia Sweeney and Colin Quinn are actually allowed to make you laugh here. The archive of sound and video clips is swell, and the newfangled streaming audio in the "Cancer World" section bodes well for the future. But c'mon, Beth, when are you going to broadcast the weekly show live?

**9** **MAPQUEST** ([www.mapquest.com](http://www.mapquest.com)) Frighteningly handy, this is one of those sites that can sell even a hardened Luddite on the potential of the medium. Type in a street address anywhere in the U.S., Canada, or London, and up it pops in a map on your browser. Pull back for a view of the neighborhood, town, county, or entire country. Punch in two addresses and get driving directions and maps. Now figure out a way to install your PC in your car dashboard.

**10** **FRAY** ([www.fray.com](http://www.fray.com)) As cyberspace grows increasingly crowded with web-zines—glossy sites that bristle with opinions and self-importance—this calm, compassionately disturbing site seems more and more an oasis of grace. Derek Powazek and his gang take brief personal anecdotes submitted by readers and turn them into affecting online morality plays. The subjects are drugs, work, relationships, crime, and the tone is that of a late-night confession. From a design standpoint, *Fray* is stunning, but it's the content—and the way it resonates with a reader's own life—that makes it stick.

#### » THE WORST <<

**1** **DIGITAL PETS** And, lo, the land was filled with the whining of children whose parents had forgotten to feed the Tamagotchi, the whimpering of dogs gone unwalked as pubescent owners obsessed over pixel pals, the sobbing of tots coming to grips with the mortality of a high-tech stopwatch. As a fad, it was right up there with Pet Rocks, but it was as a barometer of schoolyard self-absorption that the digipet craze was most impressive.



**2** **PUSH TECHNOLOGY** For all the hype about PointCast, Microsoft's channel-definition format, and other devices that shove the latest

news and weather down the pipe to your computer, push technology smells like information overload taken to its illogical conclusion. How many people do you know who have downloaded PointCast's software, watched their system slow to a crawl whenever it went into retrieval mode, disconnected—and turned on the TV?

#### 3 MURDER MAKES THE MAGAZINE

([www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/stores/excbdev](http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/stores/excbdev)) As a marketing stunt, this was sheer genius. More than 400,000 entrants took novelist John Updike up on his online offer to complete the tale of beleaguered magazine editrix Tasso Polk (44 contestants made the cut), and sponsor/cyberbookstore Amazon.com got the kind of publicity most websites dream of. But as literature—well, let's just note that too many cybercooks spoil the gruel, and that the finished *Murder* is grueling indeed.

**4** **POSTAL** Videogame violence is in the eye of the beholder, certainly—the carnage that horrifies parents is exactly what endears *Quake* to teenage boys—but this waste-em-all shooter (recently banned in Australia) from Ripcord shreds the envelope with deeply clueless cynicism. Kids! Be the first on your block to make like a real live spree killer, mow down random passersby, and listen to them groan for mercy! If only this allowed you to go gunning for Tamagotchi...

**5** **DIGITAL GRIDLOCK** AOL's ongoing brownouts and E-mail outages. The torpor that hits your Web browser in the late afternoon. That stressed-out server that won't pony up the page you want. With more and more people piling onto the Internet, and with high-cholesterol multimedia files coming into their own, the Information Superhighway is already in dire need of more lanes. Expect things to get much worse before they get better—and expect to eventually pay extra for premium (i.e., faster) service.



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# Hi T Sheet

{What the country was talking about this year}

- 1 BRAD AND GWYNETH No one saw *Seven Years in Tibet*. They'd all just seen *Two Years in the Tabloids*.
- 2 HANSON The year's surprise hit. The record company took a chance and hired a band with no prior convictions.
- 3 ER LIVE They're already working on next year's ratings stunt. George Clooney will save a man who's injured while zipping up a batsuit.
- 4 TIGER WOODS The highest-paid golfer in the world. If you don't count Michael Jordan.
- 5 STAR WARS A 20-year-old film *can* get people to leave the house. But anyone with home movies could tell you that.
- 6 SEPTUPLETS The lead story for weeks on *The Itty-Bitty, Itsy-Bitsy Nighty-Night News With Tom Brokaw*.
- 7 MEN IN BLACK Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones save the entire planet. And most of the jobs at Sony.
- 8 BEANIE BABIES The collectible toys taught kids life lessons. Like how to be greedy, calculating, and possessive.
- 9 LANDING ON MARS If we can put a rover on the red planet, why can't we get satellite shots of nude celebrities?
- 10 SEINFELD SALARIES The cast asked for a million an episode. Or what Bill Gates made while you read that.
- 11 CLONING We're a step away from cloning humans. China can stop worrying about not having enough people.
- 12 HEAVEN'S GATE The cult who left their "containers" to join Hale-Bopp. Too bad they were no deposit, no return.
- 13 MARILYN MANSON Some cities wanted to ban him for promoting Satan worship. How provincial can you get?
- 14 VIRTUAL PETS Why pay \$15 for something that needs constant attention when you can get a husband for free?
- 15 FRANK GIFFORD He was tricked into a hotel rendezvous. They told him he was going to meet Marv Albert.



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